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AUGUST 1903

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"'YOUR MAJESTY,' HE BEGAN, 'I BELIEVE YOU PROMISED ME A FEW MOMENTS.'"
(*Page 233.*)

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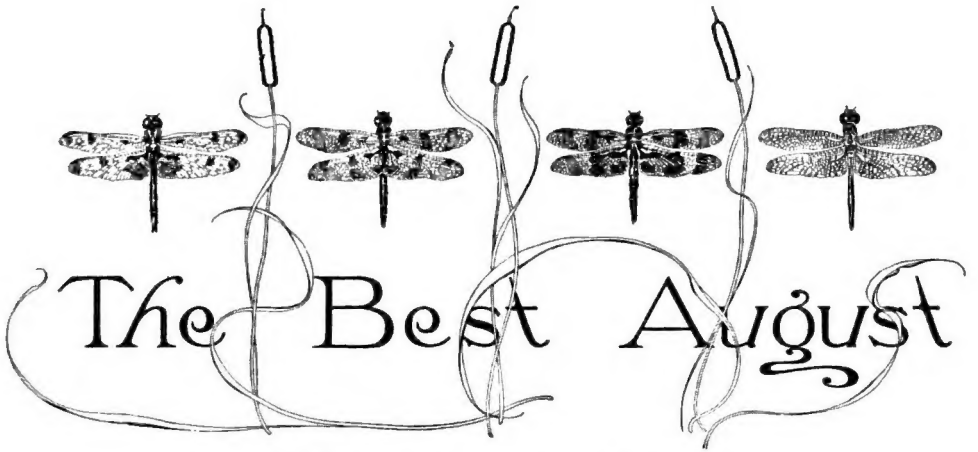
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. IX. AUGUST, 1903. No. 2.



A Vacation Symposium

By FREDERICK NORTH

With pictures by Anna Whelan Betts

"ALL the rest have thirty-one——"

The rhyme was a pleasant reminder of the wealth of vacation before me. The whole month of August was mine, to spend in the most perfect way discoverable. There was money in my pocket, not a care in my mind, and in my heart was the tempered gayety of the early thirties—which do not anticipate too rapturously for my human fulfilment, yet find the world still pleasantly alive, and bodily exertion worth the trouble. The only problem was to find that best possible way; for this was not a holiday to be wasted on second bests. I sat down at a cross-road, and resolved to take the experience of the first five beings who should pass me; no matter what the age or sex, if only I could contrive to stop them and get in my question. For mere advice I would not have given a lift of my hat; but for true experience I would cheerfully risk a rebuff or two. Nature had not cast me in a mould to give alarm, choosing rather the boyish and guileless for my physical type, and I wore the rough clothes of a gentleman—not the crisp outing-suit of a summer-resort, which any cheap adventurer might attain, but loose and faded tweeds that still bore in their innards a name to conjure with among Fifth Avenue tailors, put there five years before. I was pleasantly excited as I lounged in the grass awaiting my first victim, and would have given something for a dog to thump and roll over occasionally in the expansiveness of the moment.

When I saw the first one coming, I began to argue within myself that a young woman's experience would not be of any especial use, and that I would better let this one pass unchallenged. Then I recognized this for the cowardice it was and awaited her with firm resolve. She came with the vigorous, unhurried step of one who has taken a long walk and yet is not in the least tired. Her hands were full of wild flowers, and her eyes searched the wooded banks on either side for more. She wore a blue cotton dress of some kind, plain, and perhaps shabby, and yet owning a certain kinship to my tweeds, and her generous brown hair was uncovered. When

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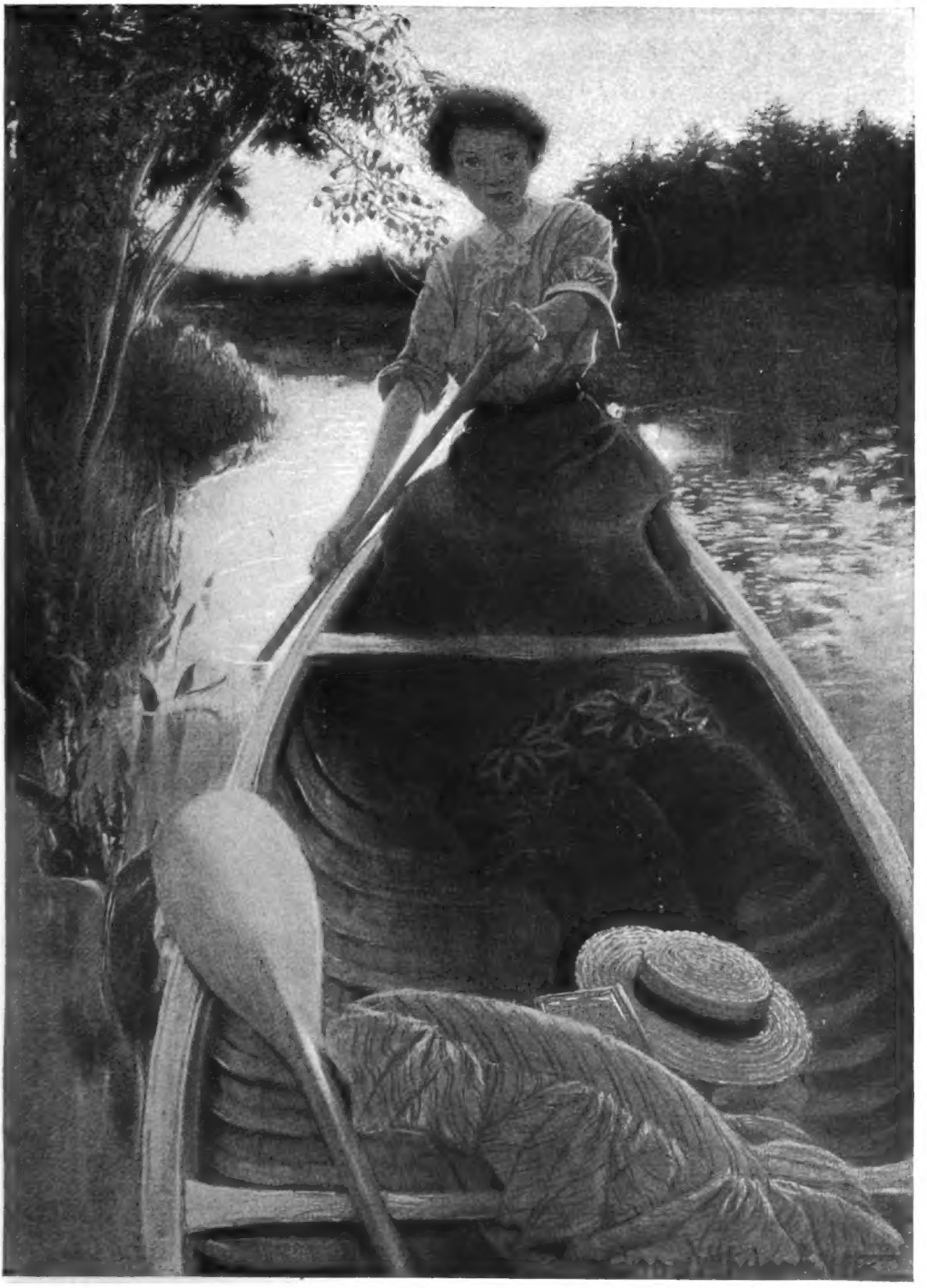

CANOEING.

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she was quite close I saw that she had a great many tiny freckles, which for some reason gave me a sudden courage.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but would you mind telling me what was the best August you ever spent?" She looked frankly puzzled, but neither alarmed nor offended. "I am trying to find the best possible vacation," I went on with increasing confidence, "and I thought I would ask the next five people who passed to help me, and you are the first." I ventured a smile. "Everyone must have had one best August—if you wouldn't mind telling me yours!" The dubiousness in her straightforward gray eyes gradually gave place to amusement. I owed something to the fact that, on first glance, I look ten years younger than I am, for she took me for a boy, and smiled with confident patronage.

"My best August?" she repeated, indulgently. "Let me think—oh, yes, I know!" She seated herself on a stump, laying her golden-rod and asters across her knee. "It was the year after I left college," she began, and I promptly looked self-conscious, for I saw she expected it. "I had been making polite visits in good clothes; and then I was invited to spend a week in a pine cabin on the side of a mountain. I confess my heart sank when I arrived. The cabin had only two rooms, a kitchen and a big living-room, besides the porch, and it was designed with the sole purpose of keeping out weather. Its one charm was a big open fire-place, and at first I did not even see a comfortable chair, to say nothing of a bed. I praised the view—I could do that conscientiously—and told myself that anything was bearable for a week.

"A Japanese servant was spreading a supper-table on the porch when I arrived, and the mountain-trout brought a first ray of comfort. The woods were close about the cabin on three sides, but the ground fell away in front, and from the porch we saw a great stretch of valleys and mountains and the line of a river. As the little night-chill crept about us and the smell of pines grew stronger, the charm of the place began to get hold of me. A week did not seem so hopelessly long. Presently the biggest stars I ever saw came out, great splashes of silver, and then we went into the cabin. A wood-fire was streaming up the chimney, and the easy-chairs had appeared—four hammocks strung about the room. I began to have faith in my hostess.

"At bedtime I was presented with a strange bundle which proved to be a sleeping-bag, and was led to a pile of balsam in a thicket of pine-trees. I expected to be frightened and home-sick, but it was all so sweet and fresh and wonderful, I simply couldn't. I slept like a log, and woke up to find pools of clean, bright sunlight everywhere about me and a little breeze rubbing my face. My turn at the bath was a new experience. A natural hollow in the brook had been deepened and lined with smooth boards and a canvas-screen drawn about it, and that was the bath-tub. I nerved myself for an icy shock, but the brook had a sun-warmed channel, and the water was only pleasantly cold. And I never ate such a breakfast.

"One day we fished, another we tramped, another a row of sturdy mountain-ponies appeared to take us on an all-day trip. There were four of us, host and hostess and—and one other. When it was rainy or unpleasant we slept in the living-room, and the men swung their hammocks at the canvased end of the porch. That very seldom happened, though. One night, when I had gone to sleep under bright stars, I was waked up in pitch blackness by rain dripping on my face. I was too dazed and confused to get out of my wrappings, and called out, not awake enough to know quite what was the matter. I heard someone laugh, and then I was picked up, bag and all, and carried through the blackness into the house. I—I never knew just who did it. I was half asleep.

"I stayed a month and could have cried at leaving. It was primitive life with comfort—roughing it without any trouble. The other guest had the cabin the next year—he was married in the winter—and invited me to come up again, but I didn't. The first month had been so beautiful—I was afraid of spoiling the memory. Yes, that was the best August I ever spent." Then she drew herself up a little abruptly, as though she had only just remembered that she was talking to a stranger. "I hope you will be as successful," she added. I sprang up, clutching for questions that might hold her—if you could have seen the hit in every line of her and the flush under the little freckles as she told

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TETHER BALL

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her story! But she had remembered that she was a nice girl and I an unintroduced—perhaps impertinent—wayfarer, so she had only a shake of her head for my broken appeal. "That is all," she said, and went off down the least travelled of the four roads with her armful of golden-rod and asters.

I lay back pondering her experience till I smelled balsam and hungered for mountain-trout, and knew that there was no vacation in the world like that spent in a pine cabin on the side of a mountain. And there was one such open to me—the letter was in my pocket, and I had half forgotten it in my search for the ideal! I sprang up and turned toward the road to the station, but the sight of a tall, melancholy youth reminded me that I was there for a consensus, and that five experiences had yet to be gathered. The youth carried a small bag at the tips of his long fingers, as though distastefully, and looked about him with the corners of a lean, humorous mouth well down. When he caught my friendly glance he eyed me seriously for a moment, then threw the bag into the grass, and dropped his long frame down beside me.

"Say, you don't want to buy 'The Beauties of Wild Life' or 'A Practical Guide to Nature Study,' do you?" he asked, with a sigh. "If you do, I've got to sell 'em to you," and he kicked irritably at his bag, "but I hope to goodness you don't."

"Is that the way you are taking out your vacation?" I asked, with intention.

"Vacation, nothing!" he muttered, lighting a cigarette. "This isn't my idea of vacation—no, sir!"

"What is? What is the best one you ever spent?" I asked, as casually as I could. He smoked in silence for a few moments, his face gradually lighting up with some memory till it broke into radiance, culminating in a softly explosive "Gee!"

"Gee!" he repeated. "That was a month! Regular story-book thing—rich uncle turned up and took a shine to me because I was named after him, or some such idea. First, he got me some clothes—real clothes, you know, out of a real tailor shop. It was midsummer, and I was hunting for a job in the firm hope that I wouldn't get it—and I had to give up the chase when I got those clothes on: I'd have been hired on the spot. Then he went off to Atlantic City, and after a week he wrote back that if I hadn't found anything I better come down and visit him for a month. Did I go! You couldn't see me for dust. Say, that's the place for my money. Marble halls and eating to slow music, and stacks of servants to do everything for you, and a millionnaire under every bush. Everything was so rich and good looking—hang it, that's what I like! You can talk about the Beauties of the Wild Life," and he kicked again at his bag, but I don't believe there's one chap in five hundred who wouldn't choose to go down the steps of a bully big hotel with his uncle talking down to him from the box-seat of a coach, and two grooms hanging on to the leaders' heads, and pretty ladies waiting to be helped up the side, and then off with a toot of the horn, and everybody staring—I tell you, I've camped and wild-lifed it from A to Z, and I never found anything that felt any better than that. It may be higher class to break your shins up a trout-stream, and it's a lot cheaper, but it hasn't got the same thrill to it. You bet.

"Well, sir, there were girls to burn, and by the end of the first week I knew seven of them by their first names. There was one—I guess she was a little older than I was, but she was all right! My uncle didn't like her much, but after about fourteen days she had me on a stick. She used to dance half the evening with me, and I was pretty near dizzy with the sachet and 'Loin du Bal.' She was on to her job, that girl!

"She liked me, too—you bet! I know one night she spoke of my having such a care-free life, being my uncle's protégé and all that, and I told her that I wasn't and all about it. Some girls would have shaken me when they knew I was just a clerk out of a job; but she was as sympathetic and interested! I didn't see so much of her after that, because another fellow came down she had to be nice to—she told me all about it, in confidence. But I could see she'd rather have gone on playing with me. Oh, it was a month, I tell you! My uncle went broke not long after, and now he's more or less looking for a job himself, so my social career wasn't continued. Well, if you won't take

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'The Beauties,' I suppose I'd better be finding someone who will. Give it to you in cloth or half calf—you don't want to look at it, do you? Well, thank heaven for that, anyway. Good-by. I've enjoyed your talk." And he slouched off down the road with the bag dangling from a limp, reluctant arm.

He left me with my mind full of half-forgotten visions. Was I so old, after all, that "Loin du Bal" and orris had no further meaning for me? I saw the long shine of a polished floor and great windows open to vine-hung balconies and a round moon, the swish of silken skirts brushing past, and in my ears the trained voice of some delightful fine lady—the women who know their world and their power, who are delicately complete within and without, tacitly demanding that your experience shall match theirs before you may be admitted. I saw the automobile at the door, the yacht lying below in the harbor, the grace and ease attending every function of life. And there was a room there for me; why had I shrugged at the prospect? What was this absurd freedom I had been seeking, compared to the luxurious conventions of life in that great country-house? I had grown romantic with over-much reading, and now there was nothing to do but confess myself cured, send an adroit telegram, and--

The blast of the automobile was barely in time, I had started into the road so impulsively. I leaped back, and a wrench of the machine to the other side saved me—but did something to the machinery. A few paces farther on, the chauffeur halted to dismount and thrust his head between the wheels after the trustful fashion of his kind. I approached with a vague idea of apology, but the large, middle-aged man within waved that aside with self-absorbed indifference.

"I think I'll get down and rest a bit, Larry," he said, after a consultation over the side with the man beneath. Then he followed me stiffly to my bank.

"Hard work, automobiling," he said, taking off his goggles with a sigh and mopping his face. "We've done sixty miles since breakfast, though ; that's not bad." He did not so much as glance at me, and I had a curious sense that if he were asked about me, five minutes later, he would meet the query with : "Man? What man? Was there a man there? I didn't see him."

"It must be an interesting way to spend a vacation," I suggested.

"H'm," he said, dubiously. "I've spent better."

"For instance?" I suggested. He rubbed his forehead with a fat, creased hand.

"The best month I ever spent, summer or winter," he said finally, "was one August, twenty-five years ago. I'd been working like a dog the whole year, and for some thirty years before that, in fact, and I was strained just about to the breaking-point, when suddenly things began to come my way—big stroke of business luck, and then, Lord, I'd worked for it! I'd been engaged for three years, and it looked now as if I could not only marry, but give her a silk dress every Christmas. I tell you, the relief was almost too much for me. I keeled over, and the doctor said if I didn't clear out and drop everything for a month or two, there'd be a funeral instead of a wedding.

"So I got two other fellows and we chartered a crazy little tub with a sail and a cockpit, and an old salt to help us run her, and then we went nosing off down the coast for one solid month. We took turns cooking, and we washed the dishes over the side, and when we saw a village we liked we went in and explored her. We were overboard for a swim every morning and every afternoon, and the good salt breeze seemed to sweep New York clean out of my system. Day after day I stretched out on that three-inch deck with a pipe in my mouth, and knew that I was going to make money and be married when I went back, and just soaked in comfort at every pore. Just lived off by myself in a sort of trance. One month of it!"

"And then you came back?" I suggested. He sighed heavily.

"Oh, yes, and I made money hand over fist. Next time I struck salt water it was with a wife and kid and nurse, on a White Star Liner. I've had a yacht of my own since—didn't use it much. 'Tisn't much sport unless you can lie 'round in a dirty sweater and take a hand at the ropes yourself. That's the kid now." And he nodded toward the young man, who at that moment emerged from under the machine with an air

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of finality, and called a brief, "All right!" The older man nodded vaguely in my direction, and went off without a glance back, despondently fitting on his goggles.

But the talk had left me stirred and unsettled. The half-forgotten desire of the sea came over me like a thirst. I wanted the smell of tar and the taste of salt spray, and the rush of wind on my bared throat, the tug of the sail at my hand, and the living movement of the light craft under me. That plunge over the side into cool, green depths—the memory made the woods seem suddenly airless and choking. Two or three good fellows, with pipes and sweaters, a stinging appetite and a rejuvenating power of sleep, the spring of big waves under the keel, and the manful combat with great winds—that was the vacation for the man of blood and bone! Two old friends who had wanted a third for their cruise might even now be caught, if——

"Well, whatever are you doing here!" I should have known that energetic voice in the Great Desert, even if the strong, plain, amused face had not been looking down at me from the shabby buckboard.

"And what are you?" I demanded joyfully.

"Why, child, I have taken a bungalow back here a mile or two. Didn't you know? I hoped you were hunting for it."

"I was hunting for an ideal vacation. What was the best August you ever spent—that I may go and do likewise?"

"This coming one," was the prompt answer. "I've got a big, cool house, and for company, a poet, a playwright, two musicians—masculine and feminine—a wonderful woman who has done a novel to make you sit up, and I'm on my way to meet the great Dabney, himself—with his paint brushes. Why don't you come? You know if I treat my people well!"

Indeed I did know it; and when she went on to the station I had agreed that if she found me there on the way back, I was hers for the month. And why not! There would be perfect freedom and informality combined with perfect comfort, hours of such talk as only her house had ever offered me, with intervals of rare music—no toy celebrities, but the real talent, brain, and temperament that were always clustering to be found about this plain, middle-aged, single woman. It was an opportunity to be leaped at, and I felt a thrill of excitement at the thought. Why not? A red setter dog paused to study me out of grave, amber eyes, and I remembered that the fifth experience was still lacking.

"Shall I do it, old man?" I asked. "Can you suggest anything better?"

He sniffed at my boot, nosed about in the grass, examined a tree-trunk, cocked his ears over some unseen rustler, then returned to the highroad and his leisurely trot.

"That is his idea," I said half aloud: "just to jog along the roads looking at everything he sees, with a word for everyone who passes—as I have already spent my morning. And what could be better? No plan, no obligations, a tramp's life, wherever it may lead—after all, that is what I have wanted!" I sprang up and faced the highway: the charms of mountain and ocean, luxury, and intellect, all fell away before the charms of vagabondage. I was an adventurer into unknown fields.

It was not really the faded aster that made me pause, though I stooped and picked it up as though it had just given me the idea, and I had not known how it would end from the moment the girl in the blue gown had nodded, "That is all!" over her armful of flowers. Was it indeed all? The dog stopped and looked back at me inquiringly from the highway, but—and it was again the tiny freckles that gave me courage—I put the aster in my pocket and turned down the least travelled road.

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Intimate Portraits

From a photograph by Alman, New York.

MRS. CAPTAIN PHILIP M. LYDIG.

Newport has a coterie of matrons that may always be depended on to keep up the social quickstep demanded by the fashionable set. The latest addition to its membership is Mrs. Captain Philip M. Lydig, who, though well-known to society, is yet untried in the rôle of a Newport hostess. Mrs. Lydig, who is a daughter of Mr. Richard Acosta of Cuba, comes of a first-class Spanish family, and adds to an exceptionally attractive personality the accomplishment of being able to go to a good time.

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From a photograph by Strauss, Kansas City.

MRS. GOVERNOR BAILEY, OF KANSAS.

Some fifteen hundred disappointments were sealed when Governor W. J. Bailey of Kansas married Mrs. Ida M. Weed last June. From the moment when the candidate for the Governorship jokingly agreed that if he attained the $75,000 executive mansion he would find a wife to instal there, a stream of unblushing petitions for his hand began. Eighty school teachers applied, fifty-two stenographers, twenty-one artists, six doctors—every description of unappropriated blessing. Mrs. Bailey is an attractive woman of thirty-five, formerly employed in a cloak house, and has known the Governor for a number of years.

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SIGNOR ANTONIO SCOTTI

One of the interesting October weddings will be that of Signor Antonio Scotti, the well-known baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, to Miss Mary Britton Leary of New York, daughter of Mrs. Nathaniel Hess. Signor Scotti met his fiancée when she was just out of school, three years ago, and as she spoke little French, and he less English, they had not a wide basis of communion. Now, however, the singer speaks excellent English. Signor Scotti is thirty-four years old, and has upset popular tradition by being markedly a matinée idol—an honor usually reserved for tenors. His last matinée appearance at the Metropolitan in "Tosca" brought him thirteen recalls from an enthusiastic feminine audience.

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From a photograph by Lindean, Cleveland

COLONEL MYRON T. HERRICK.

The Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio has had the typical American career. He was born on a farm in Lorain County, O., worked his own way through school and college, studied law, but abandoned it for a clerkship in the Cleveland Society for Savings. In due course, he graduated as its president. Friendship for Congressman William McKinley, of Canton, first interested Myron T. Herrick in politics. The young banker was a firm supporter of the brilliant statesman, and it is a tribute to the former's sagacity and mental power that McKinley seldom moved without consulting his friend in the Cleveland Society for Savings.

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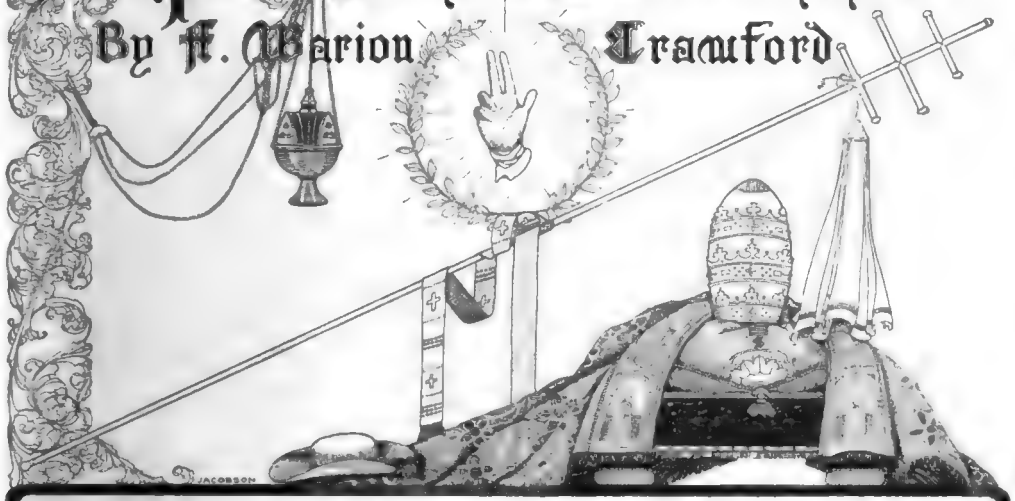
Pope Leo's Successor

By F. Marion Crawford



It is many years since Marion Crawford, as a brilliant young novelist, paid his first visit to Pope Leo XIII. Other visits followed, and a genuine sympathy and friendship grew up between the head of the Church and the most eminent Roman Catholic in modern literature. As a result, Leo appointed Crawford his biographer and gave him access to much valuable material that the casual biographer would never have acquired. Rumor says that the Life is already written, and has waited merely for the closing chapter. In the ensuing article Mr. Crawford has discussed the problem of Leo's successor with an intimate knowledge of the ground and the candidates that no other writer could command.—*Editor.*

POPE LEO XIII., like his predecessor, has "reached the years of Peter," for he had at the time of his late serious illness entered upon the twenty-sixth year of his pontificate. Though in his ninety-fourth year, his appearance did not suggest decay of his great strength, while the youthful vigor of his mind and the surprising accuracy of his memory both seemed quite unimpaired. When hovering on the brink of eternity he granted audiences, received pilgrims, wrote, dictated, and conducted the business of the Church with truly astonishing activity. Persons who were constantly near him said that there seemed no reason why he should not live to be a hundred.

All the world is now interested in the forthcoming Conclave of Cardinals at which a successor to Pope Leo must be selected. Many issues depend on the character and capacity of the next occupant of St. Peter's throne, and predictions of all sorts, more or less sensible, are made concerning the result of the election.

Many of these predictions are absurd in the extreme, others are somewhat better founded, none have any element of certainty. I shall here attempt to convey to my readers as much information as possible about the most conspicuous members of the College of Cardinals, and more particularly concerning the Italians among them. For it is from among the latter that the Popes have chiefly been chosen, since the "Captivity of Avignon," and without a single exception since the Council of Trent; and as there was no departure from this custom of electing an Italian, in the last Conclave, though it was the first one held under a hostile government after the fall of the Temporal Power, it is not to be expected that any change will now take place, since the Holy See has found a way, however unwillingly, of co-existing with the government of

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Italy for more than thirty years, and since no new development could possibly justify any attempt at a violent solution of the "Roman question."

Besides, and overlooking all other considerations, I need only point out that the College of Cardinals is composed of thirty-seven Italians and only twenty-six members of other nationalities, who would always be a minority, even if we suppose that they could all agree together in voting for a non-Italian Pope, which is practically inconceivable. The number of eligible cardinals being thus at once greatly restricted, it is easy to narrow it still further by selecting those men who unite in themselves some of the eminent qualities necessary in the head of the Catholic Church, at the same time taking into consideration the exigencies of the age in which we live, the serious problems that await solution, and the tendencies of thought in this new century, which are already becoming pretty clearly defined.

CARDINAL OREGLIA DI SANTO STEFANO.
Senior of the College of Cardinals.

In the opinion of the men who elected Leo XIII., it was their duty to keep in view as their chief object the preparation of a field for suitably developing the Church's authority in the modern world, a necessity imposed by the European revolutions of the nineteenth century, and by the vast growth of freedom in America. The conditions required that the new Pope, as actually happened, should possess the character of a teacher and a master of doctrine, in order that he might demonstrate not only the compatibility of dogma with advanced civilization, science, and modern institutions, but also the direct dependence upon Christianity of all that is really good, true and beautiful in modern progress.

Now the electors of Leo XIII., whatever may be said to the contrary, did not expect him to reign more than ten years, after which they looked forward to electing a man who should put in practice the purely theoretic rules which the successor of Pius IX. was expected to frame and illustrate.

The most cursory glance at the Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII. is enough to convince us that he perfectly fulfilled the mission for which he was chosen and elected. It thus remains for the College of Cardinals to carry out the second part of the program of the Conclave of 1878, the execution of which is rendered even more urgently necessary by the unforeseen duration of Pope Leo XIII.'s life, while it will be published to some extent by the world: increasing willingness to accept the intervention of the Church in favor of peace and civilization.

It is clear that divers means may be thought suitable to this end, and hence the divers opinions expressed concerning the character and gifts of mind which the new Pope should have. Some people can see no safety for the Church except in skilful policy, and they accordingly desire a "political" Pope, a statesman, at peace with all

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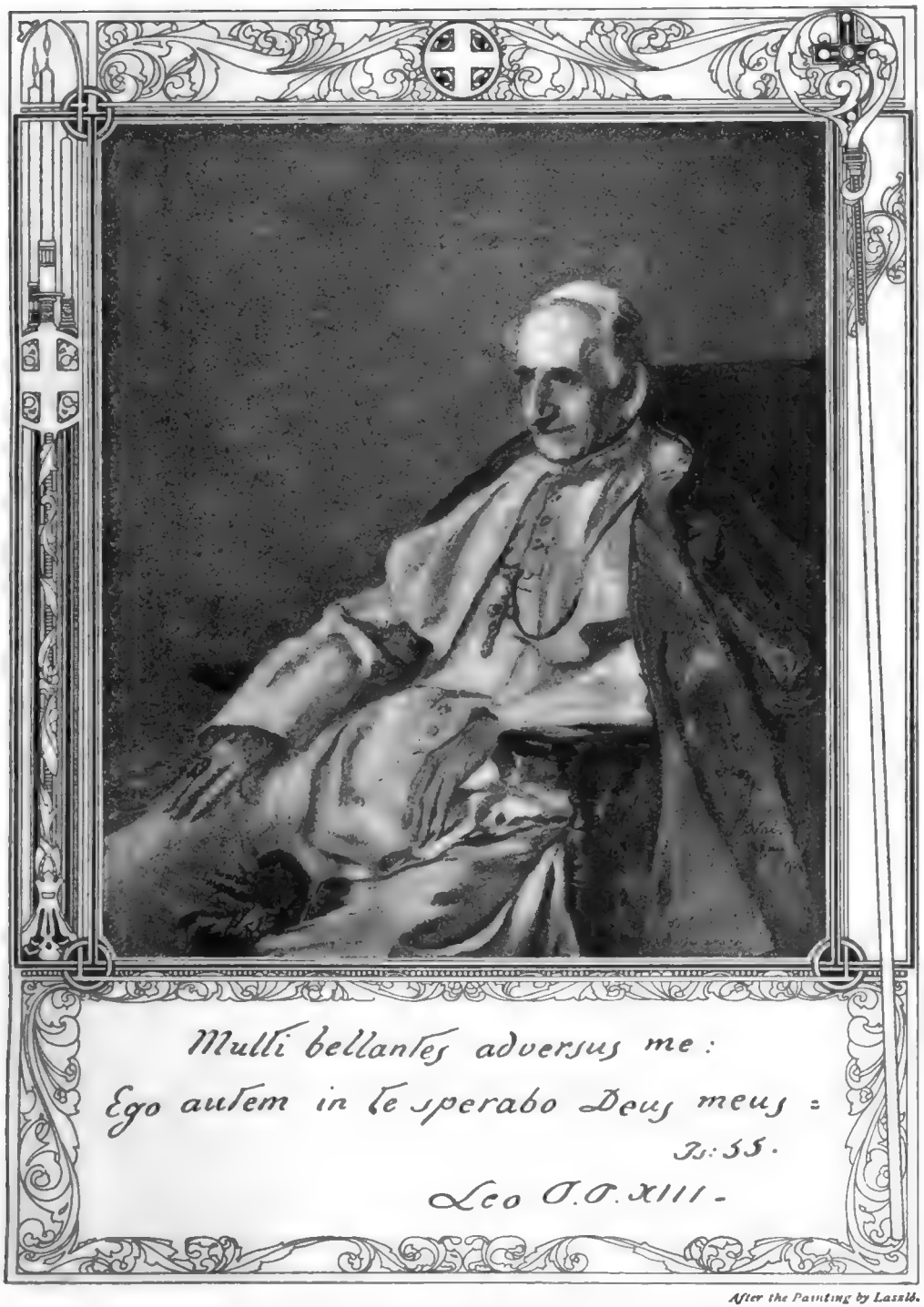

After the Painting by Lassló.

LEO XIII. (GIACCHINO PECCHI), BORN AT CARPINETO, NEAR ANAGNI, ITALY, MARCH 2, 1810.

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THE PIAZZA OF ST. PETER'S.

states and their rulers, upholding their authority, and himself upheld by them.

Others hope for a "theological" Pontiff, who is to defend the dogmas of the Church and of Christian wisdom, fulminating against the errors of all such reasoning as they consider over-free and rebellious against the will of God.

Lastly, there are many who dream of a humble, charitable and pious Pope, who shall renew the miraculous conversion of mankind by truly apostolic means.

In considering the personalities of the electors and the eligible, I shall try to keep in view these three classes of opinions and hopes concerning the future head of the Church.

. . . . . .

The recent death of the widely lamented Cardinal Parocchi, Vice-Chancellor of the Church and for a long time Pontifical Vicar of Rome, leaves but one more surviving cardinal of those who elected Leo XIII., namely, Cardinal Oreglia di Santo Stefano, Senior of the College of Cardinals, Cardinal Chamberlain of the Holy See and Bishop of the suburban dioceses of Ostia and Velletri. Though Senior Cardinal, he is not the oldest in years, for he received the purple at the early age of forty-five.

He is a man of superior gifts, but far from easy of approach, and his opinions about Church government are not those of Leo XIII., nor of the majority of the Cardinals of the Curia. He accordingly keeps himself aloof and does not exercise the high influence and authority which his position would really command under different circumstances. His relations with the Pope and his haughty and unbending character showed themselves in an incident which occurred at the last Christmas audience of the Sacred College, and on which the press commented widely.

As Senior Cardinal it was his duty to deliver the annual congratulatory address in the name of all his colleagues, to which it is customary that the Pope should reply, touching successively on all the subjects referred to in the speech. Now on this occasion Cardinal Oreglia spoke in distinctly unfavorable terms of the "Christian Democracy"

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A SCENE IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.

movement, which has of late attracted much attention in Italy and elsewhere. The Pope, in his reply, broke off suddenly on reaching this question, and with evident feeling informed those present that he would communicate the rest of his reply to them through the press. He did so, and considerable surprise was caused when the *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican paper, published a message distinctly contradicting the Cardinal's address, and praising and encouraging the work of the "Christian Democracy."

Cardinal Oreglia will never be a candidate for the papacy, nor will his influence in a Conclave be great, even if he should attempt to exert it.

Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli ranks as second in seniority in the Sacred College; he is Grand Penitentiary, Bishop of Porto and Santa Rufina, and successor in office to the late Cardinal Parocchi. His commanding presence, his handsome and prepossessing features, his exceedingly affable conversation, combine to make him one of the most conspicuous figures in the Sacred College; his learning, and his extremely wary and circumspect character give him a position of power among his colleagues. His rapid and brilliant diplomatic career brought him the rare good fortune of being able to apply his talents in the service of the Holy See under difficult circumstances, always with honor and in many parts of the world, as in Mexico, Ecuador, Peru, Bavaria, Brussels, and Vienna; above all, his real ability and high personal qualities contributed to make him widely known as a *persona grata* to sovereigns, governments and the diplomacy at large. During the fifteen years of his cardinalate the friendships thus formed and the popularity thus acquired have been continually strengthened and multiplied among the foreign representatives accredited to the Vatican. With a remarkably well-balanced mind and an even character, he combines a profound knowledge of the modern world and the gift of quick and sure intuition in all questions brought before him. He is a man who shuns extreme opinions and never forms hasty judgments. He has enjoyed the confidence and affection of the Pope and the esteem of his colleagues. He has great influence in the government of the Church and can make it felt by virtue of the high office he holds,

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CARDINAL FERRATA. CARDINAL ANGELO DI PIETRO. CARDINAL CAPECELATRO.

being Secretary of the Universal Inquisition, Grand Penitentiary, a member of the Congregation of Bishops and Regular Clergy, a member of the Council of the Propaganda, of the Council upon Ecclesiastical Affairs Extraordinary, and of the Commission on Elections of Italian Bishops.

Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli is clearly what the Italians expressively call "popable"—a possible Pope, and certainly one who would come under the designation "political." His youth will probably exclude him from candidacy at the next Conclave, though his influence will be profoundly felt.

Of Cardinal Mocenni little need be said. He is Bishop of the Sabine diocese, Prefect of the Apostolic Palaces and Administrator of the contributions known in English as "Peter's Pence." He is a man of upright and sincere character, a born administrator, a tremendous worker, but essentially a man of practical business talent, and by no means "popable," either in his own opinion or in the estimation of his friends.

Cardinal Agliardi, Bishop of Albano and Vice-Chancellor to the Chiesa della Volpe, possesses the sympathy and good-will of the public at large. He is a man of very strong character and of the most decided opinions, which he will not modify to please any man, but which he does not try to force upon others. His manner is simple and affable; he is learned without any vanity of his acquirements; he is kindly and charitable—altogether the ideal of what a gentleman should be. Of late, his residence as Nuncio in Austria-Hungary he took part in the social struggles of the "Christian Democrats," an experience which, together with his legal knowledge and his wide experience of the world, has directed his sympathies toward "Christian Democracy." If, as is quite possible, the next pontificate inclines to take the side of the people, Cardinal Agliardi will play a most important part both in the Conclave and afterward. But I do not think that he can himself be a candidate.

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, the brother of Cardinal Serafino, is Bishop of Palestrina and Prefect of the Congregation of the Council. Those who know the two brothers best quote of them the scriptural "*erant cor unum et anima una*"—one heart, one soul. Much that has been said of the one applies exactly to the other, for they are very much alike in gifts, opinions and manners. If anything, the character of Cardinal Vincenzo is the more outspoken and lively, and as the younger of the two, he treats his senior with a certain modest deference, and generally follows him in matters of opinion. He will never be Pope, but it is not improbable that in the Conclave he may obtain many votes for his elder brother.

One cannot help wishing that Cardinal Capecelatro were ten years younger, for there is no man in the Sacred College more deserving to be elected Pope by acclamation, no man more truly good and lovable, few more profoundly learned. He is sound in health, and his mind is as fresh as ever, but

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CARDINAL FERRARI. CARDINAL AGLIARDI. CARDINAL SVAMPA.

he is nearly eighty years old and the probabilities of his ultimate election recede day by day toward the limits of the possible. If any living man could bring the long-disputed questions raised by the loss of the Temporal Power to a peaceful issue, he could do so. Indeed, greatly as he is respected for his learning, for his "Life of Christ," his history of Saint Catherine of Siena, and his life of Cardinal Newman, he is loved and honored above all for his mild and conciliatory character, for his gentleness and large-heartedness, for his broad equanimity throughout the struggle between politics and religion in Italy, and for the nobility of a character in which the truest Christianity is in perfect harmony with the most devoted patriotism.

Cardinal Capecelatro is Archbishop of Capua and Librarian to the Holy See; but it is now said that he is to succeed the late Cardinal Parocchi in the important office of Vice-Chancellor, in which case he will be obliged to leave his diocese and establish himself in Rome.

The aged Cardinal Celesia, Archbishop of Palermo, is nearly ninety years of age, and is therefore too old to be a possible candidate for the Papacy. He is much beloved and highly venerated in his great diocese. Those who know him long speak of him as gentle, charitable, and learned.

The name of Cardinal Mariano Rampolla del Tindaro has been before Europe and the world during many years, and if there are some who hope that he may succeed Leo XIII., there are far more who would look upon his elevation to the pontificate as a disaster.

Like many eminent Italians of recent times, such as Crispi, Rudini, and others, Cardinal Rampolla is a Sicilian. Born of a noble family in 1843, he was educated in Rome at the Collegio Capranica and at the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics. His career has been rapid and brilliant. He was successively Auditor to the Papal Nunciature in Spain in 1875, Secretary to the Propaganda for Affairs of the Greek Rite in 1877, Secretary of the Congregation for Ecclestiastical Affairs Extraordinary, Nuncio at Madrid in 1882, and finally Cardinal Secretary of State in 1887, an office which he has held ever since. He possesses many of the apparently contradictory qualifications which are supposed to make a good diplomatist. He has an austere face and a rare smile; a most tenacious will and the most accomplished affability of manner; in the face of the most serious events he is absolutely imperturbable, he is apparently cold to the point of being perfectly heartless, yet he has the power of accomplishing an immense amount in the shortest possible time and invariably in his own way; no one possesses in a higher degree the art of speaking at great length without reaching any definite conclusion. It will be readily understood that such a man must be more feared than beloved. His policy aims at preserving peace and friendship at any price with foreign states, while urging an implacable warfare against official Italy.

In this program Cardinal Rampolla has

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persisted during sixteen years, through failure and success, never gaining any leading advantage, yet always able to boast that he has maintained intact the right of the Holy See in the face of the hostile Italian State, and that he has preserved unimpaired the legal position of the Church in anticipation of the moment, should it ever present itself, when the "Roman question" may be finally solved.

Is Cardinal Rampolla the future Pope? Many persons think so, relying upon the immense influence he has gained during the later years of the present pontificate, and especially upon the popularity he is supposed to enjoy among his colleagues in the Sacred College, many of whom have been raised to the cardinalate by him. For my own part, I believe that his chances are not so great as might be supposed. I believe that a different political tendency is expected from the next Pope, and that the great power so long wielded by Cardinal Rampolla will in the end do him more harm than good in the opinion of the Conclave. Moreover, the supposed good-will of the Cardinals is an untrustworthy element when we consider that, during the election of a Pope, each Cardinal enjoys the most complete independence from all the rest, with the most carefully guarded secrecy as to the vote he gives.

Cardinal Angelo di Pietro is a man of moderate opinions who exercises no especial influence in the government of the Church. He has been Prefect of the Congregation of the Council, Apostolic Delegate in the Argentine Republic, Internuncio in Brazil, and Nuncio in Munich and Madrid, but his long diplomatic career has left no trace in his character. He is now Prodatarius of the Holy See, but, without neglecting his duties, he leads a retired and almost monastic life. He will have little influence in the Conclave and is not regarded as a possible candidate.

THE LIBRARY OF THE VATICAN.

Here follow, in the order of their seniority, three Cardinal-Bishops, not resident in Rome, whose names are well known throughout Italy, and all three of whom are spoken of as "probable" men. They are Sarto, Patriarch of Venice; Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, and Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan.

Cardinal Sarto was much talked of in Italy when, on his preferment to the Venetian Patriarchate in 1893, he encountered a determined opposition on the part of the Italian

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Government before he could take possession of his See. The government maintained that the patriarchate was part of the King of Italy's patronage, and that it was the King's right to present his own candidate. The difficulty which ensued was in reality solved, or shelved, because Cardinal Sarto, though chosen by the Pope, was a favorite with the Italian Government and with King Humbert himself—a rather singular case in Italy. The Cardinal has, therefore, ruled his diocese undisturbed during the last ten years, beloved by Catholics, esteemed by the Government, and respected by his enemies. Under his sway, the Catholic institutions of Venice have thriven exceedingly, and the Cardinal's piety, combined with his very noteworthy commonsense, has given him the reputation of being an ideal bishop. He is sixty-eight years old, and is certainly a possible candidate, of the "charitable" class.

ONE OF THE TRANSEPTS IN ST. PETER'S.

Cardinal Svampa is far younger, being only fifty-two years of age; not old enough, perhaps, in the eyes of the future electors. He is an eminent theologian, a notable jurist, and a man of wide learning and culture, even in purely secular branches of literature and art. Most people have heard of the supposed prophetic mottoes applied, in the eighteenth century, by a mysterious person once known as the Pseudo-Malachi, to the future popes. It chances that the motto which falls to the successor of Leo XIII. will be *Ignis ardens* —a "burning fire"—and, as the word Vampa means "flame" in Italian, ingenious people have, of course, discovered that Cardinal Svampa must be the coming Pope. The lower classes, especially, are quite sure of it. His chances depend on something better and more trustworthy, however. If the choice is to fall on a bishop rather than on a member of the Curia, there are many reasons why Cardinal Svampa might be chosen. Few combine such political ability with such theological training. The man is young and strong, full of energy and practical sense, well accustomed to command through long experience in governing one of the largest and most difficult dioceses in Italy, and thoroughly able to cope with all sorts of difficulties, great and small, sudden and menacing, or delicately intricate. He possesses, too, a fine appreciation of modern intellectual and social wants, a ready intuition, and a strong will. A very

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CARDINAL SATOLLI.

good candidate himself, he is essentially a man who influences others, and whose power will be felt in the coming Conclave.

Cardinal Andrea Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, has got a reputation for being "intransigent" and bellicose, which he hardly deserves. He is hated by the Italian Freemasons, in the first place, and he has not been quite forgiven for his absence from Milan during the riots of 1898. Even the Milanese aristocracy is hostile to him, on the ground that, under his sway, it has forfeited the preponderant influence it formerly exercised in the communal affairs of the city. It is quite true that he disapproved of the aristocracy's attitude, which he regarded as inclining far too much toward atheistic liberalism, and he charged "society" with utter indifference to the sufferings of the lower classes, who are daily more exposed to the violence of the predatory socialistic leaders, such as scientific socialists like Herr Bebel would probably call "anarchists" without hesitation. The Cardinal, therefore, turned to the "people" themselves, as opposed to the aristocracy, and he has built up among them a militant Catholic party which numbers many members, increases rapidly, and commands respect. The Cardinal is, in a true sense, "a man of God," whose aims and hopes are far above those of ordinary humanity. He does his duty simply, without affectation, and with almost apostolic conviction and firmness. The national pilgrimage to the Holy Land which he organized and led last September called forth real religious enthusiasm of the right kind, and if he succeeds in promoting similar movements periodically, he will be doing a greater service to the Church, and also to Italy, than can be readily estimated. It is not easy to judge of his chances of election, and he is only fifty-three years old; but he would surely make a good Pope, of the "charitable and pious" type.

The name of Cardinal Satolli is especially familiar to American readers, as he was, for several years, Apostolic Delegate in the United States. He is now Archpriest of the Patriarchal Arch-Basilica of Saint John Lateran, which is a sinecure, and Prefect of the Congregation of Studies, which is not. In the opinion of most prelates, he owes his power to his intimacy with Leo XIII., who brought him from Perugia at the beginning of the Pontificate. Much is now done by his advice, and it rarely happens that any enterprise undertaken by him fails to turn out well. Yet, as in the case of Cardinal Rampolla, I think it more than doubtful that he will be able to make his present power felt in the future Conclave, or under the reign of another Pope. It would certainly be unjust to deny that he possesses a certain limited ability in matters of government, and he has the reputation of a profound philosopher and theologian; but, whatever his capacity for lofty and speculative thought, he is certainly not endowed with sound common-sense in ordinary affairs. A long residence in America has, to some extent, opened his eyes to look upon the world and mankind otherwise than through a medium of scholastic syllogisms; but his real nature has always remained the same, and his rule of life continues to be a sort of idealism, guided by the wish to lay out the universe

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under the fixed lines of a system, in spite of many checks and disillusionments. It is extremely unlikely that he should ever be a candidate, and I think it impossible that he should be elected Pope.

Perhaps few men are more generally looked upon as eligible than Cardinal Girolamo Maria Gotti. Since his appointment as Prefect of the Congregation of Propaganda, in succession to the late Cardinal Ledochowski, he has been in closer intercourse with Leo XIII. than formerly. He is most certainly a man of superior endowments; he is extremely well versed in theology and canon law, and his talents are at once profound and versatile; in character he is both gentle and energetic, in manner affable, at heart a lover of justice, in council cool and wise. He is a majestic figure in his white Carmelite monk's gown, and there is a look of kindly peace in his face. The obscurity of his early monastic life enhances the affectionate esteem in which he is held by the other cardinals. He was suddenly brought from the silence of his cell to Rome, to be raised almost directly to the cardinalate, after one short mission to Brazil, and the monastic humility and simplicity, which are a second nature with him, make his high merit more conspicuous, and confer upon him the sort of power which is not feared but loved. Though so long a monk, he seems to possess a thorough knowledge of the world, and, though he has lived a great part of his life in the solitude of the cloister, he has a marvellous power of winning affection and trust from all who know him. He has not been long at the head of the Propaganda, but his management is both keen and wise, and the opinions he expresses in the other congregations to which he belongs are remarkable for their simple clear-sightedness and wholesome wisdom. Leo XIII. showed attachment for him, and esteemed him so highly, according to report, as to designate him as his probable successor. This may or may not be exactly true, but the Catholic Church could scarcely have a better head and leader. I think that a certain prejudice which now undoubtedly exists against the choice of a monk for the Papal throne may prove an obstacle in the way of Cardinal Gotti's election; but this is a purely personal opinion, and one which it is to be hoped will prove to be mistaken.

CARDINAL GOTTI.

Cardinal Manara, Bishop of Ancona, is a saintly man, over seventy-five years old, and even more feeble than might be expected at his age. He is inclined to be over modest in regard to his really profound learning, but his addresses to his people sometimes ring with an almost inspired eloquence. In character he is diffident and scrupulous to excess, and the government of the Church would be a burden too heavy for him to bear. Indeed, as he refused the Archbishopric of Bologna because he thought the work beyond his strength, he could hardly be thought a candidate for the Papacy.

Cardinal Domenico Ferrata, Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regular Clergy, is considered a rising light. Like many of his colleagues, he is an experienced diplomatist. He acquired great reputation at Brussels and at Paris, where he was Papal Nuncio during times of difficulty, and in both those places his departure was much

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regretted. His great learning and wide knowledge of literature fit him exceptionally to occupy in Rome a position like that of

CARDINAL MARIANO RAMPOLLA DEL TINDARO.
The Papal Secretary of State.

the late Cardinal Parocchi, as an accomplished speaker and lecturer. He is hardly fifty-seven years old, possessed of a handsome person, courteous and polished in manner. His taste is good in literature and art; he watches with interest the development of modern education, and, from time to time, he both writes and speaks upon those subjects with exceptionally competent judgment. He

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is a possible candidate for the Papacy, and some persons think he has no small chance of success. He would certainly be a "diplomatic" Pope, in the best sense of that rather vague term.

In the matter of Papal elections, it is well not to forget the last may be first and the first may be last; but, setting aside such a possible surprise, and passing over mere moral worth as a qualification, the rest of the cardinals seem to me to be tolerably far removed from all chance of wearing the triple

CARDINAL SERAFINO VANNUTELLI.
Grand Penitentiary, Bishop of Porto and Santa Rufina.

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crown. Their names may therefore be enumerated with few comments.

Cardinal Cretoni is distinguished for his piety, like Cardinal Casali del Drago; Cardinal Prisco, Archbishop of Naples, is well known as a student of philosophy; Cardinal Macchi is a Roman noble of high family, of considerable cultivation, and gifted with an exceptional charm of manner; Tripepi is a scholar of varied talents; Cassetta is a man of high integrity and real charity; the Cardinal Vicar, Respighi, is a thoroughly efficient bishop; Sanminiatelli, who has lived forty years in Rome, is thoroughly acquainted with the procedure of the Curia; Segna is a good canonist; Martinelli and Pierotti are exemplary churchmen; Cavagnis and Gumari are distinguished for their ecclesiastical learning. With the barely possible exception of the two last mentioned, the rest seem to everyone, and probably to themselves, better fitted to be electors than candidates. They are the elements necessary in a Conclave which is to choose a worthy Pontiff, a result which could hardly be achieved if every man looked upon himself as the one most worthy.

CARDINAL SARTO.
Patriarch of Venice.

Five more names complete the list of the Italian Cardinals who would now take part in an election. These are all eminent bishops: Cardinals Portanova of Reggio-Calabria, Francica-Nava of Catania, Richelmy of Turin, Boschi of Ferrara, and Bacilieri of Verona. Among these the most prominent place seems to belong to Cardinal Richelmy. Of noble birth and generous character, sincerely religious but endowed with plenty of energy and natural authority, he devotes himself to his duties and stands aloof from politics. He has earned the blessings of his clergy and people, and the respect of the Italian authorities. It is not inconceivable that he may be destined hereafter to find the answers to some long-disputed questions, and to carry into effect the great principles of ecclesiastical policy laid down by Leo XIII.

After what has been said at the beginning of this article, it seems needless to make special mention of non-Italian Cardinals. In a Conclave they will naturally separate into groups, each of which will support the Italian candidate whom they think most likely to advance the religious interests of each nation. The fact that three foreign Cardinals are now present in Rome—Steinhuber, a German; Mathieu, a Frenchman, and Vives y Tuto, a Spaniard—is not without importance. Being better acquainted than their respective fellow-countrymen with their Italian colleagues, and exercising great influence in the Curia by virtue of their personal merits, these three men will naturally lead their respective national groups, and, by agreeing together, will probably be in a position to decide the election of the next Pope.

Who will be the next Pope? It may be that the "Man of God" destined to succeed is still an obscure monk or parish priest, in some remote corner of Italy.

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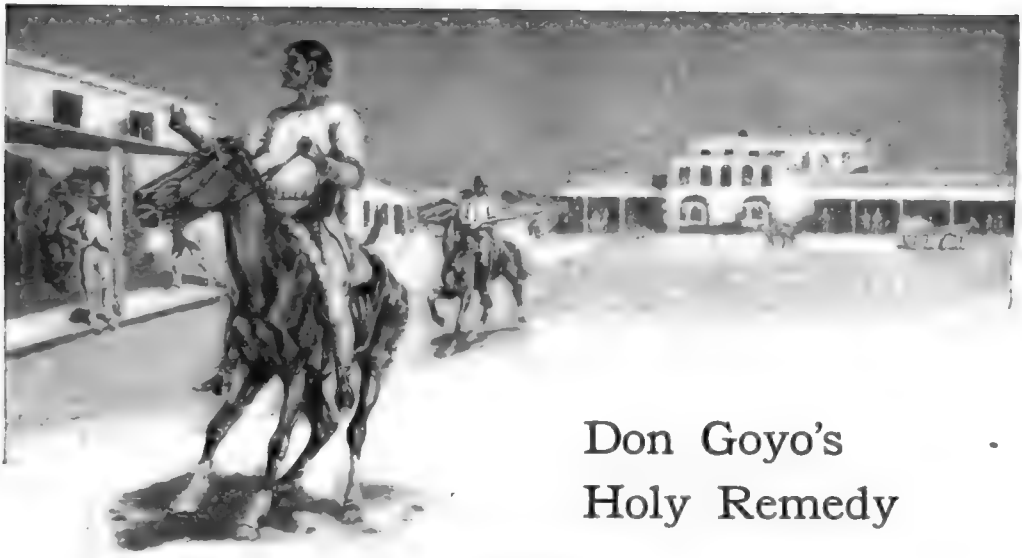

Don Goyo's Holy Remedy

A Pampas Story

By WILLIAM BULFIN ("Che Buono")

DON GOYO was the new *comisario.** Gregorio Monsalvo was his real name, but no one called him by it, while for his own part he was satisfied with plain Goyo or Goyito. He was an unconventional citizen. There was a week's stubble on his bronzed face. The steel-gray mustache which hid his firm mouth was bristly and unkempt, as was also his grizzled hair. His soft hat was worn gaucho fashion. His shirt-front was spotless, but he wore no collar and his silk neckerchief was loosely tied around his swarthy throat. His lustrina coat was frayed at the sleeves. His cotton pants were saddle-worn and so were the legs of his serviceable top boots. A thickset, muscular, active man was the new Comisario—a man who seemed to have his own way of looking at the world through a pair of quick, piercing, black eyes under bushy brows.

It was his first official appearance as Comisario of Malamuerte. He sat on a rush-seat chair on the brick sidewalk in front of the door of the *comisaria*† and sucked his morning maté, served to him by a dusky warrior, who stood close by at attention, clad in the weatherbeaten uniform of the rural police and wearing a sabre, the scabbard of which had a dinge for every day in the year. Don Goyo was holding a sort of levee and was giving his views on public affairs to his visitors who, in one capacity or another, belonged to the local political situation and were the local authorities.

"You think, then," he said, pleasantly, "as some others do, Señor Juez, that this comisaria is an unlucky one?"

"Nothing of the kind, señor," replied the *Juez de Fa*,* loftily. "In Malamuerte we are persons educated, señor, and we do not concede much importance to the theory of luck, señor. Yet, if we did we might say that the reputation of the luck of this comisaria has suffered on account of the mistakes made by your three predecessors in office, who all died violent deaths, provoked and brought on and sought after by themselves, señor."

He meant to be impressive. He also meant to be menacing. But while he won murmurs of assent from his fellow-townsmen the new Comisario only laughed.

"Bah!" said Don Goyo, as he reached for the maté cup and put the bombilla between his lips. "When a man is police officer in a thieving district like this, bullets will come to him if he is a fool, and he will get his soul bursted into atoms, no? Therefore, señor, I say that the men who came here before me died from want of horse sense, see?"

The Juez flushed. He was somewhat indignant at the free and easy allusion made

* Commissary of Police. † Police Station. * Justice of Peace.

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by the new Comisario to the locality as a "thieving district like this." It was not seemly for a newcomer to speak in such terms of Malamuerte, and it was meet that he should be brought to book. So his worship took his cigarette from his mouth and said, with some frigidity:

"Señor Comisario, it does not follow that because evilly inspired persons speak incriminatingly of a district that the said district is criminal."

"I do not know about that," said Don Goyo, setting his jaw and laying his left fist quietly on his knee; "but I say that this is a thieving, treacherous district, no? And I say it because of the thieving and the treachery that have gone on here for years. Is that plain?"

"Plain!" echoed the Juez, with far more than judicial heat and bluster, "it is more! There are those who might call it insolent to slander a community in this way, señor, in the public plaza of their town, señor, in such a —"

"See," interrupted Don Goyo, impressively, "I am not here to insult the community, nor have I done it. I am here to protect the collectivity from the thieves and traitors of the district, and I swear that I shall do it. When the Governor sent a few mutual friends to me at my little *estancia*, he told them to say from him that this district is infested with thieves. 'Tell Goyo Monsalvo from me,' said the Governor, 'that they have put three Comisarios out of the way on me, no? and that the murderers are still at large; also that the comisaria has such an unlucky name and the district such an evil reputation, that no one can I find who will have anything to do with it; and that I ask him as a favor to go out there and civilize that white of cut-throats, no? And tell him also,' said the Governor, 'from me, that I depend on Goyo Monsalvo to do it. And,' said he, 'let him do it in his own way.' And that was the message the Governor sent to me. So I left my little *estancia* in the care of my brother-in-law, and here I am."

CANDIDO RAMOS, THE WOLF OF THE WEST.

The Juez bowed in cold politeness and walked away.

"Of course," said the Municipal Intendant, who was also present, "the Señor Juez has reason up to a certain point."

"Let us see it," said Don Goyo, cavalierly, turning his bright, cold eyes full on the speaker. "What is that certain point?"

"It is a point of law," said the Intendant. "It has not been proved yet that the alleged robberies in this district were perpetrated by men of the district. Until the law declares a man guilty he is innocent in the eyes of the law."

"That for the law," said Don Goyo, snapping his fingers, "and for the softheads who depend on the law!"

"I only told that little story in order to show that I, Goyo Monsalvo, have full faith in a *criollo* man* doing business as may seem to his science and conscience the best way under the circumstances. That is just what I am going to do here in this holy and well-conducted exemplary town of Malamuerte."

They were astounded and disgusted, but they were too polite or too wise to say anything which might betray their outraged feelings. When they met at breakfast in the dining-room of the hotel, however, they

* Criollo means Creole literally, but in this instance it means "native and to the manner born."

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spoke about the new Comisario in low tones, and plotted for his downfall.

That night Don Goyo took the sergeant and three of the men with him and rode out of the town, leaving the Subcomisario—a young man of his own choosing—in charge of the comisaria. About three leagues from the town there was a certain camp on which more than a thousand choice bullocks were awaiting a buyer, and some stock-lifters of the neighborhood had been seen hovering around the fences for some days past. A raid was to be made, of which Don Goyo had received information within an hour after his arrival in Malamuerte, so he lost no time in going to work. He went after the raiders and got them. On starting he armed his men with double-barrelled breech-loading shot-guns, a dozen of which had been part of his luggage.

"Leave your rifles at home, boys," were his orders, "and take these guns. A rifle is a fraud. It gives you one chance of stopping a man and kicks you like a mule every time you fire it. A double-barrelled gun and a pocketful of cartridges loaded with No. 3 shot are worth ten rifles."

They stopped their men that night, and so effectively that there were two stock-thieves' funerals next day. A little after sunrise Don Goyo and his party marched into the plaza with three prisoners. The dead came afterward in a cart. The town was greatly impressed.

Two of the prisoners were influentially connected: one was brother-in-law to the Juez, the other was nephew to the Intendant. The Juez, accompanied by the Intendant, waited on Don Goyo as soon as he learned what had happened. At first they were very courteous, almost fawning, in their advances.

"Such an inconvenient happening!" said the Juez, "unfortunate and inconvenient—but young men will be young men. It will of course arrange itself conveniently and amicably, no? Securely (*seguramente*) the Señor Comisario will correspond to our friendly indications, as it were, for the sake of amity, and as between gentlemen."

Don Goyo looked at him in a vacant, stony way that was both discouraging and irritating; and then he said:

"I don't know what you mean, and I don't want to know. I'm a plain *criollo*, and I'm going to fix up this business without any interference from you or anybody else."

"We want to see the prisoners," said the Juez, in a tone of judicial severity. "Be kind enough, therefore, to conduct us to them."

"Sorry to disoblige you, señors," said Don Goyo, "but I must tell you flatly that you cannot see my prisoners. I'm busy, and I fear my blood is beginning to boil. Out with you at once!" And to the awe and wonder of the town he pushed them into the plaza.

During the morning wild shouts and shrieks were heard from the comisaria, and the flesh of the shop-boys in the stores around the plaza began to creep. The good Cura, who was reading his office in the parlor of the parochial house, heard the cries and, closing his breviary, started up from his armchair.

"*Dios mio!*" he said, "this new Comisario must be somewhat tremendous, no? I think I'll go and see what is wrong."

There was a policeman armed with a double-barrelled shot-gun on full cock guarding the door of the comisaria. He touched his cap in respectful salute, but said, with an apologetic smile:

"Pardon, Señor Cura, but have you the password?"

"The what, my son?" asked the padre, opening his eyes.

"The countersign, señor," answered the policeman with a broadening grin, yet frowning at the same time; "if you have it not, then I am sorry, for without it one cannot enter here. The Comisario's orders, padre; what would you have?"

"Eh, well, he would make an exception for the Cura—so let me pass, son, leave off your nonsense," and he tried to put the sentry aside. But the latter was now deadly in earnest.

"*Por dios!* padre," he said, "stand back for a favor. This is a barbarous compromise you would bring upon me. I swear to you this Comisario is a tremendous man."

"Well, then, *caramba!* go and call him. They are killing somebody in there and I am a priest. Go at once and tell the Comisario that I am here, or——"

"But you won't try to burst in when you get my back turned, will you, padre? For if you do it will be an affair of the Evil One broke loose, eh? What would you have? I am bound to shoot!"

"Go, go, man! listen to those shrieks—I promise not to stir. Go quickly and tell that man—that awful man—to come to me. I want to see him."

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The cries rose louder and louder, and the priest was trembling with excitement and apprehension by the time Don Goyo came forth, hat in hand.

"The Señor Cura, no?" he said, in his friendliest way. "Come right in, padre. You find me rather occupied, but what can I do for you?"

"I heard those cries," began the holy man, "and I ran over to know what was wrong. Is anybody dying?"

"Not at all, padre," said Don Goyo, pleasantly. "We are interrogating the prisoners, no? Inviting them to give certain information which is in their possession—at least I think so—and *ahijuna!* if they don't give it——"

"But, my señor," pleaded the Cura, "I don't understand."

The cries filled the air—hoarse, furious, full of rage and agony. Don Goyo smiled, rubbed his hands, then confidentially tapping the Cura on the shoulder, he said:

"See, comrade, I'll be frank with you. I'm a fellow who does things in his own way. And I have a holy remedy for thieves. These scoundrels out there won't give me the information I want, so they are getting twenty each before being staked out, no?"

"But," said the padre, drawing back in horror, "Señor Comisario, this is not civilized. It is barbarous."

"That is certain, padre; and so is cattle-stealing uncivilized and barbarous, and a certain class of people around, and in, this town and district, is uncivilized and barbarous. And when you meet such savages, padre, give them twenty whacks each with the flat of a sabre on the bare shoulders, and see how you will civilize them. That is my plan. It is a holy remedy for stock-lifting!"

He was deferential, but firm, was Don Goyo, and the padre could make no hand of him.

There was a population of over three thousand people in Malamuerte, and by sundown the name and dread of the new Comisario had filled most of their minds. They discussed the newcomer in half whispers and agreed unanimously that he was *tremendo* (tremendous).

About five o'clock Don Goyo received word that a deputation of representative people desired to have speech of him. They were assembled at Torroba's store and asked permission to visit him in the comisaria.

"Let them come," he said to the Sergeant; "but meanwhile, place me four armed men here in the room."

The deputation was headed by the authorities.

"Señor Comisario," said the Intendant, "we come to you about the prisoners."

"What about the scoundrels?" asked Don Goyo, crossing one leg over the other and leaning back in his chair.

"The deputation wants to know what treatment they are receiving," said the Intendant.

"They are under treatment for the complaint of cattle-stealing," was the reply.

"The deputation hopes," went on the Intendant, "that the rumor which is current about the prisoners is not true; and they hope it for the sake of Christianity and civilization, and for the sake of the culture of this town of Malamuerte."

"What are the rumors?" asked Don Goyo.

"That the prisoners have been beaten with swords and subsequently staked out," said the Intendant.

"It is a foul and unfounded slander," said Don Goyo, with fiery indignation, real or assumed, it does not matter which.

"But did not you yourself, señor, tell it to the Señor Cura?" asked the Intendant.

"Pooh!" and Don Goyo shrugged his shoulders. "You see it is nothing between two plates after all. Tell the Cura, I? Why, yes, I told him some nonsense like that, but it was only in joke—and he took me seriously, no? Look if you won't meet, here and there, after all, a cura who is capable of swallowing anything! *Carai!* if it is not for to admire, no?"

"But the shouts which were heard, and the shrieks, señor?" asked the director of the local school, "what did they mean?"

"Remorse of conscience," said Don Goyo, with recovered calmness. "That is what it will have been, señor."

"In the name of the law—" began the Juez, but Don Goyo raised his right hand; it was open, all but the forefinger and thumb, the tips of which were joined as if holding a pinch of metaphorical pepper to be cast by way of emphasis on every word he spoke. It was part of Don Goyo's forensic attitude.

"Listen to me, señors all," he said. "I tell it to all the world that I am going to convert the cattle-thieves of this district into honest men or into dead men. The Señor Intendant has spoken of Christianity, civilization, and the culture of this town; and the

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other *caballero*, who is the Justice, has spoken of the law; and I don't know much about any of these things, señors, for I am a plain man; but in the name of the four of them, all the same, I am going to cure this district of stock-robbery. I have a holy remedy of my own for it, and I am going to apply it in my own way."

"We ask for guarantees," said the Juez.

"Guarantees?" went on Don Goyo.

"Precisely, señor," said the Juez.

"*Perfectamente!*" said Don Goyo. "I have heard the expression before. If I make no mistake I think I have heard this about asking guarantees in times of the elections, though I don't know what it means."

"It means guarantees of a personal nature, and a legal nature, señor," explained the Juez. "Personal guarantees—guarantees for the security of the persons, señor."

"Ah! now I see," said Don Goyo. "Guarantees for the security of the persons, no? *Bien!* I have those persons secure enough. That I can guarantee. I can also guarantee this. For years, señors, the thieves of this department have had guarantees, while the honest people have had to take chances; and although I know very little about guarantees, I can guarantee that any cattle-thief who falls into my hands will be converted and will repent, and I guarantee him not to steal cattle in these *pagos** in a hurry."

That was all the deputation could get out of him.

"For guarantees," mused Don Goyo as he rolled and lighted a cigarette. "What a thing, eh? Guarantees? *La gran siete!* They shall have guarantees by the hundred—and the rest!"

Then turning to the Sergeant, who stood at attention near the door, he said:

"Now, as it is near sundown, let us go and see what effects a penance of twenty each and a good staking out has had on those scoundrels."

"Two of them have fainted, señor," said the Sergeant.

"Oh, they have, have they?" said Don Goyo. "There now is a phase of their conversion for you. I'll come and have a look at them."

He went to a shed in the back yard of the comisaria where the prisoners were confined. Each man was spread out against the wall, his hands wide apart and lashed to the rafters by ropes. The feet were dragged wide apart also, and fastened to stakes. Thus, partly suspended by the hands, and partly standing in a painful straddle, with their backs to the wall, the three men had passed several hours without food or water. The Sergeant had spoken truly. Two of them had fainted and were half crouching, half hanging there against the wall, as if dead. The third was almost exhausted. The whites of his eyes alone were visible, and his tongue, hard and discolored, lolled out between his parched lips.

"*Ahijuna!*" said Don Goyo. "That is what I call staking out. If they are not converted by this time my name is not Goyito Monsalvo! And how are we getting on, boys? Once I heard a sermon in the church of my *pago*, preached by a great cura from Buenos Ayres about a penitent thief. He was a missioner, was that preacher. And I am another. Eh, partner!" he shouted, punching the semi-conscious prisoner in the breast. "What hast thou to say? Art a penitent thief, thou? Art ready to confess, man? Art disposed to speak out?"

The unhappy wretch was roused by the sound of that strident voice, which he recognized, and he gasped:

"I am!"

"And willing to give the names of thy accomplices, of course?"

"I am; but cut me down—and—water, water! For the love of God!" gasped the wretch, piteously.

"Give him plenty of it—a whole bucketful!" commanded Don Goyo, "and cut the three of them down. Attend to them well, and when they are able to speak, bring them to me."

It was not until after sunset that the bruised and tortured men recovered their strength sufficiently to be able to sustain a conversation. Even then, when they were brought before Don Goyo they cowered and stammered and slunk in abject terror against the wall, where they dropped quaking and exhausted upon the rough bench placed there for the accommodation of prisoners. They were thoroughly subdued. The spirit was completely trampled and beaten and tortured out of them. In half an hour Don Goyo knew all they had to tell. It took the Subcomisario an hour to write it down. But Don Goyo was patient. It was a sensational story and would not lose by being carefully put into black and white. He made them affix their marks to it, and with many facial

*Districts.

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contortions, signed it himself and attached the intricate flourishes of his *firma*. Then he ordered them taken back to the shed.

"Do not stake them out again," he said to the Sergeant, in their hearing, "until I order it. I want to see whether they have been lying or telling the truth."

After dinner the tremendous Comisario ordered eight out of his ten men to saddle, and at their head he rode forth, as soon as the shops around the plaza were closed, on another midnight foray.

. . . . . .

"Open," commanded Don Goyo, kicking at the door of a lone and disreputable-looking *estancia* of evil repute, and raising his voice to its most raucous and menacing pitch. "Open here!"

"Who are you?" demanded a voice from the inside, "to come here at this hour of the night—and what have you been firing at?"

"I am the new Comisario of Malamuerte," said Don Goyo, "and I have surrounded this nest of thieves. My men have been firing at your infernal dogs and shooting about half a dozen of them in order to shut their mouths. Open at once or you will soon hear more firing."

The key was turned in the lock and the door was cautiously opened a little way.

"What is up?" asked a man whose face was dimly seen in the opening.

"Your game, for one thing," said Don Goyo. "Get a light and at once!"

The man retired and soon reappeared with a lighted candle in his hand. He stood in the doorway, pale-faced and irresolute, and asked, with an attempt to show a bold front:

"I suppose you have an order in writing for what you are doing?"

"You can suppose anything you please, my friend, but you are my prisoner, all the same. You are Candido Ramos, are you not?"

"And then?" said the man, slowly retreating before Don Goyo's advance, "what if I am? What authorization have you to insult me by an arrest in my own house and in the small hours of the morning?" He was trembling a little, but his courage was reviving. On a table near one of the room doors which opened into the hall lay a loaded revolver. He had left it there when he had made up his mind to open the front door. He eyed it askance now and edged toward it.

"Halt!" thundered Don Goyo. "If you move another inch I'll have you riddled. Give me that candle." He snatched the light from the other's hand and then said to his men: "Keep your eyes on these doors and shoot the face off any human who attempts to show it. Now let us see," he continued, glaring at the man before him, "are you going to surrender? Kneel!"

"Kneel! Why should I kneel?"

"You resist the authority, then," said Don Goyo, "and you will be struck by lightning. There!"

It was not lightning. It was the end of Don Goyo's heavy whip-handle which fell on the man's head. But he went down under it as heavily and as swiftly as if a thunderbolt had struck him.

"Come forward, Sergeant," ordered Don Goyo, "and fetter him. Now for the others."

Inside of ten minutes they had made a thorough search of the house and had collected four other men whom they found in useless concealment behind doors and under beds. There were two women and a girl in the house, and they were all hustled into one of the rooms, the door of which was locked upon them. When the male prisoners were all secured, Don Goyo placed them standing in a row against the wall and, having looked them over scornfully for some moments, he said:

"And so ye are the notorious tigers of Malamuerte! Ye are the men who for ten years have been the terror of the district! And this is the celebrated Rincon *estancia* which many an honest camp-man avoided as if it were a pest-house. And you, Candido Ramos, who opened the door for me, and whom I knocked down for an unmannerly, disobedient whelp, you are the far-famed Wolf of the West, as they called you, no? Why, you are not a wolf, nor even a dog of spirit, for all your big reputation. You are only a whipped cur. The blood of two comisarios is on your hand, I am told, but you must have stabbed them while they slept. Where was all your bravery to-night? *Ahijuna!* I, Goyito Monsalvo, put ye to the test, and found ye arrant cowards. I called on ye at two o'clock in the morning and captured ye like house-toads in the winter. It is a dodge I learned from a cousin of mine who knew something about the world. He was in the police, no? and there was not a thief in the province but feared him. 'See, Goyito,' he once said to me, 'the stock-lifter is seldom brave during the whole twenty-four hours of the day—

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few men are, and the man whose trade is thieving has an hour of weakness, and that hour is two o'clock in the morning. Remember that,' he says to me, 'two o'clock in the morning, and wake him out of a sound sleep,' he says, 'stir him up at that hour,' he says, 'and he'll fall like a ripe peach.' And may I be shot for a Chilian spy if he wasn't right."

He slapped every one of them in the face with his open hand, and called them the foulest of names. They resented this indignity with cries and curses, while they writhed in vain attempts to free themselves.

"I suppose I am acting against the law in dirtying my hands with you," said Don Goyo, "but what care I for the law! That will give ye the idea of the kind of man I am. In the morning ye will learn more about me, when I have found proofs of your guilt."

Then leaving three men to guard the prisoners, he took the rest of his riders with him and set forth in the darkness to round up all the cattle on the half league of camp which lay between the fences of El Rincon. Before sunrise Don Goyo and his men were again at the *estancia* after having effected an inspection of the stock. Half an hour was spent in making a rigorous inspection of the place. Then the tremendous man sat on an upturned gin-box, under the veranda of the tumble-down dwelling-house, and had the prisoners brought before him. At his feet lay a dozen cattle-brands, the iron of which showed that they had been often in the fire. Don Goyo was jubilant.

"A clean sweep, this!" he said to the prisoners, "neat and done in fine *criollo* style. I have arrested, tried you, and found you guilty, all in two or three hours. Talk of the law! No law on earth could touch my speed in regulating things. And now, having found you guilty, I am going to pass sentence on you."

"For what?" they asked, indignantly. Day had brought back their nerve, and they would play every card they held, although it was a losing game. "Why are we outraged in this barbarous and cowardly manner?" they cried. "You know not what you do or with whom you are dealing."

"One thing at a time, señors," said Don Goyo, "let us not make confusions, eh? Know with whom I am dealing? Oh, indeed señors, I do. Know what I am about? Dear me, yes, I do. Why are ye treated in this manner? And why am I going to pass sentence on ye? Because ye are guilty of the terrible offence of stock-lifting, the most grievous sin under heaven. Here on this camp I have found animals stolen from at least twenty different camps. They are yours, you will say, because they are counter-marked and because your mark is on them. But why is it on them? Who counter-marked them? What are these?" pointing to the pile of brands at his feet. "Who authorized you to have these marks in your possession? No one. Here, Sergeant, light me a fire there in the *patio*, and redden me four of those marks."

"Which ones, señor?" asked the Sergeant, standing his gun against the wall and advancing to obey orders.

"It is of no consequence," said Don Goyo, "so long as each mark has plenty of iron. Take the biggest four." Then turning to the prisoners he went on: "I am going to mark four of you and let you go. I am going to burn a remembrance of the night into each of your backs, right between the shoulder-blades, and then I am going to set you free."

"You dare not!" shouted Ramos. "You know not what you say, man!"

"No?" thundered Don Goyo, snatching up one of the heavy brands and striking Ramos with it. "You may swear that I do. The minor fry shall be merely branded and set free. But you, the chieftain, Señor Don Starched-shirt-and-laced-boots Candido Ramos, you shall have more distinguished treatment. You shall have twenty on the bare shoulders as punishment for having been unmannerly to the police, and then you shall ride back with us behind one of my men to Malamuerte as a captured ruffianly stock-lifter, see? And after that we shall see about sending you to Mercedes jail to rot for years awaiting your trial, no?"

Ramos's wife, standing with the other women at the window of the room into which they had been locked, witnessed her husband's degradation. She pleaded, upbraided, and wept, and so did the others. They implored him to have mercy, and denounced him as a cruel and cowardly monster all in a breath.

"It is part of my day's work, all this," explained Don Goyo, kissing the tips of his fingers to them. "It comes into the programme as tears and noise come into yours. And now for the branding!"

One of the victims was dragged before him, bare to the waist, and forced to kneel down.

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Don Goyo pulled the brand from the fire and raised it on high. The women reached out their hands through the grating of the windows and cried piteously for mercy. But Don Goyo's heart was hardened.

"It is only a taste of what they'll experience when they die," he said, with a terrible oath. "Here goes!"

As the flesh of the fourth victim hissed under the fiery caress of the red-hot iron, Don Goyo only laughed.

"Already they are men of mark, no? Hi-hi-hi! *Ahijuna!* men of mark! Hi-hi-hi!"

When he had thoroughly enjoyed his witticism, he gave orders to his men to mount. Ramos was placed on horseback behind the Sergeant. He was not allowed to complete his toilet. He was a man well known for his spruceness of appearance, and this was one of the reasons why Don Goyo would not allow him to put on his coat and boots.

"Remember my words," he said to the men whom he had branded, as he rode out of the *patio*. "Clear out of here to-day, and take the women with ye. If I find ye here when I return to-morrow, ye are dead men. The law is against me as it is against you. But will any law serve in this lawless land to put down stock-lifting? No. But this right hand of mine will. Remember that on your lives!"

When he returned to Malamuerte he called the prisoners with whom he had dealt on the previous night and gave them their liberty. He sent two policemen to accompany them a league outside of the town and shoot them if they dared to speak to a man, woman, or child on the way.

Meanwhile the town was electrified by the news of the arrest of Don Candido Ramos. Brought back in fetters by the Sergeant, señors! It was fearful! The spruce and dandified Don Candido, who for years had been one of the lords of the district, hand and glove with the Señor Juez and the Señor Intendant!

"But do me the favor, señors, to figure it to yourselves!" they exclaimed. "It is a thing barbarously strange! Where, then, is he going to stop, this Comisario tremendous?"

Where, indeed!

"Stand up, partner," said Don Goyo to Ramos, after siesta, catching his prisoner by the hair and pulling him to his feet. "We are going to give you a little staking out, unless you make up your mind to make a confession."

"What confession?" demanded Ramos, sulkily. His eyes were swollen from the tears of humiliation that had scalded them. His heart was on fire with rage and hate. He would have given ten years of his life for vengeance. But he felt the iron hands of the man in whose power he was, and he consented to parley for the first time since his arrest.

"You know what confession," said Don Goyo. "The names of your partners."

"What if I refuse?" asked Ramos, crustily.

"For making me such an unmannerly reply," said Don Goyo, "you shall have a special penance. I insist on having the discipline and the respect, and the culture and the civilization observed in this comisaria."

He went to the door and gave an order. It was brief, but to the ear of Ramos it was significant. It ran thus:

"Throw a sheepskin saddle-cover on that mare and bring her here to the door. The prisoner will take a few turns round the plaza for the good of his health."

This was also tremendous. You can scarcely humiliate a man of the gaucho blood more than to oblige him to saddle a mare. To a man of Don Candido's social status it was the very refinement of vitriol thrown on his self-love. Moreover, the mare was a twenty-year-old wreck—a water barrel set on a trestle—clipped to the very stumps of mane and tail, an utterly hideous skeleton, which, it may be remarked particularly, Don Goyo had procured especially for the occasion. Ramos was dressed only in singlet trousers and stockings—he who had never been seen in public for years but as a mirror of the latest camp fashion!

Broken and bleeding, Ramos strapped the saddle on the wretched plug's back, and, at the brusque command of the Comisario, mounted.

He presented a sorry and yet a wondrous spectacle riding round the plaza of Malamuerte. The authorities were there, and they were indignant. The doors of the shops and of the hotel were packed with observant faces. "What a thing!" That was what they said.

The Cura received a shock as he peeped from behind the curtain of his parlor.

"Blessed be this Christian tremendous!" he piously exclaimed. "What new barbar-

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ity is this? If it is not Ramos, and it sees itself that it is a *via crucis*, this ride he is taking. Oh, señor, señor, what a tremendous man!"

And that was what everybody else was saying, with the exception of Candido's confederates. The terms in which the occurrence was commented on by them would not bear repetition.

Don Goyo enjoyed it immensely. He had posted an armed policeman on each corner of the plaza with orders to shoot the prisoner if he attempted to escape, or even if he attempted to speak to anybody. Another armed policeman rode at a short distance behind the ambling mare. Every time the outfit passed the comisaria door Don Goyo, who was seated on the sidewalk, drinking maté, said a few encouraging words.

"To go on horseback is what happens every day to a camp-man," he said as Candido passed him for the third time, "but to exercise one's self on mareback, and on such a mare as that, and show one's personal beauty and sympathetic face to the people, it is as if to hire balconies to witness. *Pucha!* if there are not some ingredients, as it were, in my holy remedy for stock-lifting, no? What I say is: Make a moral effect!"

At the fourth round Don Goyo said:

"And that confession, my little friend—do you think it would be convenient for you to make it now? Or maybe you want to take more fresh air?"

Ramos pulled up the mare and beckoned to his tormentor. Don Goyo went to him.

"If I confess, what then?"

"We'll see, my son, we'll see."

"Will you send me to Mercedes?"

"Not if you tell the truth."

"You promise?"

"Yes; but see, none of your bogus confessions. I want a good, full confession, with incrimination in it, and revelations and all that. I want value for my money as sure as my name is Goyo Monsalvo."

"Well, I'll tell you all, only let me get out of this."

"*Pucha!* comrade, isn't it barbarous what a moral effect can do!" said Don Goyo in admiration; "but get down, get down at once and come in. It must all be written, eh? Every word of it must go in black and white."

And every word of it did. Moreover, the prisoner confessed that he had been well treated, that Don Goyo had given him kind and paternal attention, and that he, Candido Ramos, signed his name thereto and thereunder, in token of good faith, in the presence of witnesses whose names, ages, and occupations were duly set forth, together with their respective signatures.

It was a significant confession. It penetrated to the root of the evil.

In less than an hour the Juez and Intendant, and the local hide-buyer, and the educationist, and a few other citizens of note were under lock and key at the comisaria, "rigorously incommunicated," as Don Goyo said in his report to his superiors, although he did not think it worth while mentioning that each man was gagged.

"I had only one room in which to keep them," he afterward explained, "and how was I to keep them incommunicated if I did not gag them? What calls my attention is this silly law, made by silly men, which says do this or that, without telling you how to do it. How I did the incommunicating was to tie each scoundrel's hands and stuff a good-sized lump of brick into each man's mouth and tie a handkerchief over his lips. That incommunicated them!"

After two days of "rigorous incommunication" they accepted Don Goyo's invitation to make a confession, which they signed "in common accord, in Malamuerte, on the 4th day of April of the year one thousand eight hundred and the rest, it being the four and a half of the evening, post meridian, in the presence of the Señor Comisario, for its effect legal, as also moral, and also having solemn force declaratory."

"And if this is not a moral effect!" said Don Goyo, as he locked the document in his box, "I am a Cordobés, and if it does not tie them all up by the neck, in case I wish to put it into force, then I am a gringo and I have no holy remedy for stock-lifting!"

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The Conversion of Mr. Speck Mulligan

By Hartley Davis.

THE memory of his boyhood that stood out most clearly in Speck Mulligan's mind carried him back to the time when he was about six years old, and to a fight with an Italian boy older and bigger than himself.

He entered upon the fight with the conviction that he should be beaten, not having the courage to keep out of it. The blurred, dull pain, the red stream flowing from his nose, the buzzing in his ears, tl lack of sufficient air to breathe, were eloquent indications that his worst fears were about to be realized. Just as Speck was summoning enough fortitude to give in, the senior Mulligan wandered into Double Alley from the piers where he gained a livelihood, and an extraordinary thirst for mixed ale, as a 'longshoreman. Mulligan concentrated his gaze upon his son, and, as his expert knowledge realized the situation, his face became grim. There was a rasp in his voice as he addressed the boy :

"How manny times am I after tellin' ye I won't have ye fightin' all over the place? Are ye hearin' me, ye little scutt?"

Speck nodded and the Italian boy took advantage of the opportunity to smite him on the ear nearest his father, by way of driving in the parental observation.

"Sorra's the da-ay I sh'd live to see son av mine b'aten by a dago," Mr. Mulligan went on, and the menace in his tone made the lad shiver. "I c'n see ye're goin' to whimper and bawl this minut. Listen! you Pathrick Jarge Mulligan! If ye don't bate that Eyetali-an I'll give ye a larrupin' ye'll remimber. 'Tis yer faythers sp'akin' to you, Pathrick Jarge Mulligan!"

Mr. Mulligan talked much about the evils of fighting. He could speak with authority, for he had thrashed every man who questioned his supremacy along shore from Corlears Hook to the Battery. He even made occasional excursions to the West Side for diversion and refreshment. In the days before patrol wagons were introduced in New York, it was a matter of common knowledge, contributing no little to Mr. Mulligan's prestige, that at least four policemen were required to take him to the station-house on those occasions when he demanded the absolute liberty of thought and action to which he loudly insisted he was entitled as an American citizen. Until the police appeared, Mr. Mulligan was always a burning Irish patriot; then, like all his friends, he proclaimed with much eloquence that he was an American citizen, and he knew his rights.

When perfectly sober Mr. Mulligan was a peaceful man, but when drunk he was disposed to accept anything that could be construed into a challenge as sufficient excuse for at once beginning hostilities. It may be remarked, incidentally, that Mr. Mulligan's peaceful moments were few. If his opponents fought to the last ounce of strength, he never bore them ill-will, but, if Mr. Mulligan suspected a lack of pluck, he bullied the craven ever after.

In the strange and inexplicable way of a child, Speck Mulligan had absorbed a consciousness of his sire's characteristics. On that day when his father threatened him in Double Alley, the boy made up his mind if he could not win to fight until he dropped. Straightway he changed tactics from the defensive to the offensive. The elder Mulligan could have given the boy advice which quickly would have changed the tide of battle, but he looked on silently, his long, shaven upper lip drawn tightly across his teeth. Speck fought with the desperation of despair, and this, coupled with the moral force of his father's presence, gave him the victory.

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Mr. Mulligan grasped his son by the shoulder and half carried him up the stairs of the tenement, saying not one word until he reached the kitchen of their home. He sat at the table, as frequently he had seen a magistrate sit in a police court, with his son on the other side. Mr. Mulligan was stern,

MR. MULLIGAN WAS STERN, DIGNIFIED, AND JUDICIAL.

dignified, and judicial. He carefully inquired into all the circumstances of the affair. He knew that Speck would not lie. It appeared that the Italian boy was the aggressor.

"I'm after thinkin' ut's two b'atin's ye desarve," said Mr. Mulligan. "You sh'd be walloped f'r mixin' up wid such as him—but let that go. Th' sarious thing is yer showin' the wake heart. To think a bye av mine w'd show th' white feather—that's what hur-rts! An' 'twill hur-rt you, me son," he added, grimly.

It did. It was the worst thrashing that Speck Mulligan ever knew. But not a cry nor a whimper came from him. In the after years he came to believe that the bull-dog pluck and tenacity that gained him fighting distinction, was born at the time when he thrashed the Italian boy and his father whipped him in turn. As a matter of fact, that experience only helped to develop those qualities. The combatant was a part of his nature. It was his by heredity; it was fostered by environment. In Double Alley, in Cherry Street, in the whole of the Fourth and Sixth Wards, boy and man was measured by individual fighting ability. And, very early in his career, the younger Mulligan gained renown.

Manifestly it was Speck's fate to become a pugilist—everybody was agreed upon that

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point, and Speck had no quarrel with destiny. He attracted the attention of Patsy Doody, that great little man, who, with a hemorrhage gushing from his lips, had thrashed a rival that sought to take his rightful leadership from him. From that fight they carried the little man to his death-bed. The distinguished Doody developed Speck Mulligan into a fighting man of class. Speck took pugilism seriously. He came to look upon it, as did his mentor, much as a lawyer, or a physician, or a clergyman, regards his profession.

From the time he first appeared before the New York Athletic Club, and won his bout in three rounds, Speck fought only professionally, unless circumstances made it absolutely necessary to break his rule. The most remarkable thing about young Mulligan was the unprecedented modesty of him. The worship he received affected him not at all, and there is no adulation so sincere, no flattery so extravagant, as that bestowed upon a successful prize-fighter. The amazing virtue of his protégé troubled the wise Doody.

"That bye is too good," he observed more than once. "He'll be after comin' to a bad end, I'm fearin'."

The turning-point in Speck Mulligan's career came on a day when he went to see Mickey Callahan's mother. Mickey was "doing a bit on the island," "but for no crime," as Mrs. Callahan proudly declared. She explained that her son had been drawn into an "argument" with a poor creature whose head was so soft that it couldn't stand a tap from a real man's fist, so her Mickey had to suffer for his opponent's weakness.

At the best of times, the Callahans never succeeded in driving want farther away than the doorstep, and, with the bread-winner in retirement, things were in a bad way. Mrs. Callahan and one of the children were ill in bed. There was not much in the rooms except themselves, a few pieces of furniture—and pride. Being an Irishman and a youth of intuition, Speck brought cheer to the widow by telling her what a fine lad Mickey was. He was in the midst of an eloquent denunciation of the police for their manifest dereliction of duty in permitting persons with skulls no thicker than paper to be at large, when two young women in the coarse garb of the Salvation Army Slum Brigade walked into the room.

"Good-morning to you, Mrs. Callahan," said one of them in a most cheerful and matter-of-fact way. "We've come around to do a day's cleaning for you, knowing you'll return the favor when you're able to be about again. You're feeling better, I hope? That's good news."

They chatted with the astonished Mrs. Callahan as if they had lived across the hall from her for six months. Protest died on her lips, and the tact, the good-nature, and the unmistakable kindness of the visitors made anger impossible. Afterward Mrs. Callahan confessed that she was "par'lyzed" "by the aisy narve av them." She and the equally astonished Speck saw the Salvationists get down on their knees after they entered the house, which is the custom of all missionaries, but these visitors knelt to scrub the floors. That is the first rule of the Slum Brigade, and its members pray all the more fervently when they have made a place sweet and wholesome. The Salvationists wasted not a moment, and Speck found himself ordered about in the most amazing way while Mrs. Callahan blinked and gasped. They made him fetch water, go forth and buy food, and then they sent him for a doctor. "'Tis for the little one, Mrs. Callahan," they explained. "The doctor is a friend of ours, and he won't charge you a cent."

When they had prepared food and made the rooms as sweet as was possible, the visitors calmly made Speck responsible for the Callahans until they should return next day. That was the beginning of his friendship for the Salvationists, and his respect and admiration increased with acquaintance. Everybody in two wards talked about it, and he was chaffed unmercifully. In that benighted time the Salvation Army received little consideration, and the young women who went into saloons to sell *War Cry*s were not always safe from insult. It pleased Speck when they told him that his friendship made their work easier. Once he heard that two of his friends had been badly treated in Denny Hannafin's place, and he promptly interviewed the bar-tender. He explained what the Slum Brigade workers had done for Mickey Callahan's people, and he added:

"You can take it from me that the Salvation Army shouters are all right. Pass it along the line that they're friends of mine, and that I stand for them. Any fresh guy that puts it up to them'll have to put it up to me, and that goes."

It did go. The young and able Mr. Mulligan thrashed three or four bullies by way

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of emphasizing the fact, and it was skilful work. In the ring the pugilist's only thought is to incapacitate his opponent for ten seconds. The most effective of all blows—on the point of the chin and a little to one side, delivered when the teeth are not set—leaves not the slightest mark. A ring-fight is purely a professional matter. A personal fight is different. Inasmuch as there is no referee and no decision, it is important to stamp upon the conquered the outward and visible signs of his defeat, the same being discolored eyes and divers cuts and swellings.

In due course the Salvationists heard of their new champion. When they gravely approved Speck for fighting in their behalf he was almost stunned. He studied over the problem for two days, then gave it up unsolved. Nevertheless the attitude of young Mr. Mulligan was reported duly to those higher in authority, and, in the course of time, it reached headquarters. The order went forth to draw him into the Army. There would be valuable advertising and much prestige for the Army in capturing the most prominent man in two wards, barring, of course, the district leaders.

"SAY, THEY WANT YOU'SE GENTS TO PLEASE AND KEEP QUIET."

It was not so difficult an undertaking as the first thought suggests. Mulligan had no home ties. His father and mother were dead —he had given them funerals which are still

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famous in the ward—and his sisters had married and moved away. Gradually he was encompassed by an invisible net that the Salvation weaves about those it has marked for its own. The mighty machine was especially made for such as he. No other institution has so mastered the art of appealing directly to the elemental emotions of the human heart—and Speck was profoundly human.

It took months to bring him into the Army, but so skilfully was he led along that he only faintly realized what was taking place. When he rebelled the net offered little resistance to his first attacks, but it never broke. Dozens of Salvationists came to know him; there seemed to be one always at his elbow. They took him to meetings where a red-cheeked maiden with blue eyes and blue-black hair sang Salvation words to Irish melodies; they found scores of things for him to do which directed his attention toward the Army; they played upon him until the contagion of enthusiasm obsessed him, and then, one day, Speck Mulligan found himself wearing the blue uniform, and the cap with the "Blood and Fire" caption across it.

For a week he lived in a sort of haze. The world seemed going round and round, and he was wobbly and uncertain, but, through it all, there was the conviction that he was not happy. His old friends, who quickly learned that there was little danger of reprisals, displayed a devilish ingenuity in inventing ways of annoying him.

"Why don't you give them guys a jolt?" demanded Mickey Callahan, impatiently.

"They won't stand for it," returned Speck, gloomily, waving his hand in an indefinite way. "They say a man can't be on the level and fight."

Mickey muttered something, and Speck pretended not to hear. He was too miserable to argue the matter. He did not explain that, when the Salvationists told him that to fight was wrong, all the brightness had gone out of him. Ever since the day his father had thrashed him for fighting with the Italian boy, he had believed in the hand-to-hand struggle as he believed in nothing else. He was profoundly unhappy because he could not reconcile the teachings of the Army with the convictions of his own soul. When a great change takes place in a man's life, the new things must be made to harmonize with the old beliefs, or there will be a collapse. Speck couldn't reason it out; he only knew that he was the most forlorn, miserable recruit in the whole Army. And it was as impossible for him to desert as it was to believe it was a sin to fight.

So, when he went to the big rally in Cooper Union, he took his place on the platform, as he was ordered, without protest and without hope. He sat, amid the enthusiasm, in gloom with wrinkled brow and troubled heart.

To the right of the platform, near the entrance, were two young men, who had come there to make a row. They had been politely requested to be quiet by two or three persons before a little, white-faced, damp-haired Englishman, called "Hurricane Hally," sweetly asked them not to disturb the meeting, and one of them spat in his face. Speck observed this with righteous indignation, and when he saw a nun-faced Salvation lassie so grossly insulted that she burst into tears, his face turned white.

An inspiration came to the leader of the meeting, one of those flashes of genius that distinguish leaders of men, and he acted on it at once.

"Speck," he said quietly to the new recruit, "those fellows down there need a lesson. Better get them out of the meeting and give it to them. But get them out without making a row."

Mulligan started from his seat and sank back helplessly, looking at the leader in a maze of wonder.

"D'ye mean—? Shall I—?" he faltered. "D'ye mean——?"

"Yes, that is what I mean," with whispered emphasis; "but get them out quietly first."

Speck Mulligan surreptitiously pinched his right leg; he swept the hall with his eyes to make sure that building had not fallen in, his gaze stopping at the disturbers. He gave his head a little wag that shook his whole body, and his fingers curled into the palm of his hand involuntarily. A delicious thrill ran down his backbone.

The old fighting cunning came to the surface. He was in deadly fear that they might recognize him, and, to guard against that, he rounded his shoulders and slouched weakly up to them.

"Say, they want youse gents to please and keep quiet," he said, in a weak, fearsome voice.

"Ah-h-h, g'wan, chase yerself before I blow you away."

"That's all youse can do—blow," returned Mr. Mulligan, unable to resist the tempta-

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tion to indulge in repartee. "Youse two-spots couldn't chase anything. You want women an' sick men f'r your arguments, you mixed-ale mutts. You're a pair of dirty loafers."

The deadliest insult one can hurl at a man on the East Side is to call him a loafer. There is no word or phrase in the whole vocabulary of affront and provocation that equals it, certain other expressions which elsewhere are considered equivalent to a blow being regarded as complimentary in comparison.

"Say, young feller," returned the larger of the two, truculently, "come outside and I'll give you all the argument you want. I'll put blood and fire all over your face, and make kindling wood of your slats."

"Happy to oblige," said Mr. Mulligan, with honest cheerfulness. He could feel his chest expand and an involuntary play of his muscles. He covered his face with his hands and stooped lower as he led them from the hall, anxious lest some acquaintance would recognize him and realize that a fight was in prospect. He almost ran to the little triangle on the south side of Cooper Union. They thought he was trying to run away and pursued closely. When Speck reached the spot he had selected for a battle-ground, he turned.

"Say, youse are farmers f'r fair," he observed as he smote the smaller one a short-arm blow on that point of the jaw which sent the victim quietly to the ground. He turned to the bigger one just in time to throw back his head and lessen the effect of a powerful blow.

Then began the most gorgeous fight of Speck Mulligan's career. The tough was no mean opponent, a skilful, earnest, willing fighter, and a good forty pounds heavier, and the joy of living surged through Speck Mulligan. Never had he known such perfect happiness. He was conscious of a power unknown, a skill of which he had not dreamed. His rushing blood sang a saga of combat, and the melody intoxicated his soul, while he scientifically and thoroughly pommelled his opponent. When weakness overcame the bigger man, and he staggered away for a moment, Speck gladly turned to the smaller one, who had partly revived, to place the seal of final defeat upon his face. Then he met a rush from the big one with swings, jabs, and jolts, that landed with absolute precision and great force.

As the man sank into a limp heap, Speck filled his lungs for what he thought was a mighty shout of triumph. Really it was only a squeak, and it was checked in the middle by a Salvation Army colonel placing his hand on the victor's shoulder.

"I think they have had enough," he said. "Did they hurt you?"

"They're down and out, all right, all right," Speck returned. "Me? Hurt me? They never touched me." He was unconscious of the blood trickling from his mouth, and of the fact that he was violently winking his left eye to counteract the swelling.

"Come, we'll go back to the meeting," said the colonel, offering his handkerchief.

The light died out of Speck Mulligan's eyes.

"Is it—? Did I do—? Is it—is it all right?" There was an agony of fear in his tone.

"I think you did what was right."

"Do you think that—Do you think He's got any kick comin'?" He jerked his thumb toward the white stars that were shining in steadfast beauty.

"No," said the Salvation colonel, soberly and with conviction, for he knew there was no irreverence in the question nor in the gesture—"no, I don't think He has."

Speck straightened as if he had received an electric shock, drawing a mighty breath. He sped back to the hall. A rattling, stirring Salvation chorus rolled forth as he ran up the steps and dashed down the aisle. The glory that illumined his soul shone from him. He was on the platform in a bound; he grasped the big bass drum from the hands of the Holy Drummer; he beat its sides with splendid energy; he threw back his head and he sang with all his might and main:

> He pardoned a rebel like me, like me!
> He pardoned a rebel like me!
> The thorns they were thrust in His beautiful brow,
> To pardon a rebel like me!

Speck Mulligan was saved.

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My Spider

By W. R. Hopkins

DID you ever own a spider? Of course you have had them in the house. Everyone has. What I ask is—did you ever own one, as you own a horse, or dog, so that people would speak of him as "your spider"? I owned one for a year once and became very well acquainted with him. My friends used to stop me on the street, and say, "How is your spider?" just as they would ask about my wife, and, indeed, with greater interest, for most men have wives, but very few have spiders. One cannot be too intimate with spiders. They resent it; and, besides, if they are large, as mine was, they have a kind of dignity and reserve which discourages close intimacy. I first saw mine, one March morning, several years ago. He lay on the icy walk, where a grocer who dealt in bananas had thrown him, and was about to dispatch him. He rested upon his face, his legs folded close to his body, apparently dead. I stooped and turned him upon his back, and, for a moment, he moved his legs about, gropingly, then again folded them close.

I put him in a paper bag, which the grocer gave me, and carried him home. I built a cage for him, about three feet long, and two feet in depth and height. Across the front I tacked wire gauze, covered the floor with two or three inches of fine, dry earth, and over this scattered bits of straw, dry grass, leaves, and small twigs. In one of the rear corners I placed an old cigar-box, as a place of refuge if he should wish to hide. Then I bored a number of small holes in the box, for ventilation, and made a small door in one end, which I secured with leather hinges and a button. The cage completed, I placed it on a table near my study window, and tried to shake the spider into it from the paper bag, but could not do so. I thought the warmth must have revived him enough to enable him to hold fast to the paper, but as I did not feel that we were on familiar enough terms to justify me in making a close investigation, I put bag and spider together into the box.

The next morning when I went to my study, he had come out of the bag, and was sitting, quite still, about a foot from it. He was a large, fine fellow, reddish-brown in color. His body and legs were covered with hair. He was not very lively, but he seemed to be fat and hearty. After a long wait, he began to move slowly backward, until he brought up in the corner of the cage, near his little box. After resting awhile by the box, he entered it, and kept himself hid there for the rest of the day. At this interview, I gave him the name of Dr. Portsoaken, from the bloated doctor in Hawthorne's "Septimius Felton."

During the next few days, he lost much of his shyness, and we began to be on familiar terms with each other. How much his natural habits were modified by confinement in such small quarters, I do not know. I am not sure, even, that he was a tarantula, but as I began by calling him a tarantula, I continued to do so. I think, too, that he was no "he," but belonged to the other, and fiercer sex. The name "Doctor" suited him in either case, and he came to be known by my friends as "Doc." His body was quite an inch and a quarter long and half an inch wide. His front legs were very thick and strong, and the ends of them were blunt, as if they had been chopped off. In front, he wore a formidable pair of nippers, which worked vertically. Generally, he sat on the floor of

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his cage with his feet close to his body and his knees, or elbows, bent at a sharp angle, and pointing upward above his back, like those of a "daddy-long-legs." Sometimes he would straighten out his legs, and thus lift his body nearly an inch clear of the floor. This movement was much like stretching. He would hold himself up in this position for two or three seconds, and then slowly let himself down again. At other times he would lie with his body pressed close to the earth, and his legs extended as far as possible on each side. His spread was as much as three inches, and when in this position, he looked very fierce and ugly.

His movements were usually slow, but he could, if he wished, move with wonderful quickness, and when he did so, it was hardly possible to detect any motion of the legs. Indeed it was difficult to believe that he had moved at all, except that one saw him in a certain spot one moment, and the next instant, an inch or two away. He generally moved head first, but he could, with equal facility, go stern first, or sideways. If any object excited his distrust, he kept his face to it, no matter in which direction he ran. His cage faced west, and, if anyone came suddenly in front of it, the Doctor would rush away northeast, or southeast, changing his direction frequently, but always with his head toward the object of alarm.

He used his forward legs and palpi as hands as well as feet. All spiders do this. Solomon speaks of the spider "taking hold with her hands," and the action of a spider climbing her silken cable can be described in no words so fitting as "hand over hand." The Doctor spent a good deal of time in his little box. He carried into it many of the bits of straw and twigs which I had scattered about his cage, and he often busied himself moving these from place to place, in an apparently aimless way.

He was often abroad at night, and I could sometimes hear him in the darkness as he rustled the straw in his journeyings. As time passed, much of his distrust disappeared. During the winter he would take flies, and other insects, from my fingers. Occasionally he accepted bits of liver and meat, when I could not procure live game for him. He had a curious way of feeling his food with his palpi, as if he was testing its character, and sometimes, after thus testing it, he would reject it. I know it is said with authority that spiders cannot hear, but the Doctor certainly behaved as if he heard me. If I stood close to the netting and made a buzzing noise, like a fly, he would lift his head over the edge of his den, and, after a short pause, run confidently forward to me. He was much in the vicinity of a saucer, which I kept filled with water, but I never saw him enter it or drink, and he declined drops of water which I presented to him on the tips of my fingers. That he, in some way, distinguished me from others, I am confident. He took food from no other. He knew and trusted me. I trusted him. We were friends.

THE BATTLE

I had a young friend, named Smith, who was somewhat given to pets. He liked horse-racing and prize-fights, and was well posted on all such matters. One evening as I stood in front of the cage feeding the Doctor, Smith came in. "What do you think of my spider?" I asked. "Isn't he a beauty?"

"He's a big spider, sure enough," said Smith, "but I don't see anything remarkable about him."

"That's because you don't know anything about spiders," I answered. "He is the fiercest and most deadly of his kind."

"He don't look any fiercer than any other big spider, nor any more deadly, as I can see," replied Smith. "Big spiders ain't so uncommon. There was a couple of 'em in our greenhouse, awhile ago, as big as he is. They were black, though, and had a lot of little spiders hanging on to them. Yours hasn't got any little spiders on him, has he? I can't see anything in your spider to brag about."

He examined the spider closely, and, after a pause, said, with more animation than usual, "I'll tell you what I'll do, Henderson. I'll get our gardener to catch one of mine, and I'll bring him around here, and turn him loose in that box, and let the best man —spider, I mean—win. That's what I'll do," he continued, with growing excitement; "and we'll ask some of the boys in to see it. I'll bet you a hundred my spider bests him.

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What does the Doc. weigh? Don't know, eh? Well, we'll fight 'em at catch weights, and I'll let you say whether it shall be for a limited number of rounds or to a finish. What do you say?"

"I don't think I would care to have them fight, William," I said. "It would be cruel, and, besides, they might injure each other."

"Phoo," said Smith; "you're afraid. That spider ain't any good. Where did you say he came from? South America? That settles it. I never knew a greaser yet that didn't have a yellow streak in him. If I kept spiders, I wouldn't be afraid to back 'em. I should think you would stop up those little holes," he continued, pointing to the cage, and laughing scornfully; "a fly might get in there and kill him. However, if you're afraid to——"

"Bring on your spider, Smith," I cried, angrily; "bring him on at any time. We'll fight him."

"Does the bet go?" asked Smith.

"Yes," said I.

He took some bills from his pocket, selected a ten-dollar note, and placed it in an envelope. "Got a ten?" I said I had. "Put it in here with mine," said he.

"What for?" I inquired,

"Forfeit," replied Smith; "we'll put up the other ninety at the ring side."

I gave him ten dollars, which he sealed up in the envelope. Then he took a fountain pen from his pocket and wrote something on it.

"Not that I think you would crawfish on this, Henderson," he said; "but a bet's a bet, and it's always well to make a note of it."

Then he handed it to me.

He had written, "Twenty dollars ($10 & 10) forfeit, to bind bet of $100 a side, on battle between Henderson's Mexican Doc. and Smith's black Unknown. Fight to come off as soon as Smith catches his Unknown. Catch weights. W. Smith."

"Sign it," said Smith; "might as well be regular," and when I had done so he left me, and I went to the cage, and looked at the Doctor. I caught a fly, and held it to the feeding-hole, and he came forward to take it, as usual, but on second thought I withdrew it. It occurred to me that if he was to engage in a contest with Smith's spider, he ought to go into some kind of training, and that a little exercise would be good for him. So I put the fly, alive, into the cage.

As soon as I released him, the fly began to investigate. He buzzed about the cage, grazing the spider, of whom he seemed not afraid. The Doctor, apparently, paid no attention to him, but sat quite still, facing the front of his cage. At last the fly alighted on the rear wall of the box. Then the Doctor turned slowly about and faced him, and, after a little, began to move slowly toward the fly. He did not approach him directly, but advanced by a series of angles, like a yacht going to windward. As the distance between them grew less, he moved more carefully, and by shorter stages, until he reached a point not more than six inches from the fly. Here he paused. His legs moved a very little now and then. Suddenly he leaped, but missed, and away went the fly, circling around the cage, buzzing loudly. Again he alighted, and again the Doctor began stalking him, but this time his approach was different. The fly was now upon the floor; the Doctor was upon the rear wall, near the corner diagonally opposite the fly.

He came to the floor, and started toward the corner to the rear of his prey, moving steadily, though not rapidly, until there. Now he changed his method and advanced by very short stages. He made six halts in going fourteen inches, always keeping close to the angle of wall and floor. When opposite the fly, and about a foot distant, he turned and began tacking toward him, as in the first attempt. The fly had, meanwhile, found something to eat, and was rolling it about with his proboscis, twirling his legs together, wiping his face with his feet, and wobbling his head about in the irritating way flies have. The Doctor's third tack brought him about six inches from the fly, and here he paused for an instant. The fly moved a little, turned his head to the Doctor and joggled it about in an insulting way. The Doctor leaped and seized him. The fly buzzed for a short time, and then was quiet. The Doctor held him fast in his forceps, felt him with his palpi, as if to ascertain whether he was dead, and ran away with him to his den. I felt quite satisfied with him, and began to plan what I would buy with Smith's hundred dollars.

The next day I met Smith. "Hello, Henderson," he cried; "I've got my spider. He's a whale, I tell you. All wool, and a yard wide. I told the boys to come 'round to-night, and I asked ex-Alderman Fenn if he would referee the fight, and he said he

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would. There'll be about half a dozen of 'em, and you'd better lay in some cigars and lunch."

"Perhaps *you* had better get the cigars and lunch, William," said I. "You seem to have done everything else without consulting me."

Smith laughed. "That's all right," he said; "let the lunch go on the result, loser pay."

That evening they came. Smith carried a box with a glass cover. He placed it on my desk, and then introduced me to Fenn.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Fenn," I said. "Mr. Smith tells me you have consented to referee the contest to-night."

"Well," said Fenn, "Billy asked me to come, an' I said I would come, an' so here I be; but about bein' referee, why, that's a different thing. I know cock-fightin', an' dog-fightin', and prize-fightin', but this here bug-scrappin' I ain't posted on; but if you gents wants me, why, I'm agreeable, an' I'll do the best I can."

"That's all right, Jimmy," said Smith; "you'll do all right. Look at my spider, Henderson," he continued. "What do you think of him? Ain't he a beaut? Look at that pair of ice-tongs he carries in front. If he ever gets those hooked into the Mexican, it will be good-by, Doctor."

Smith had, certainly, captured a very large spider. It was black, and its spread was as great as the Doctor's, but it did not look quite so heavy. Its mandibles were very formidable, and I began to feel a little uneasy.

"Here's my ninety," said Smith, producing a roll of bills. "Put up, Henderson."

I handed Fenn ninety dollars and the envelope containing our forfeit.

"What's that on your spider?" I asked.

"What?" said Smith. "Oh, they're little spiders. Don't you remember, I told you about em."

"Take 'em off," said I. "How many spiders do you think we're going to fight?"

"Those little ones won't make any difference," said Smith. "They ain't any bigger than the head of a pin."

"You take 'em off," I insisted. "If the Doctor bit on one of 'em, he might not get a good hold, and besides they may make your spider fiercer."

We appealed to the referee, and I referred him to the memoranda on the envelope. He read it carefully.

"This here says, Henderson's Mexican Doc. agin Smith's Unknown; it don't say, Unknowns. I don't see as they would make much difference," he said to me, "they're so little, an' I should think, the more spiders there was, the better the scrap would be. Hain't you got a litter of 'em to put in with yourn?"

"No, I haven't," said I. "How should I have a litter of spiders? I don't raise 'em."

"Billy," said Fenn, "you'll have to get 'em off some way."

"I dasn't touch 'em," said Smith, "and I ain't goin' to touch 'em."

After some further argument, I consented to allow them to remain.

"Here's my spider," said Smith, handing Fenn the box. "Put him in through the door, and open the lid of the box."

"Wait a bit," said Fenn. "What kind of a scrap is this? I never see one in my life. Do they wrastle, or fight, or how is it?"

"Both," said Smith; "it's catch as catch can, and then it's rough and tumble."

"Is any holts barred?" asked Fenn, anxiously, "or does everything go?"

"Everything goes," answered Smith. "Now turn 'em loose."

Fenn placed the box in the cage, pushed it to the farther side with his cane, lifted the lid with its tip, and closed the door. The Unknown immediately came out of its box and settled quietly near it on the floor. In a few moments the Doctor came from his den also, and, after a short pause, moved slowly along the rear wall until he reached a point about a foot from his adversary. Then the black spider moved, and the Doctor instantly stopped. The action was one of surprise, as if he had not seen the stranger before. The Unknown advanced a little, and the Doctor retreated a corresponding distance. This happened several times, the Unknown advancing and the Doctor retreating. The audience was grouped close to the front of the cage. Smith was in high spirits. He laughed at me and derided the Doctor.

"Your spider won't fight, Henderson," he said. "He's got a yellow streak in him, sure. See that," he cried, as the Unknown made a forward run, a little longer than usual, and the Doctor ran backward; "he's a regular cur, he is. If mine ever goes after him he won't stand. Say, Henderson, I'll bet you fifty he turns tail and runs as soon as mine really goes for him."

"I'll take that," said I, very angry, "and I'll bet you fifty more on the result."

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"Done," said Smith; "make a note of that, Fenn."

He had scarcely spoken when the Unknown made a sudden dash forward, and the Doctor actually did turn tail and run, as Smith had wagered he would. That young gentleman fairly screamed with delight.

"Hand over that money," he cried. "This ain't a fight; it's a foot-race. The Mexican's a good sprinter, boys, ain't he? but when it comes to fightin', you must look to the great and glorious U.S.A. for the real article. Do I win that money, Fenn?"

"Well, Billy, you git fifty of it," said Fenn, "for the Mexican surely did run, but there hain't been any fight yet, and so I can't decide about the balance."

"You win fifty, Smith," I said, white with anger, "and perhaps you'll win the rest, but you haven't done it yet." As I spoke to Smith, the Unknown paused in his pursuit, and the Doctor also instantly stopped, turned, and faced his foe. The spiders were close to the rear wall, and about a foot apart. Then the Doctor began to move sideways, out from the wall. He moved around the Unknown in a half circle, always facing him, until he reached the wall again, and I noticed, when he stopped, that the distance between them was less than when he started his manœuvre.

Fenn noticed it too. "He's quit runnin'," he said; "it looks as if he was goin' to try one whirl with him, anyway."

Smith had stopped laughing now. The Doctor started from the wall again, in another half circle. He was plainly closer than before. He stopped frequently and lifted his palpi high in the air, uprearing the fore part of his body. I could see his jaws working. The Unknown turned so as to face him, and also lifted his palpi on high. Suddenly they leaped at each other. They grappled and rolled over and over in a desperate struggle. It was impossible to see just what they were doing, or whether any damage was inflicted. They tumbled about in this way for nearly a minute. Then they righted themselves, and stood face to face, and we could see that the Unknown had fast hold of one of the Doctor's palpi. The Doctor pulled, and the Unknown hung on. The Doctor dragged him about the cage, and sometimes seemed to push toward him, and make attempts to strike him, but he could not get free. The Unknown seemed to have suffered no injury, and had clearly the best of the bout so far.

There was much excitement in the audience. Smith danced about in a frenzy. "Hi, hi!" he yelled. "Hi! Go it! Sic 'em!"

"Give it to him, Doc," I cried. "You can lick him."

"Yow!" screamed Smith; "look at that! He's bit off Doc's leg." He had, indeed, broken off, or pulled out a palpus.

"Keep quiet, Smith," I said; "it's only a palpus."

"That's good enough for me," he cried. "If you've got any spare palpuses, you'd better hand 'em into him; he'll need 'em before he gets through. Say, Fenn, just put down first blood and a palpus for the Unknown. Next round we'll get a legus or two, and an eyeus."

"Don't be a fool, Smith," said I. "This fight isn't over yet."

"It's all over but the shouting," he answered.

Just then the Doctor broke away, leaving his palpus in the jaws of his enemy. He ran a short distance backward, and then stopped. The Unknown did not pursue him or make any attempt to follow up his advantage. The Doctor began to advance. He lifted himself on his fore legs, raised his remaining palpus on high and waved it about. He was clearly the attacking party, now. He circled about the Unknown, who merely turned his body so as to face him.

The Doctor leaped again, and the Unknown reared to receive him. Again they grappled and struggled, and again separated, without having done each other any damage that we could see. As they parted, the Unknown ran a few inches from the Doctor, then turned and waited.

"Your round, Mr. Henderson," said Fenn, "and a good one, too. That Mexican is no slouch at a rough and tumble."

This time the Doctor did not wait so long. He ran once round the Unknown, and leaped. The struggle was not so protracted. When we could again distinguish them, the Doctor was settled fairly upon the back of the Unknown, who made desperate but futile attempts to dislodge him. He ran, then crawled, then stopped, and all the time the Doctor stuck to him as close as the Old Man of the Sea did to Sinbad the Sailor. As he rode he repeatedly drove his mandibles into the other's body. Smith encouraged his spider by calling out to him at short intervals, and, toward the end, he tried to shame him into effective resistance by derision and abuse.

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After a short time the Doctor dismounted and moved a short distance from his opponent. Then he walked around him, pausing frequently, and at last advanced, seized him, and began to drag him away to his den.

"Well, Mr. Fenn, what is your decision?" I asked.

"Here's your money, sir," said the referee, "and I must say it was one of the best scraps I ever saw, an' I'm much obliged to you gents for the invite. Of course, there wasn't any regular rules to it, but they was both game, an' it surely was to a finish."

The actual fighting lasted about ten minutes, but with the preliminary skirmishing, and the time spent by the Doctor upon his foe, after he had ceased fighting, quite an hour had passed from the time the Unknown was placed in the cage. Smith bore his losses good-naturedly. He was greatly impressed with the Doctor's strength, courage and skill, and offered to back him against a rat, if Fenn would take the rat end of the wager.

The Doctor never recovered from the effects of this battle. He lived some time, but was never active again. His body reposes in a glass jar filled with spirits in a museum, and, when people see him, they say: "My soul! what a big spider!"

Masters of Arts

By O. HENRY

With Illustrations by Harry C. Edwards

"WHAT suits me," Rody Monahan used to say, "in the way of a business proposition, is something diversified that looks like a longer shot than it is. A genteel graft that isn't overworked enough for the correspondence schools to be teaching it by mail. I take the long end; but I like to have as good a chance to win as a man learning poker from a stranger on an ocean steamer, or running for Governor of Texas on the Republican ticket. And, when I cash in my winnings, I don't want to find any widows' and orphans' chips in my stack."

The grass-grown globe was the green table upon which Mr. Monahan gambled. The games he played were of his own invention. He figured them out with the stub of a blue pencil, sitting in the smokers of roaring trains, in Arctic hall-bedrooms, at dripping tables in noisy raths-kellers, sometimes laying his paper on damask set with cut glass, sometimes on the slippery edge of reeking quick-lunch counters.

HE FIGURED THEM OUT WITH THE STUB OF A BLUE PENCIL

Mr. Monahan was no grubber

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after the diffident dollar. Nor did he care to follow it with horn and hounds. Rather he loved to coax it with egregious and brilliant flies from its habitat in the waters of strange streams. Yet Mr. Monahan was a business man, and his schemes, in spite of their singularity, were as solidly set as the plans of a building contractor. In Arthur's time Sir Rody Monahan would have been a Knight of the Round Table. In these days he rides abroad seeking the Graft instead of the Grail.

A little, brown, Spanish man whom Rody picked up at a mongrel *table d'hôte* had sown the seed whence sprang up in his mind the picture scheme. After the little man's words began to sprout, Rody went after data. He wrote letters to consuls, and read certain books in a public library. The result seemed to figure out favorably with the stub of blue pencil. Then he went to Carolus White in his studio at the top of a building in Tenth Street, New York, for the two had known each other in the great West before the one declared for Art and the other became a Bedouin.

Carolus White was frying sausages in his studio when Monahan called, and smoking a cigarette. At that time he had thirty-one cents in his pockets. But he had noble theories about Art, and was only twenty-three.

"Carry," said the man of schemes, "how would you like to make a little voyage of two thousand miles and paint a picture? Ninety days for the round trip: five thousand dollars for the job."

"Cereal food or hair-tonic poster?" asked White, sticking fork-holes in his sausages.

"It isn't an ad."

"What kind of a picture is it to be?"

"It's a long story," said Rody.

White dumped a pile of sketches off a stool.

"Sit down, and take your time. If you don't mind, while you talk I'll just keep my eye on these sausages. Let 'em get one shade deeper than a Vandyke brown and you spoil 'em."

The situation out of which Rody Monahan expected to wrench a golden tribute is an historical one.

Down in one of those tropic republics laved by the Spanish Main had arisen an extraordinary ruler. The president—or rather the Dictator—was a man whose genius would have made him conspicuous even among Anglo-Saxons, had not that genius been intermixed with other traits that were petty and subversive. He had some of the lofty patriotism of Washington (the man he most admired), the force of Napoleon, and much of the wisdom of the sages. These characteristics might have justified him in the assumption of the title of "The Illustrious Liberator," had they not been accompanied by a stupendous and amazing vanity that kept him in the less worthy ranks of the dictators.

Yet he did his country great service. With a mighty grasp he shook it nearly free from the shackles of ignorance and sloth and the vermin that fed upon it, and all but made it a power in the council of nations. He established schools and hospitals, built roads, bridges, railroads, and palaces, and bestowed generous subsidies upon the arts and sciences. He was the absolute despot and the idol of his people. The wealth of the country poured into his hands. Other presidents had been rapacious without reason. Losada, the Dictator, amassed enormous wealth, but his people had their share of the benefits.

The joint in his armor was his insatiate passion for monuments and tokens commemorating his glory. In every town he caused to be erected statues of himself bearing legends in praise of his greatness. In the walls of every public edifice, tablets were fixed reciting his splendor and the gratitude of his subjects. His statuettes and portraits were scattered throughout the land in every house and hut. One of the sycophants in his court painted him as St. John, with a halo and a train of attendants in full military uniform. Losada saw nothing incongruous in this picture, and had it hung in a church in the capital. He ordered from a French sculptor a marble group including himself with Napoleon, Alexander the Great, and one or two others whom he deemed worthy of the honor.

He ransacked Europe for decorations, employing policy, money, and intrigue to cajole the orders he coveted from kings and rulers. On state occasions his breast was covered from shoulder to shoulder with crosses, stars, golden roses, medals, and ribbons. It was said that the man who could contrive for him a new decoration, or invent some new method of extolling the greatness of the Dictator, might plunge his hand into the treasury as deep as he would.

This was the man upon whom Rody

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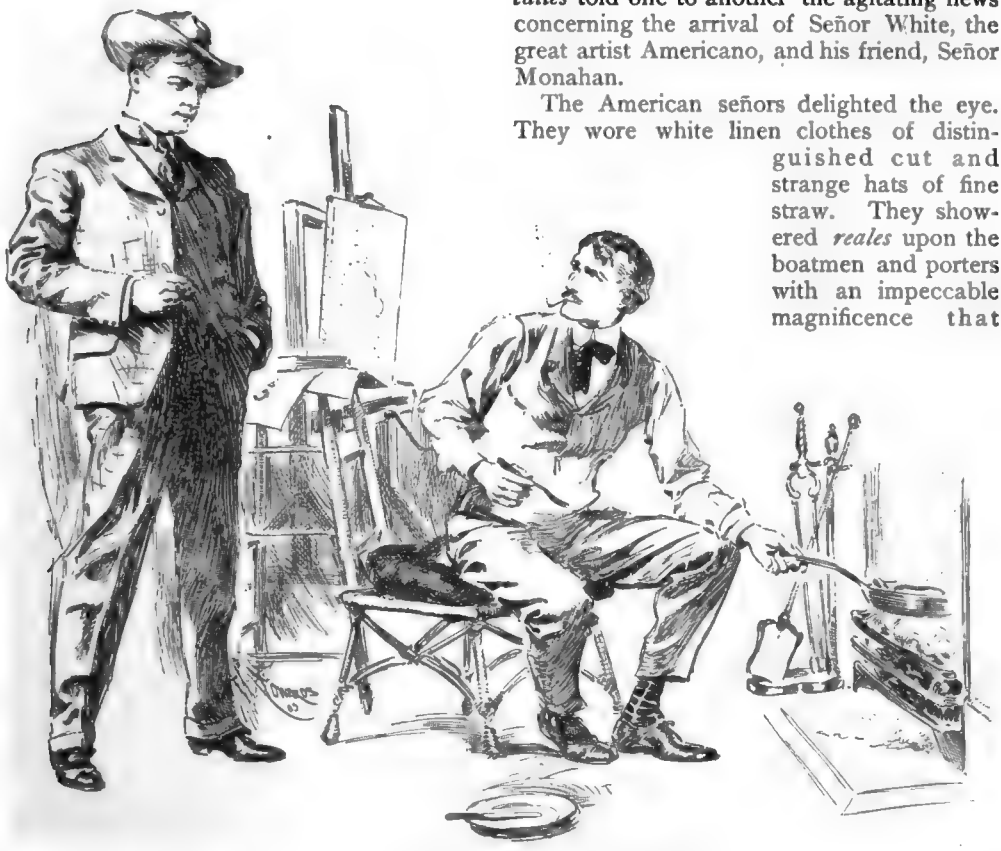
Monahan had his eye. Was his project, then, as visionary as it might have seemed to those who trod in the beaten paths of business? Was it so unreasonable to calculate that an able American portrait painter touring in the tropics might secure a commission to perpetuate upon canvas the lineaments of the Dictator, and secure a share of the *pesos* that were raining upon the caterers to his weakness?



CAROLUS WHITE WAS FRYING SAUSAGES IN HIS STUDIO WHEN MONAHAN CALLED.

Rody had set his price at ten thousand dollars. Artists had been paid more for portraits. Thus he laid the scheme before White. Each was to bear half the expenses of the venture, and receive half the possible profits.

The two machinators abandoned the rigor of the bare studio for a snug corner of a café. There they sat far into the night with old envelopes and the stub of blue pencil between them.

The Adonde, of the blue crescent line of steamships, set ashore two passengers at Las Gruyas. One was a young man of a serene and lordly air. The other was a being older by ten years, who looked smiling upon the world with a shrewd and proprietary gaze. An hour after their arrival the señoras at their grated windows and the *mozos* in the *calles* told one to another the agitating news concerning the arrival of Señor White, the great artist Americano, and his friend, Señor Monahan.

The American señors delighted the eye. They wore white linen clothes of distinguished cut and strange hats of fine straw. They showered *reales* upon the boatmen and porters with an impeccable magnificence that took no disparagement from the inconsiderable value of those minute coins.

The new-comers did not remain long in Las Gruyas. One hundred and ten degrees of sweltering heat, sweeping down upon the town from the 9,000 feet of bare rocks hanging over it, had driven wealth and society to Aguafeliz, ten miles farther down the coast. So thither proceeded the wooers of Fortune.

At Aguafeliz the conditions were more endurable. The town lay upon a splendid beach, protected from the afternoon sun by a huge mountain. Here was the country's Newport, its playground, and, for five

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months of the year, the seat of government. There was situated the Dictator's famous "Casa Morena," the palatial "Brown House" in which he spent the hot winter months. The two Americans first saw Aguafeliz as the short twilight was falling. The air was steeped with the odor of orange blossoms and ripe fruit, and freshened by the salt tang of the sea-wind. They could hear the Dictator's band playing in the flowery plaza, and see the line of carriages circling in the slow progress of the daily evening procession. The village maidens, with fireflies already fixed in their dark locks, were gliding, barefoot and coy-eyed, along the paths. Dandies in white linen, swinging their canes, were beginning their seductive strolls. The air was full of human essence, of artificial enticement, of coquetry, indolence, pleasure—the man-made sense of existence.

Rody Monahan carried a letter with him to the American Minister from a Senator of great might. This he had accomplished by worrying a district leader, who worried a congressman, who worried a political "boss," who successfully worried the Senator himself.

The Minister was glad to receive the gentlemen. He thought—yes, he was sure he remembered having seen and admired Mr. White's pictures in galleries. He would recommend the Hôtel de Buen Descansar. He would see that they were presented to the President at one of his levees, and met other distinguished citizens.

A few days later, White set up his easel on the beach and made striking sketches of the mountain and sea views. The native population formed at his rear in a vast, chattering semicircle to watch his work. Rody, with his care for details, had arranged for himself a pose which he carried out with fidelity. His rôle was that of friend to the great artist, a man of affairs and leisure. The visible emblem of his position was a pocket camera.

"For branding the man who owns it," said Rody, "a genteel dilettante with a bank account and an easy conscience, a steam-yacht ain't in it with a camera. You see a man doing nothing but loafing around making snapshots, and you know right away he reads up well in 'Bradstreet.' You notice these old millionaire boys—soon as they get through taking everything else in sight they go to taking photographs. People are more impressed by a kodak than they are by a title or a four-carat scarf-pin." So, Rody strolled blandly about Aguafeliz, snapping the scenery and the shrinking señoritas, while White posed conspicuously in the higher regions of art.

Two weeks after their arrival, the scheme began to bear fruit. An aide-de-camp of the Dictator drove to the Hôtel de Buen Descansar in a dashing victoria. The President desired that Señor White come to the Casa Morena for an informal interview.

Rody gripped his pipe tightly between his teeth. "Not a cent less than ten thousand," he said to the artist—"remember the price. And in gold or its equivalent—don't let him stick you with this bargain-counter stuff they call money here."

"Perhaps it isn't that he wants," said White.

"Get out!" said Rody, with splendid confidence. "I know what he wants. He wants his picture painted by the celebrated young American painter and filibuster now sojourning in his down-trodden country. Off you go."

The victoria sped away with the artist. In an hour it brought him back to the hotel. Rody was a silent interrogation point, solacing himself in a cloud of smoke.

"Landed," exclaimed White, with his boyish face flushed with elation. "Rody, you are a wonder. He wants a picture. I'll tell you about it. By Heavens! that Dictator chap is a corker! He's a dictator clear down to his finger-ends. He's a kind of combination of Julius Cæsar, Lucifer, and Chauncey Depew done in sepia. Polite and grim—that's his way. The room I saw him in was about ten acres big, and looked like a Mississippi steamboat with its gilding and mirrors and white paint. He talks English better than I can ever hope to. The matter of the price came up. I mentioned ten thousand. I expected him to call the guard and have me taken out and shot. He didn't move an eyelash. He just waved one of his chestnut hands in a careless way, and said: 'Whatever you say.' I am to go back tomorrow and discuss with him the details of the picture."

Rody Monahan hung his head. Self-abasement was easy to read in his downcast countenance.

"I'm failing, Carry," he said, sorrowfully. "I'm not fit to handle these man's-size schemes any longer. Peddling oranges in a push-cart is about the suitable graft for me.

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When I said ten thousand, I swear I thought I had sized up that brown man's limit to within two cents. He'd have melted down for fifteen thousand just as easy. Say—Carry—you'll see old man Monahan safe in some nice, quiet idiot asylum, won't you, if he makes a break like that again?"

The Casa Morena, although only one story in height, was a building of brown stone, luxurious as a palace in its interior. It stood on a low hill in a walled garden of splendid tropical flora at the upper edge of Aguafeliz. The next day the Dictator's carriage came again for the artist. Rody went out for a walk along the beach, where he and his "picture box" were now familiar sights. When he returned to the hotel White was sitting in a steamer-chair on the balcony.

"Well," said Rody, "you and His Nibs decide on the kind of a chromo he wants?"

White got up and walked back and forth on the balcony a few times. Then he stopped, and laughed strangely. His face was flushed, and his eyes were bright with a kind of angry amusement.

"Look here, Monahan," he said, somewhat roughly, "when you first came to me in my studio and mentioned a picture, I thought you wanted a Smashed Oats or a Hair Tonic poster painted on a range of mountains or the side of a continent. Well, either of those jobs would have been Art in its highest form compared to the one you've steered me against. I can't paint that picture, Rody. You've got to let me out. Let me try to tell you what that barbarian wants. He had it all planned out and even a sketch made of his idea. The old boy doesn't draw badly, at all. But, ye goddesses of Art! listen to the monstrosity he expects me to paint. He wants himself in the centre of the canvas, of course. He is to be painted as Jupiter sitting on Olympus, with the clouds at his feet. At one side of him stands George Washington, in full regimentals, with his hand on the Dictator's shoulder. An angel with outstretched wings hovers overhead, and is placing a laurel wreath on the Dictator's head, crowning him—Queen of the May, I suppose. In the background is to be cannon, more angels and soldiers. The man who would paint that picture would have to have the soul of a dog, and would deserve to go down into oblivion without even a tin can tied to his tail to sound his memory."

ON STATE OCCASIONS HIS BREAST WAS COVERED WITH MEDALS.

Little beads of moisture crept out all over Rody Monahan's brow. The stub of his blue pencil had not figured out a contingency like this. The machinery of his plan had run with flattering smoothness until now. He dragged another chair upon the balcony, and got White back to his seat. He lit his pipe with apparent calm.

"Now, sonny," he said, with gentle grimness, "you and me will have an Art to Art talk. You've got your art and I've got mine. Yours is the real Pierian stuff that turns up its nose at bock-beer signs and oleographs of the Old Mill. Mine's the art of Business. This was my scheme, and it worked out like two-and-two. Paint that Dictator man as Old King Cole or Venus, or a landscape, or a fresco, or a bunch of lilies, or anything he thinks he looks like. But get the paint on the canvas and collect the spoils. You wouldn't throw me down, Carry, at this stage of the game. Think of that ten thousand."

"I can't help thinking of it," said White, "and that's what hurts. I'm tempted to throw

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every ideal I ever had down in the mire, and steep my soul in infamy by painting that picture. That five thousand meant two years of Paris to me, and I'd almost sell my soul for that."

"Now it ain't as bad as that," said Rody, soothingly. "It's a business proposition. It's so much paint and time against money. I don't fall in with your idea that that picture would so everlastingly jolt the art side of the question. George Washington was all right, you know, and nobody could say a word against the angel. I don't think so bad of that group. If you was to give Jupiter a pair of epaulets and a sword, and kind of work the clouds around to look like a blackberry patch, it wouldn't make such a bad battle-scene. Why, if we hadn't already settled on the price, he ought to pay an extra thousand for Washington, and the angel ought to raise it five hundred."

"You don't understand, Rody," said White, with an uneasy laugh. "Some of us fellows who try to paint have big notions about Art. I wanted to paint a picture some day that people would stand before and forget that it was made of paint. I wanted it to creep into them like a bar of music and mushroom there like a soft bullet. And I wanted 'em to go away and ask: 'What else has he done?' And I didn't want 'em to find a thing; not a portrait nor a magazine cover nor an illustration nor a drawing of a girl—nothing but *the* picture. That's why I've lived on fried sausages, and tried to keep true to myself. But then, I persuaded myself to do this portrait for the chance it might give me to study abroad. But this howling, screaming caricature! Good Lord! can't you see how it is?"

"Sure," said Rody, as tenderly as he would have spoken to a child, and he laid a long forefinger on White's knee. "I see. It's bad to have your art all slugged up like that. I know. You wanted to paint a big thing like the panorama of the battle of Gettysburg. But let me kalsomine you a little mental sketch to consider. Up to date we're out $385.50 on this scheme. Our capital took every cent both of us could raise. We've got about enough left to get back to New York on. I need my share of that ten thousand. I want to work a copper deal in Idaho, and make a hundred thousand. That's the business end of the thing. Come down off your art perch, Carry, and let's land that hatful of dollars."

"Rody," said White, with an effort, "I'll try. I won't say I'll do it, but I'll try. I'll go at it, and put it through if I can."

"That's business," said Rody, heartily. "Good boy! Now, here's another thing—rush that picture—crowd it through as quick as you can. Get a couple of boys to help you mix the paint if necessary. I've picked up some pointers around town. The people here are beginning to get sick of Mr. Dictator. They say he's been too free with concessions; and they accuse him of trying to make a dicker with England to sell out the country. We want that picture done and paid for before there's any row."

In the great *patio* of Casa Morena, the Dictator caused to be stretched a huge canvas. Under this White set up his temporary studio. For two hours each day the great man sat to him.

White worked faithfully. But, as the work progressed, he had seasons of bitter scorn, of infinite self-contempt, of sullen gloom and sardonic gayety. Rody, with the patience of a great general, soothed, coaxed, argued—kept him at the picture.

At the end of a month White announced that the picture was completed—Jupiter, Washington, angels, clouds, cannon and all. His face was pale and his mouth drawn straight when he told Rody. He said the Dictator was much pleased with it. It was to be hung in the National Gallery of Statesmen and Heroes. The artist had been requested to return to Casa Morena on the following day to receive payment. At the appointed time he left the hotel, silent under Rody's joyful talk of their success. An hour later he walked into the room where Rody was waiting, threw his hat on the floor, and sat upon the table.

"Monahan," he said, in strained and laboring tones, "I've a little money out West in a small business that my brother is running. It's what I've been living on while I've been studying art. I'll draw out my share and pay you back what you've lost on this scheme."

"Lost!" exclaimed Rody, jumping up. "Didn't you get paid for the picture?"

"Yes, I got paid," said White. "But just now there isn't any picture, and there isn't any pay. If you care to hear about it, here are the edifying details. The President and I were looking at the painting. His secretary brought a bank draft on New York for ten thousand dollars and handed it to me.

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The moment I touched it I went wild. I tore it into little pieces and threw them on the floor. A workman was repainting the pillars inside the *patio*. A bucket of his paint happened to be convenient. I picked up his brush and slapped a quart of blue paint all over that ten-thousand-dollar nightmare. I bowed, and walked out. The President didn't move or speak. That was one time he was taken by surprise. It's tough on you, Rody, but I couldn't help it."

There seemed to be excitement in Aguafeliz. Outside there was a confused, rising murmur pierced by high-pitched cries. "*Bajo el traidor—Muerte el traidor*" were the words they seemed to form.

"I SLAPPED A QUART OF BLUE PAINT ALL OVER THAT TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR NIGHTMARE."

"Listen to that!" exclaimed White, bitterly; "I know that much Spanish. They're shouting, 'Down with the traitor!' I heard them before. I felt that they meant me. I was a traitor to Art. The picture had to go."

" 'Down with the blank fool,' would have

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suited your case better," said Rody, with fiery emphasis. "You tear up ten thousand dollars like an old rag because the way you've spread on five dollars' worth of paint hurts your conscience. Next time I pick a side-partner in a scheme the man has got to go before a notary and swear he never even heard the word 'ideal' mentioned."

Rody strode from the room, white-hot. White paid little attention to his resentment. The scorn of Rody Monahan seemed a trifling thing beside the greater self-scorn he had escaped.

In Aguafeliz the excitement waxed. An outburst was imminent. The cause of this demonstration of displeasure was the presence in the town of a big, pink-cheeked Englishman, who, it was said, was an agent of his government come to clinch the bargain by which the Dictator placed his people in the hands of a foreign power. It was charged that not only had he given away priceless concessions, but that the public debt was to be transferred into the hands of the English, and the custom-houses turned over to them as a guarantee. The long-enduring people had determined to make their protest felt.

On that night, in Aguafeliz and in other towns, their ire found vent. Yelling mobs, mercurial but dangerous, roamed the streets. They overthrew the great bronze statue of the Dictator that stood in the centre of the plaza, and hacked it to shapeless pieces. They tore from public buildings the tablets set there proclaiming the glory of the "Illustrious Liberator." His pictures in the government offices were demolished. The mobs even attacked the Casa Morena, but were driven away by the military, which remained faithful to the Executive. All the night terror reigned.

The greatness of Losada was shown by the fact that by noon the next day order was restored, and he was still absolute. He issued proclamations denying positively that any negotiation of any kind had been entered into with England. Sir Stafford Vaughn, the pink-cheeked Englishman, also declared in placards and in public print that his presence there had no international significance. He was a traveller without guile. In fact (so he stated), he had not even spoken with the President or been in his presence since his arrival.

During this disturbance, the fruitless art expedition was preparing for its homeward voyage in the steamship that was to sail within two or three days. About noon, Rody, the restless, took his camera out with the hope of speeding the lagging hours. The town was now as quiet as if peace had never departed from her perch on the red-tiled roofs. About the middle of the afternoon, Rody hurried back to the hotel with something decidedly special in his air. He retired to the little room where he developed his pictures.

Later on he came out to White on the balcony, with a luminous, grim, predatory smile on his face.

"Do you know what that is?" he asked, holding up a 4x5 photograph mounted on cardboard.

"Snap-shot of a señorita sitting in the sand — alliteration unintentional," guessed White, lazily.

"Wrong," said Rody, with shining eyes. "It's a slung-shot. It's a can of dynamite. Its a gold mine. It's a sight draft on your Dictator man for twenty thousand dollars—yes, sir—twenty thousand this time, and no spoiling the picture. No ethics of art in the way. Art! You with your smelly little tubes! I've got you skinned to death with a kodak. Take a look at that."

White took the picture in his hand, and gave a long whistle.

"Jove!" he exclaimed, "but wouldn't that stir up a row in town if you let it be seen. How in the world did you get it, Rody?"

"You know that high wall around the Dictator man's back garden? I was up there trying to get a bird's-eye of the town. I happened to notice a chink in the wall where a stone and a lot of plaster had slid out. Thinks I, I'll take a peep through to see how Mr. Dictator's cabbages are growing. The first thing I saw was him and this Sir Englishman sitting at a little table about twenty feet away. They had the table all spread over with documents, and they were hobnobbing over them as thick as two pirates. 'Twas a nice corner of the garden, all private and shady with palms and orange-trees, and they had a pail of champagne set by handy in the grass. I knew then was the time for me to make my big hit in Art. So I raised the machine up to the crack, and pressed the button. Just as I did so them old boys shook hands on the deal—you see they took that way in the picture."

Rody put on his coat and hat.

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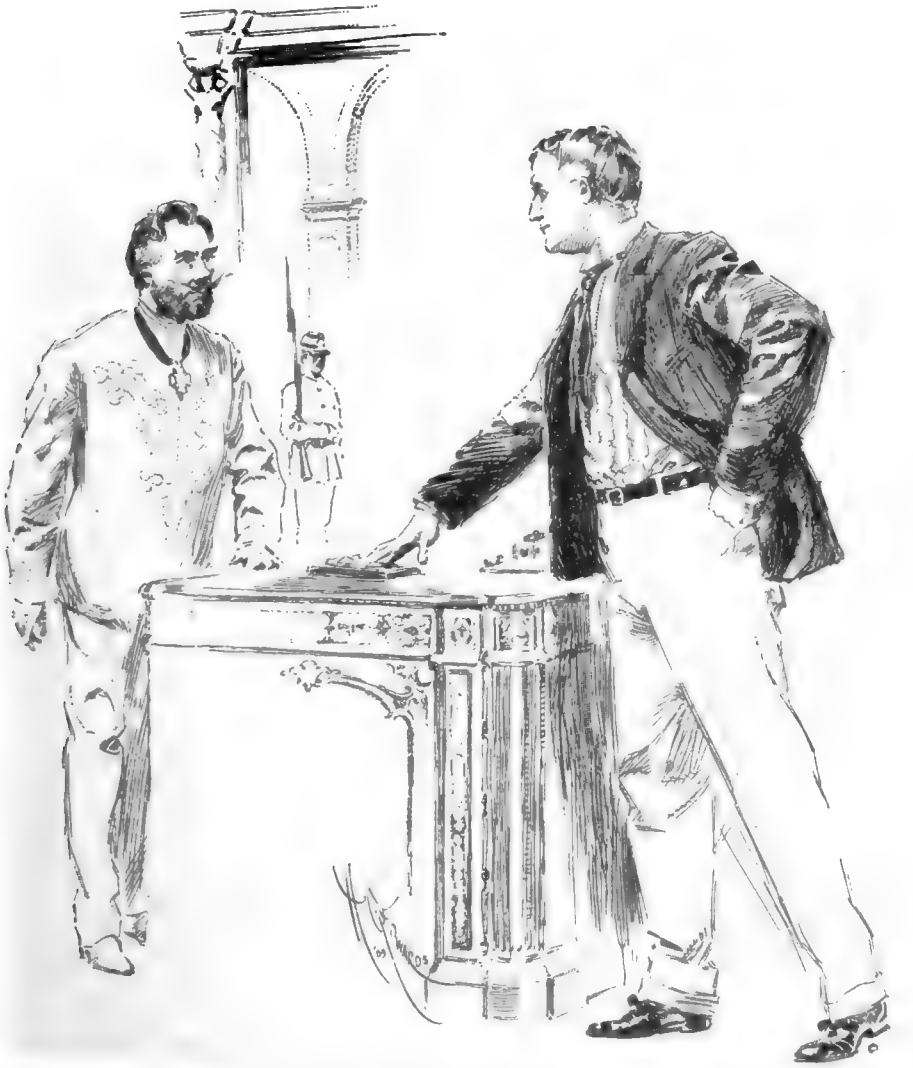
"What are you going to do with it?" asked White.

"Me," said Rody in a hurt tone, "why, I'm going to tie a pink ribbon to it and hang it on the what-not, of course. I'm surprised at you. But while I'm out you'll just try to figure out what ginger-cake potentate would be most likely to want to buy this work of art for his private collection—just to keep it out of circulation."

The sunset was reddening the tops of the cocoanut palms when Rody Monahan came down from Casa Morena. He nodded to the artist's questioning gaze; and lay down on a cot with his hands under the back of his head.

"I saw him. He paid the money like a little man. They didn't want to let me in at first. I told 'em it was important. Yes, that Dictator man is on the plenty-able list. He's got a beautiful business system about the way he uses his brains. All I had to do was to hold up the photograph so he could see it, and name the price. He just smiled, and walked over to a safe and got the cash. Twenty one-thousand-dollar brand-



"EXCUSE ME, MR. LOSADA," I SAID, "BUT I GUESS I'VE MADE A MISTAKE IN THE PRICE."

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new United States Treasury notes he laid on the table, like I'd pay out a dollar and a quarter. Fine notes, too—they crackled with a sound like burning the brush off a ten-acre lot."

"Let's try the feel of one," said White, curiously. "I never saw a thousand-dollar bill." Rody did not immediately respond.

"Carry," he said, in an absent-minded way, "you think a heap of your art, don't you?"

"More," said White, frankly, "than has been for the financial good of myself and my friends."

"I thought you was a fool the other day," went on Rody, quietly, "and I'm not sure now that you wasn't. But if you was, so am I. I've been in some funny deals, Carry, but I've always managed to scramble fair, and match my brains and capital against the other fellow's. But when it comes to—well, when you've got the other fellow cinched, and the screws on him, and he's got to put up—why, it don't strike me as being a man's game. They've got a name for it, you know; it's—confound you, don't you understand. A fellow feels—it's something like that blamed art of yours—he—well, I tore that photograph up and laid the pieces on that stack of money and shoved the whole business back across the table. 'Excuse me, Mr. Losada,' I said, 'but I guess I've made a mistake in the price. You get the photo for nothing.' Now, Carry, you get out the pencil, and we'll do some figuring. I'd like to save enough out of our capital to have some fried sausages in your joint when we get back to New York."

White Dawn

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

A BUGLE sang across the ramparts cheerily
Before the break of day;
The thick sea-fog hung o'er the fortress drearily,
Clinging and soft and gray.

The little city slept in silence, clustering
In the veiled castle's ward;
There came a growl of drums, a clank of mustering
From the stone barrack-yard.

A bugle sang across the fog for warning;
A black priest hurried forth;
And faintly rose upon the warm, damp morning
The sweet smell of fresh earth.

The rapid mutter of a pater-noster,
The rattle of the square—
One moment then the stillness of a cloister
Held the white, sluggish air.

An orange flash that flushed the fog enringing,
An echo from the bay;
Upon the dripping earth, choking and clinging,
The hot smoke sunk and lay.

A bugle sang across the ramparts gayly,
The wet flag drooped o'erhead;
From the blind weltering ocean heaving grayly
The sun arose blood-red.

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Tales of a Tawi Tawi Garrison

By FLORENCE KIMBALL RUSSEL

DESPITE the fact of its remoteness from civilization, or perhaps because of this very isolation, the little military post of Bongoa is most attractive. Situated on a dot of an island belonging to the Tawi Tawi group, it is the southernmost part of our new possessions to be garrisoned. To the west of it Borneo looms up on the horizon; and to the south is Sibotu, for which Spain was paid a good round sum because certain gentlemen on the Paris Commission lacked geographic accuracy; while to the east and north are coral islands belonging to the same group as Bongoa. Among others is Balambing, which, on our ship chart, was marked "PIRATES!" Think of sailing piratical seas in this prosaic twentieth century, and picture also one's disappointment at not seeing a single bearded highwayman of the sea, his red shirt open at the throat, a gleaming knife between his teeth—for, if I remember rightly, it was so that pirates were always drawn in the yellow-covered interdicted literature of childhood.

LIFE AT BONGOA

The post of Bongoa is built on a mountainous spur of land running down steeply to the water, and for six months at a time the monsoon blows across it in one direction, and then changes and blows six months in the opposite quarter, so that, as one of the officers stationed there remarked, one could take his choice and be blown off to the crocodiles in the bay or to the sharks in the sea outside.

There was only one company of infantry stationed at Bongoa when we were there, comprising perhaps fifty men and three officers. The young captain of the company was in a way a small czar, because of the two hundred miles of treacherous ocean between him and higher authority, and he ruled an unique kingdom, untouched by civilization and peopled entirely with ex-pirates or the descendants of pirates. The official letter-book of this functionary read like a story of adventure. Sandwiched between such mundane things as requisitions for water-buckets or commissary supplies were records of atrocious murders committed by the Moros; natives captured into slavery; piratical expeditions headed off and their instigators punished; or attempted slave raids against some neighboring island.

A GRUESOME TRAGEDY

Under the date of February 21, 1900, was the official and unvarnished account of a disastrous hunting trip taken by five of the post soldiers. The dispassionate official language but made the tale more gruesome, its very baldness giving it verisimilitude. The subsequent happenings also serve to show what kind of government seems most to appeal to these people.

The story, as nearly as I can remember it, reads that five of the garrison soldiers were given permission to go on a hunting expedition after wild boar on a neighboring island of the Tawi Tawi group. Relations with the Moros on that island having been, nominally at least, friendly, there was no hesitation about granting the soldiers' request, especially as there had been no fresh meat in the garrison for some time. The men left in a row-boat and spent the first few hours in Balambing, an ex-pirate community, where they were entertained in the best Moro fashion, leaving with mutual expressions of regret and good-will. The Moro's love for fire-arms is well known, and about ten of them were so taken with the soldiers' rifles that they accompanied the party, ostensibly to act as guides, and also to witness the sport. Delayed by a late start and the slowness of the boat, they all camped that night on a lonely beach, both Americans and Moros in the best possible humor.

Before retiring, all the soldiers, with the exception of one man who was preparing for bed, played cards, the Moros watching the game with apparent interest, but talking a great deal among themselves. Each soldier had his Krag on the ground beside him

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in case of danger, the rifle of the man who was undressing being in a far corner of the room. Without warning of any kind, the Moros simultaneously attacked,the card-players with their wicked *barongs*, beheading one poor fellow at a single blow, and fearfully cutting the three others. One died almost immediately, and the second fell unconscious, while the third, who was cut across the side of the head and neck, feigned unconsciousness and so escaped with his life.

MORO TREACHERY

The soldier who was partly undressed, seeing that he could not reach his rifle, felt it was only a matter of seconds before his turn to be massacred should come; but the Moros, having obtained all the rifles, escaped into the forest, leaving him unharmed. As hastily as possible he lifted the unconscious man into the boat which had been hidden in the bushes for just such an emergency, the other man helping himself, though he was so grievously wounded that he had literally to hold on his head with his hands, the cords of his neck being severed. Fortunately, the jugular vein had escaped the keen knife's edge, else he would not have been alive; but it was with no little difficulty he helped the unwounded man push off from the shore.

All night they rowed and all the next day, the blazing sun shining down fiercely on their unprotected heads, the wounded man working too, despite his fearful suffering. Once they were beached on a coral reef, and it took all their little strength to get the boat off again into deep water. The third soldier died, but the survivors reached the post, arriving in a pitiable condition, carrying the corpse between them.

As quickly as well-trained men can start, the commanding officer and most of his company were in *bancas* en route for Balambing, the unwounded man accompanying them for the purpose of identification. Arriving there late in the afternoon, the soldiers quickly surrounded the town before any Moro could escape in his *prau*, for the rapidity with which the Philippine Mohammedan can drop from his house, built on poles over the water, and paddle away in a *prau* is little less than miraculous. The head men of the village were then summoned by the American captain and told to deliver the murderers and their rifles, or lead the way to the hiding-place of the criminals before eight o'clock the next morning, the penalty threatened for disobedience being the burning of the town.

That night numerous lights and the sound of voices in the village testified to the earnest discussion that was proceeding, and at daylight six of the offenders were delivered into American hands, the survivor of the outrage testifying to their identity. Four were still missing, and the head men were called upon to give these up too. After much persuasion, the Moros were induced to lead the way to where the other four men and the captured rifles were concealed. The ten prisoners were rounded up and preparations made for the return to Bongoa. But suddenly a simultaneous break for liberty was made, and the Moros had a lesson in the deadly aim of the American soldier, for a dreadful fusillade was opened on them at short range, and not one escaped. All were killed or died soon after of their wounds.

To one unacquainted with the Moros, this swift and sure vengeance would seem sufficient to cause the relatives of the dead men to hate Americans and plan blood feuds in retaliation. Not so, for they recognized perfectly the wrong that had been done, and accepted the fate of their kinsmen as a just retribution. If there was any regret it was due to the unlucky turn of fate that had put them into the hands of justice. The offenders being captured, it would be inconceivable to the Moro mind that they should be spared, and the break for liberty was doubtless induced by the belief that at the worst they merely advanced the day of execution. Why should they expect clemency? Had they not killed, and, what is quite as bad in the Moro code of ethics, stolen?

A BALAMBING LOVE-STORY

From Balambing of bloody memory comes a Moro love-story of some interest and no little humor. It appears that a rich woman there fell in love with a handsome young slave belonging to a Moro in a neighboring town. After some difficulty she effected his purchase and married him, despite the fact of his being so far beneath her in the social scale. Not long after this the happy couple went to Bongoa on a market-day. The lady, being an inveterate gambler, repaired at once to the cockpit, where she lost so heavily that she found her funds inadequate for the return trip to Balambing. Then a

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happy idea struck her. Why not pawn her husband? Although she was married to him, he was still a slave in the eyes of the law; and she could redeem him on her next trip to Bongoa.

Acting on this happy inspiration, she sought an audience with the Governor, explaining through the interpreter her predicament, and offering her husband as a security for the loan of $250 gold. The Governor, being a bachelor, was sceptical as to this marital transaction, fearing he might have the bridegroom permanently upon his hands if he advanced so great a sum. This was made plain to the bride, who protested that life would be quite unendurable without her liege lord, or, more properly speaking, liege subject; but the Governor was unrelenting. How the lady finally managed to reach Balambing is not told.

A FAITHFUL HUSBAND

Another love-story of different import comes from the island of Siminol, just south of Bongoa. In a village there lives an old Moro who so loved his wife, and, strange to say, in this polygamous community, his only wife, that, when she died, he watched her grave long beyond the appointed time, after which he had his house built over her burial-place, and there lives to this day, still faithful to the mouldering bones beneath him. Surely a proof that great love sometimes stirs even savage breasts, happening in a country where polygamy is not only recognized, but encouraged, and where women are bought and sold by the pound. Considering the environment, such love is on a par with the idyllic attachments of history and fiction.

Speaking of buying and selling women among the Moros reminds me of an old Maharajah in Bongoa, who had never seen an American woman until the arrival of our ship. Noticing his absorbed interest in our appearance, the Governor of Bongoa, to our intense disgust, insisted upon asking the old fellow what he thought the Quartermaster's wife should be worth in dollars and cents. The toothless old Maharajah took it all quite seriously, looked at the lady in question with much discrimination, pulled at his wisp of a billy-goat beard a moment in contemplative silence, and then replied that he thought she was worth about a hundred dollars Mexican, an abnormally large amount, as Moro women seldom average over forty dollars, Mexican, apiece.

Then the irrepressible Governor turned to me, asking at what the Maharajah thought I should be valued. Without a moment's hesitation, the old sinner, to my chagrin and the uproarious amusement of the whole party, appraised me at only $80 Mexican, and this despite the fact that I had looked my pleasantest, in the hope that he would rate me at least as high as the Quartermaster's wife.

Datto Sakion, whom we met the next day, proved more diplomatic, for, when asked what he thought we women would be worth in the Mohammedan market, he replied that it was impossible to tell, for, if Moro women could be bought for forty dollars apiece, an American should be worth at least a thousand. Not bad repartee for a barbarian! This Datto Sakion was the best-dressed Moro in Bongoa. He wore a suit of gray drill made with the conventional tight trousers and vest-like coat, broken out at regular intervals in an eruptive fever of gorgeously colored embroidery. A fez topped off this costume and added to its picturesqueness, while clumsy tan shoes of undeniable American make well-nigh ruined the whole effect.

Balbriggan undershirts, hideously utilitarian, are much worn by these Moros of Bongoa in lieu of the skin-tight, gayly colored jacket which combines so effectively with the snug trousers buttoned up the side with gold or silver buttons, and the bright turban or scarlet fez. The coarse balbriggan, allied to barbaric splendor, is a sad shock to one's æstheticism. The Moros really looked more undressed so attired than if they had appeared without coats at all, but they thought these shirts most elegant, and would buy them of the soldiers at every opportunity.

THE MORO WOMEN

The women's dress in Bongoa, unlike that of northern Moros, is more typical than the men's, and shows an even greater variety of color, but, because of their black-hued teeth, which are often filed to an arch in front, the women are, as a rule, not charming to look upon. Their hair is fringed over the forehead and temples, while at the back it is drawn into a knot, from which one end invariably straggles, giving a most untidy effect. The wealthier women wear their finger-nails very long, in some instances almost as long

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as the finger itself, and sometimes the nail is protected with an artificial shield of silver. All have their ears pierced, and many of them wear a round bone or a stick resembling a cigarette in shape and size thrust through the aperture. Altogether they are as unlike European women as one could well imagine.

There was one beauty in Bongoa, however. She was a slave girl of eighteen, so graceful and lithe that her every attitude suggested a bird just alighted from a flight through space. Her dark eyes were fringed by the longest of black lashes, and even her stained teeth could not detract from the curves of her pretty mouth. She had a self-satisfied consciousness of her own attractions, and was as imperious and overbearing as any American beauty, stamping her tiny foot in rage at the photographer's lack of haste in taking her picture, and once walking away from the camera with a disdainful toss of her head. When, after much persuasion, she was induced to return, it was only to scowl sullenly at everybody with the most bewitching ill temper, poised so lightly that the very wind seemed to sway her slender figure back and forth like a flower on its stalk.

We called her the Belle of Bongoa, and said all manner of nice things about her, which she repaid with a bold stare from under those wonderful lashes, and a contemptuous air which said as plainly as words that those American women were not much to look at, what with their ugly clothes and still uglier faces. She was glad she wasn't so large and clumsy looking, and that her teeth weren't white, nor her throat all screwed up in high, tight bandages, and she smiled a little as she thought of her own attractions. The Belle of Bongoa had not learned that she was a beauty, for naught. And then, too, had she not been bought for $80 Mexican, the highest price ever paid in Tawi Tawi for a slave? Small wonder the little beauty rated her charms high.

A MORO PARTY

While we were in Bongoa a Moro dance was given in our honor at the house of the Governor's interpreter, a German, who was at that time away on a business trip. His wife, a plump and jolly matron of Moro descent, did the honors, and smiled her good-natured, indiscriminating smile on one and all, shaking each cordially by the hand and indicating where we should sit by many motions of her fat, brown wrists, and many shrugs of her still fatter shoulders. Unlike other Moro women, our hostess's hair was neatly arranged, her teeth were beautifully white, and her costume, which consisted of the nondescript skirt and loose dressing sacque much affected by Spanish women throughout the island, was daintily clean.

The other occupants of the big room were Moro—unadulterated Moro. There were some fifty or sixty of them, all in gala dress, the women squatted on the floor, the men leaning against the side of the house, and all staring with unabashed interest in our direction, while we stared back at them quite as absorbedly. Every man was armed with at least a *barong* stuck into his broad sash, and many of them boasted a *kris* and *campilan* as well, while the brilliant colors of their costumes and the still more gaudy *sarongs* of the women made them resemble a gathering of strange tropic birds, our European apparel looking singularly dull and sober beside their scarlets, greens, and purples. Over this strange scene flickered the dim light of cocoanut-oil lamps, and outside a shower beat softly against the trees, and the moon looked down at us whitely from a cloudy sky.

MORO MUSIC

Presently a weird sound broke in upon our conversation. The orchestra had begun to play. Moro music is strangely unrhythmical to European ears. It consists mainly of a monotonous reiteration of sound, even a supposed change of air being almost imperceptible to an ear unaccustomed to the barbarous lack of tone. The Moro piano is a wooden frame shaped like the runners of a child's sled, on which small kettle-drums are balanced by means of cords and sticks laid horizontally. These rather resemble pots for the kitchen range than musical instruments, but each is roughly tuned, forming the eight notes of the scale. Women crouching on the ground before this instrument beat out a wailing sound from it with shaped sticks, while from larger kettle-drums, hung by ropes from a wooden railing at one side, two men accompanied the piano, and one old woman in the background drummed out an independent air of her own on an empty tin pan.

Meanwhile the dancing had begun, or rather the posturing of the body, for the feet and legs are used but little, the so-called dancing consisting principally of Delsartean

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A DATTO'S FLEET

A STREET IN THE POST OF BONGOA

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movements of the body and arms, the wrist always leading gracefully. Among the women this attitudinizing was very pretty, the bangles tinkling on their round arms, the *sarong* half revealing, half concealing the curves of their figures. Most of them danced with their faces

turned from us, but whenever the evolutions of their measured step brought them face to face with us, they would hold up the *sarong* so that it concealed all but the eyes, evidently a survival of the *yashmak*, for Moro women do not hide their faces at all times from the gaze of men, as do the women of India.

THE MAHARAJAH AND HIS ATTENDANT

And then came sword dances with naked blades, when some young Moro advanced and retreated, leapt high in the air, or crouched on the ground, waving his *barong* or *kris* aloft, now retreating, now coming uncomfortably close to the little party of unarmed Americans, the flickering light gleaming redly on the glittering knife, and reminding one with a horrid insistence that the time and place were ideal for a wholesale slaughter. As the necessities of the dance took the lithe youth farther away, I must confess to a feeling of relief, which mounted to a nervous joy when, after apparently slaying his enemy and grinding him under heel, the dancing combatant gave way to a chubby youngster who stamped and twirled and gestured himself into our very hearts. This baby, for he could not have been over four years old, was also a prime favorite with the Moros themselves, who yelled out their delight at his prowess, and even jumped about in their enthusiasm. The baby was stoically calm, and moved not a muscle of his little, round face in response

to their greeting. Then came the old Maharajah, who had set his price on the American women. Wrinkled, white-haired and toothless, he danced amid great applause, and after him came a tiny girl, who attitudinized most gracefully, throwing out her plump, dimpled wrists on which twinkled innumerable bangles. She waved each wrist in turn, and fastened upon it a serious gaze as if she were a snake-charmer and each arm was a serpent, her hand representing the head which waved ever back and forth restlessly, and in time to the strange music.

The dancing of the men was far less graceful, and, at times, bordered on the grotesque. They contorted and twisted themselves out of all semblance to the human form; at times they seemed to put the body out of joint, and then reset it properly with jerks and jumps and sudden fierce movements; they twitched and twisted and twirled, hardly moving their feet from the floor.

Before leaving, a mock-marriage was performed for our benefit by the one-eyed Pandita. As is the custom at such times, all

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the Moro women, including the bride, who is never present at her own wedding, were hidden behind an extemporized curtain. On the ground before this curtain sat the Pandita and the prospective bridegroom, the bare soles of their feet touching and their hands closely clasped beneath an enshrouding cloth. The Pandita then chanted or intoned a service, the bridegroom occasionally joining in, and not infrequently some outsider introduced an apparently facetious expression or joke which was greeted with uproarious delight by the others, the Moro sense of humor being apparently well developed.

THE BELLE OF BONGOA.

A DATTO.

Of course, this mock-marriage ended here, but we were told that at a real wedding the groom at this point of the service would go behind the curtain and seize his bride, who was supposed to struggle violently to escape. She would then be carried to the groom's house, and for three days thereafter the feasting and merrymaking would continue—for everyone but the happy pair. According to custom, the bride must quarrel violently during this time with the groom, and not allow him to come near her, though when in despair he leaves her alone she must bitterly weep and lament. At the expiration of three days this charming state of affairs is discontinued, and they are considered legally married, and thereafter may be as happy as they are capable of being.

And all this — treachery and murder, and a bridegroom in pawn, the dancing Maharajah, the sword dance with naked blades, and the little snake-charmer fascinating her own plump hands—was in the twentieth century and on American soil!

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GUNFIRE

The Fleet-Footed Queen of the Turf

By CHARLES E. TREVATHAN

IF as becomes your sport-loving nature you go one of these days to the racing down on the great tracks of Long Island, you will hear ever on the lips of the crowd the name of Gunfire. Hearing it, you will note that the word lingers in its saying as a word that is loved, that is often uttered, and that brings with its utterance memories that are pleasant or anticipations that are delightful. The word suggests everything except what the racing man intends that it should. Its harsh significance is lost to sight with him. He calls it to give name to a horse, or, to speak by the cards, a mare.

GUNFIRE, A QUEEN OF THE TURF

A race-mare is this Gunfire, and just now she is the pet of him who speaks her name. She is the Gunfire of the stable of William C. Whitney, the Gunfire that was favorite back yonder for the first of the great handicaps of the year. She is the flying-machine on four dainty legs that galloped home first in the Metropolitan Handicap at Morris Park in the spring just gone. She is the Gunfire that was favorite over all that was great and aristocratic in the horse-world to win the Brooklyn Handicap the opening day on Brooklyn's famous course. She it was who lost that splendid race by the nod of Irish Lad's head, and who went beaten back to the paddock with a great crowd of sympathizers following at her heels, queenly in defeat, and loved for the bravery of her unavailing effort.

There are race-horses of magnificent equipment on the running turf every season. They run fast; they come much into the public eye, they carry fortunes in wagers, they run as should run the champions of the country. Turf-men know them as best and speak of them with respect. You hear of them, if you hear horse-talk at all, and you are dimly conscious that somehow they are distinguished among their kind for some brilliant accomplishment. Those horses come and go with every racing season. They are just good race horses. But the Gunfires! They happen upon the turf at intervals. For you may know that in this racing season which is now obtaining, Gunfire is the pet of the turf. She it is that the sentiment of the turf clusters about. Winner or loser, you must affect a love for her if you be one that frequents the turf. Other than kind word for Gunfire is to speak ill of the queen, and that is high treason.

The turf queen comes once in a decade they say. Imp was one of them. She had her reign, and glorious it was. Time came to her when all that was brilliant in turf capacity went from her. The day broke for her when she could no longer run those races which brought the cry of exultation from the throats of her court. She was an old queen and she had given her best, but she was still queen, and coming home to the finish staggering be-

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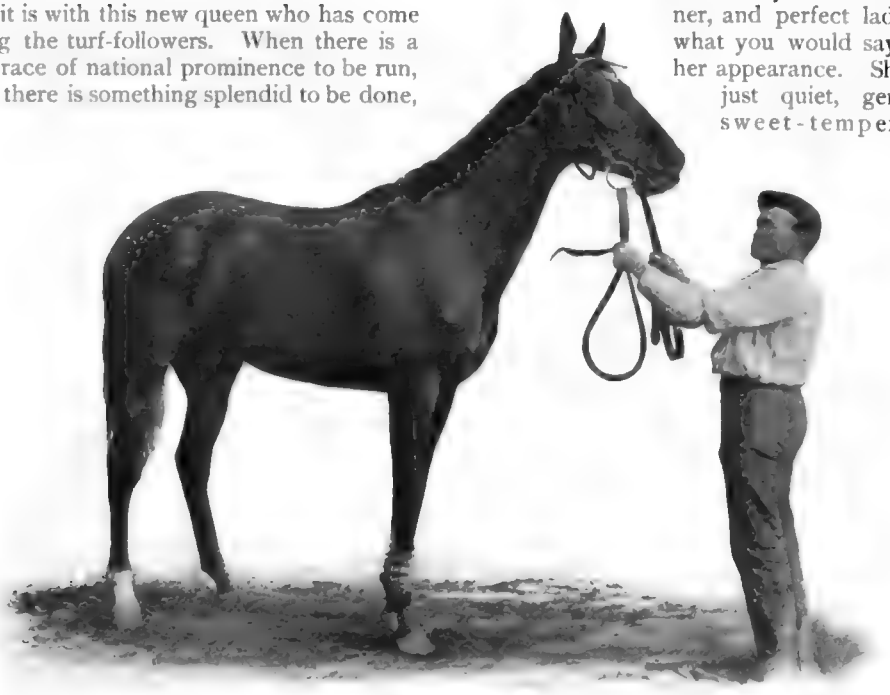
hind horses that she would have spurned in her heydey, she was still queen and still arrogant of place. To the last the love of the land clung to her, and when the sun of her glory went down, she left behind her memories which yet are astir and which speak on occasion of her excellencies. Her deficiencies are not to be remembered.

So it is with this new queen who has come among the turf-followers. When there is a stake-race of national prominence to be run, when there is something splendid to be done, Gunfire is the call of the thousands. Gunfire is the lady of deeds on whom they lean. Hearing the cry for her, you might imagine Gunfire to be the grandest thoroughbred that ever sweetened a bit or bore a saddle. Not so. Gunfire is magnificent in accomplishment, she is thoroughbred to the heart, but she may be beaten and often is. Yet she is queen by right of birth and deed, and when she is beaten there are ever excuses to tell the why of it. It is that much to be queen of the turf.



GUNFIRE IS THOROUGHBRED TO THE HEART.

THE PERFECT MODEL OF A RUNNING ANIMAL

Gunfire is the kind of a horse that is made to become a public idol. She looks it. Some poetic writer has called her the Psyche of the turf. She looks all the daintiness, the coyness, the grace, and the beauty of Psyche. She is a beautiful thing. To a horseman she is the perfect model of a running animal. She is neither too large nor too small, too short nor too long. She is simply "right." In the eye of the inexperienced she is a picture of elegance and quiet dignity. There is no grandeur in her make-up or pose. Well-bred is what you would say of her manner, and perfect lady is what you would say of her appearance. She is just quiet, gentle, sweet-tempered Gunfire whose bay figure flies at command of the boy who rides and who can and does on occasion win races of which the world reads.

Whence this queen of the turf? Why, from that land where all the aristocrats of her type have birth. Out of the Blue-Grass she came but two years ago, modestly too, as befits a princess that is soon to be queen, but has yet to prove title to a throne. No banners preceded her, no trumpet-blast proclaimed her. She came with a large family and a retinue of black and white pages about her, and when she slipped into her stall under the trees at Morris Park, few there were who knew that she had come, or even that Kentucky had once more sent to the world a royal one. Heralding of Gunfire came in this manner. A "clocker" at the race-course, following his business of timing the trials of the

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horses in their morning gallops, saw Gunfire. Her name he knew not, her breeding was unknown to him, her future position in the world, her past in the Southern land were matters which concerned him not. Gunfire walked, trotted, cantered on the race-course, and then was prepared for a run at full speed. The "clocker" got ready his watch, and when the filly flew past the first position-post in her first trial of speed, the watch gave a tiny click and the split-second hand began to tell the rate at which she was travelling. She was permitted to go but a short distance, and then the negro boy took a pull at her mouth, soothingly talked her back to a modest canter, and the "work" was over. The "clocker" looked at his watch, whistled softly, and noted the figures in his book. Making his report that day, he said, in his own way:

"There's a bay filly in John Madden's barn that'll do." So the first word of Gunfire was heard in the world where she now reigns.

MADDEN'S BAY FILLY

You may know that the "clocker" is supposed to watch all the morning trials at whatever track he is stationed, and to make truthful report to his employer, bookmaker, or better, of how the "work-outs," as they are called, are accomplished. Whatever they may have known of her at home down in old Kentucky, no voice had praise to speak of her until that first morning when the "clocker" gave the "tip" to the man who wagers. From that morning to this, Gunfire has never taken a gallop at speed that the move has not been recorded, and there are memoranda in plenty in New York which contain written accounts of everything Gunfire has done since that initial gallop at Morris Park. Some of these memoranda might even tell you just how many quarts of oats she eats per day, or on any given day, and just how she took her hay, and how she liked her work. There is privacy at no moment for a queen of the turf. If one is of the turf, one must know all of the sovereign of his love.

HER ROYAL ANCESTRY AND BIRTHPLACE

In words of the world to which she belongs, Gunfire is a bay filly, four years old, sired by Hastings out of Imported Royal Gun. Her ancestry is distinguished. Hastings is an American, the property of August Belmont, and in his day one of the brilliant race horses of the country. His victories are fresh in the minds of the men who witnessed them. Royal Gun is of the highest English family. She came from the house of Royal Hampton; and so clean is her pedigree, so celebrated her lineage, that many thousands of American dollars went into English coffers to purchase her. When she came to America it was to have a home down in the rolling pastures of Hamburg Place, near Lexington, Ky. John A. Madden became her owner and the director of her affairs. His racing career ended, August Belmont sent champion Hastings to fuller years on his own pastures of the Nursery Stud, also near Lexington. To his court went in time Royal Gun, and Gunfire opened her eyes and struggled weakly to her wabbly legs on Hamburg Place four years ago.

It was a beautiful world into which she had come. Kentucky has a smile over its meadow in May, and Gunfire was a May foal. There is a mellow haze in the atmosphere, there is soft color everywhere, there is delightful peace down in Kentucky's land when May is about her business. It is something to be born in Kentucky at all, and if you are a horse and you happen to have had your birth at Hamburg Place, then indeed are you in the home of royalty, and where only the chosen may have being. At the coming of this daughter of Hastings and Royal Gun there were no ceremonials. One morning the old negro who has charge of the brood mares came up to the "big house" in which the proprietor lives, and brought the news: "Royal Gun's got her foal, suh." In due time formal notice of the birth was sent to the Almanac de Gotha of the turf, the name Gunfire was chosen and made a matter of record, and the unsteady youngster went at her purpose of growing and learning how to properly use those dainty but awkward limbs so that her right to her parentage might not be questioned.

A PETTED COLT IN OLD KENTUCKY

Those were pleasant days for the Princess. They were days of finding out how great one is without showing it to anybody, of discovering secret might and keeping it hidden away to surprise the big world with, later. They were times to play about the mother in the pasture, and to bring whinnies of warning and anxiety from the staid matron when the gambols were too frisky and the pace across the grass too swift for young limbs to

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carry. Ah, those were glorious days under the summer and autumn suns of old Kentucky, which had seen so many, so very many,

THE WHITNEY STRING AT AIKEN RACE-TRACK (GUNFIRE FOURTH).

young princesses of other times doing the same tricks of colthood. Then came the terrible separation from the matron, and the herding with the other youngsters, whom she had got to know by sundry nosings through the cracks in the paddock fences and through calls across the grass fields in the sleepy afternoons. Gay young companions were these, all of royal blood and all destined for careers in the sight of man some day.

Gunfire was ever a sociable personage. She began by making friends of the youngsters of her own age. When she grew bolder she came straight up to the children belonging to the household of the place. To them she made advances in a horse way. Then she made them fond of her. Human children are often cruel to animals, but they have understanding of and affection for them. Before she was a year old, Gunfire had become the pet of Hamburg Place, and she had found what a human voice meant and knew the invitation of a human whistle. She also

TRAINER ROGERS READY TO RELEASE THE BARRIER—SCHOOLING TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

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GUNFIRE DEFEATED BY IRISH LAD IN THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP.

knew that cut apples from little human hands were good to the palate and that bits of sugar were sweet to the taste. Some horses never learn these things because they never have confidence. Gunfire came of a race which had known the humankind intimately, and she went to it naturally and without fear. The human kind had nothing but soft words and caresses for her. She wanted to follow the children to the house. She was quite willing at any time to forsake her equine associates and to go romping up to the big place where the children lived to eat apples with them and take their love-pats as a part of her heritage.

Be they good or bad, promising or unpromising, yearling thoroughbred horses are treated pretty much alike on a breeding farm. All receive the best of care, but the men who care for them rarely "play favorites." Gunfire was petted by the children and by the mistress of the establishment, and because of her engaging manners she got perhaps more than her share of dainties. Outside that, she had to travel the road of discipline like all the rest. She made slight rebellion when a saddle was put on her and a restraining girth was tightened around her. She made protest against the bit of steel in her mouth, and she cared not at all for the weight of the boy which they put on her back. But she was kindly in her complaints, and they began to say of Gunfire that she had nice ways about her. Under the saddle she was taken for long walks around the track. Then she trotted a good deal, and now and then she was permitted to go a little, a very little way, at a strong gallop. But she didn't run wild and free over the grass any more. Whenever she was out now the boy was with her and took her where he liked. She was obedient enough under the guidance, and if she was playfully protestant at times, she was forgiven for the mildness of it. The school-

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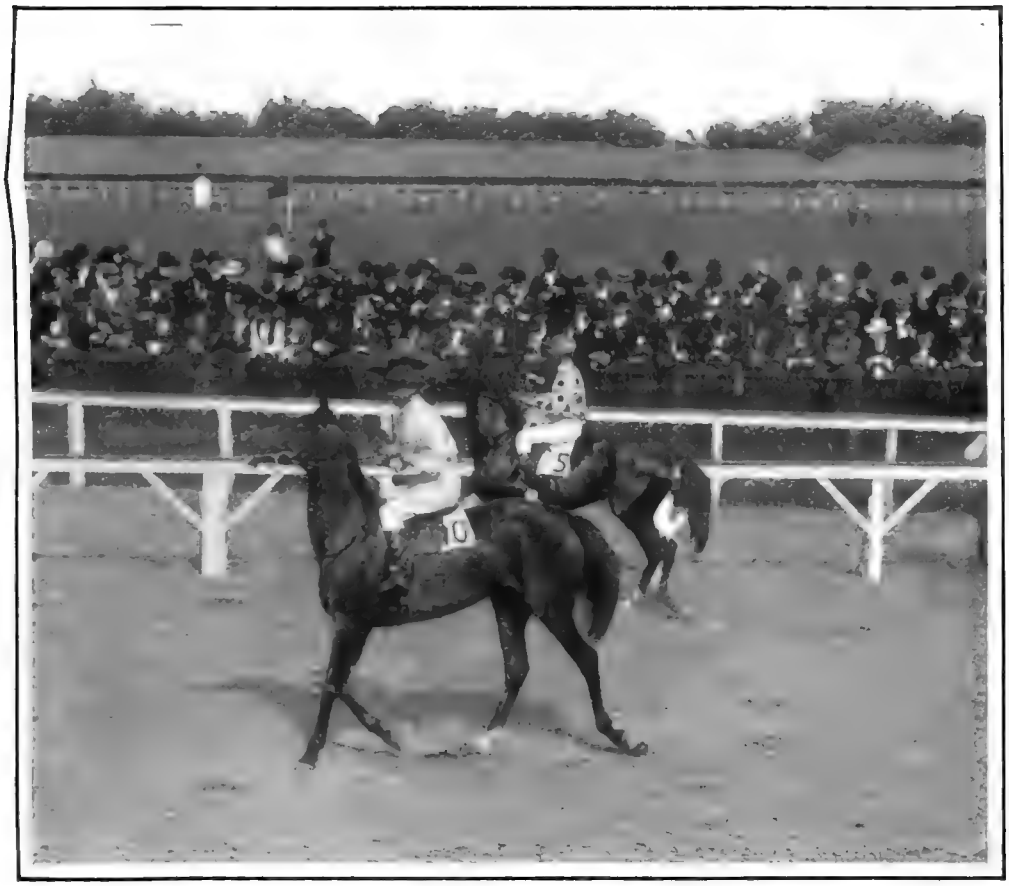

GUNFIRE AND INJUNCTION GOING TO THE POST—BROOKLYN HANDICAP.

ing was hard because of the restraint, but she early knew that it was necessary if queen or proper princess of the turf she must be.

All this was late in the autumn. Before the winter set in she knew everything the boy wanted of her, and one day when she felt as if the winds were not so swift as she, the boy gave her her head, and for a quarter of the way around the track she was permitted to run just as fast as she could go. Other young ones were beside her to encourage her. Then there awoke a new something in her heart. It was the desire, common to the horse-kind but dominant in her kind, to excel. She must not only run fast, but she must run faster and farther than ever horse ran before. Gods, what a joy was that—to know one had speed of the winds and could go on forever leaving everything behind! For that, life were worth while to a princess of old Kentucky.

But it could not last. Just that once was she given free rein. Then she was sent back to the paddocks and the gloomy barns, and during the cold months of that winter there were but the brief plays in the chilling air and then the barns again. Not much of the light of the throne came to her then. The future had something waiting. The days grew warmer at last, once more the bit was put into her mouth, and somehow she thrust her head forward for the bridle. Once more the tight saddle, and once more the boy was lifted to her back. And what walks and trots and gallops were there! They grew to be almost monotonous. Day after day she followed the routine. Her appetite was ferocious. Health was bounding within her. Life was straining at her vitals as if to escape from them. And then came the second time—the second time when she was called upon. And she put out her nostrils for the good

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cool air, and she gathered her limbs for the spring, and she hurled herself into space, joyous, pulsating, passionate in her possession of that speed which was to gallop her right into the hearts of the world.

The men standing beside the track held watches such as the "clocker" held afterward. They looked at them when she had trotted back, breathing gloriously of the sweet morning air.

"Twenty-three and a half," said the master. "I'll put her in the stakes."

She did not know it, but that move on a Kentucky morning decided all her after-life. Princess she was; queen she should become.

MADDEN'S "BAY FILLY" RUNS HER FIRST RACE

When the full spring had come, and Kentucky looked as it did two years before on her birthday, the princess was loaded on the cars at Lexington, given a padded stall all to herself, and in course of much queer jolting and jostling, she came to the land of her reign. There were trees like those at home, grass like the green in the home meadows, hills like those she had known, and there was a long yellow strip of land running beside the white fence which she knew. There were strange buildings and strange horses. It was the race-track, the place where one might fly if one's boy would only let go of the bit. But it was a different race-track. It was Morris Park, and the princess from old Kentucky was the "bay filly in John Madden's barn that'll do."

Not long and there came the great day. Thousands of those humans with whose forms she had become familiar, now filled the houses around the track and the whole world had awakened and was astir. There were noises and sights to make one's nerves quiver and to make one's heart grow large and strangle one. The bridle was put on, the saddle was girthed tight. The boy came and mounted and the princess went out on that track. For a short distance she was allowed to run, and then she went in under the trees and thousands of people came to look at her while the grooms were caring for her toilet. Then a strange boy came in a red jacket and was lifted into the saddle. The princess went trembling past all the people and away up on the hill where a dozen more of her kind were gathered. There was much turning and squirming about and then a cry, a digging pair of heels in her sides, and she was running. Colors were all around her. There was flying dust, there was hissing wind in her ears. Cries, shouts, roars, the pounding of many hoofs, the swishing of whips, yells, moans, thunders, lightnings, short breath, blurred eyes, bursting lungs, blood, terror, then the boy pulled at her mouth and she stopped. The princess had started in her first race and had been beaten.

The next time—ah, that was different. The same sights, the same sounds, the same awful, life-taking struggle. But this time she was in front, the winner, the thing whose name came to the lips, whose fame passed the mouths of that great mass of humans as of one person. Gunfire, bay filly, two years, by Hastings, out of Royal Gun, had graduated from the maiden class and was a winner. It was the first step to mount the throne.

From that time the days were not infrequent and much alike. Now winning and now losing, now joyous with the great gladness of victory, now saddened with the deep sorrow of defeat. One day she changed owners. She knew only that the boy who rode her wore a blue jacket instead of a red. There was no change in the unvarying courtesy of her subjects. They cared for her just as tenderly in the new household. Gunfire was now the property of William C. Whitney, and she had cost him $10,000, but she was in no wise altered. She was going toward the throne. That was all.

Through the two-year-old year and then through the three-year-old it was the same. She came not suddenly into the hearts of the people. Slowly but surely they began to know her as worthy to reign. Along at the end of the three-year-old year—that is to say in the autumn of 1902—love of her and admiration for her were everywhere. She was about to be crowned. Another winter of semi-oblivion in the restful climate of the Carolinas, and she came back to New York, to that same Morris Park where the first great day had been. She came with the bugle-blasts and the heralds this time. She was favorite for the Metropolitan Handicap. She started and won. "Gunfire!" "Gunfire!" "Gunfire!" was the hysterical cry of the crowd. All over the world flashed the word "Gunfire."

The queen of the turf had come. Imp is a memory.

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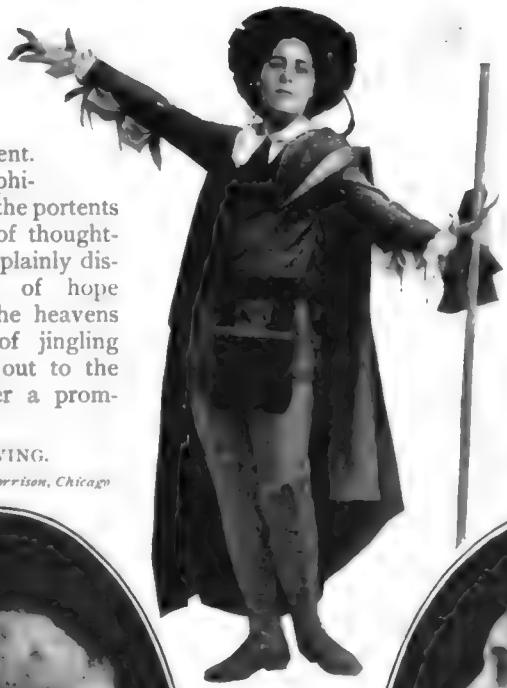
The Verdict of the Gallery

By JAMES L. FORD

TO the superficial observer, the theatrical season that has just drawn to a close was merely a mad riot of musical comedy and extravaganza; and indeed there was a certain week in February when no less than twelve Broadway theatres were given over to this form of entertainment. But the theatrical philosopher who reads the portents aided by the lamp of thoughtful experience can plainly discern the rainbow of hope standing high in the heavens above the storm of jingling nonsense, holding out to the intelligent play-goer a promise of better things to come. To him it will be evident that the season of 1902–03 was not merely one of empty distraction, but the turning-point between a flush and heedless age that finds relief in foolishness and a soberer period that is bound to demand a better form of entertainment.

All this is indicated by unmistakable signs and portents, the most significant of which are to be found in the character of the plays that dominated the closing weeks of this supposedly jingle-mad season. There is corroborative



ISABEL IRVING.
From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

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ELEANOR TIERNEY.

JANE MANDEVILLE.

LOTTA FAUST.

KATHERINE BELL.

FOUR WELL-KNOWN YOUNG WOMEN WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THE SUCCESS OF SOME OF THE NEW YORK MUSICAL COMEDIES.

Specially photographed for Everybody's Magazine by Davis & Sanford, New York.

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MILLIE JAMES, NOTABLY SUCCESSFUL IN "THE LITTLE PRINCESS."

From a photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.

MRS. CLARA BLOODGOOD AND THE FOUR BRIDESMAIDS IN "THE GIRL WITH THE GREEN EYES."

From a photograph by The Otto Sarony Company, New York.

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GEORGE ARLISS.

A sudden success in "The Darling of the Gods."

From a photograph by The Otto Sarony Company, New York.

W. H. THOMPSON.

Whom Coquelin has described as the greatest American actor.

Specially photographed for Everybody's Magazine by Davis & Sanford, New York

LAWRENCE D'ORSAY.

"The Earl of Pawtucket."

Specially photographed for Everybody's Magazine by Davis & Sanford, New York.

evidence of a riper popular taste in the unusual attention paid to dramas cast in a serious mould and in the increased gallery attendance—always a reliable barometer—whenever Shakespearian plays were on the boards. The unusual number of Shakespearian revivals planned for the coming season show that the theatrical managers have noted the change.

Perhaps the most remarkable success of the season just closed was that achieved by the old morality play, "Everyman"; and in this connection I should explain that, in speaking of the success or failure of a play, I am taking into consideration many things besides mere financial profit or loss. It seems to me that the box-office receipts of "Everyman" concern only the manager who had the courage and good taste to bring that drama to this country. The profound impression that it has made on play-goers of every class is a matter of deeper significance, while at the same time it indicates increased profits during the season that lies before us. The success of "Everyman" is due primarily to the solemn warning conveyed in its story, though due credit must be given to Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, an English actress previously unknown in this country, for her convincing portrayal of the title rôle. That this artist's success was not accidental has been shown by her performance of *Rosalind* in the company of so-called "Woodland Players."

The fact that a theme as sacred to the religious-minded as that of Paul Heyse's "Mary of Magdala" can be made acceptable to the public in a city that forbade the production of the "Passion Play" two decades ago, indicates a surprising change in popular sentiment. Unfortunately, neither the play it-

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TYRONE POWER,

The forceful *Judas Iscariot* in "Mary of Magdala."

From a photograph by the Burr-McIntosh Studio, New York.

OSCAR ASCHE,

The Jewish protector in "Iris."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

self, which was of poor theatric quality, nor Mrs. Fiske's portrayal of the title rôle, which was pitifully inadequate, was sufficient to make the venture as successful from a finan-

HELEN BERTRAM,

The widow in "The Prince of Pilsen."

From a photograph by Stein, Milwaukee

cial stand-point as lovers of the serious drama could wish. No woman in all history ever underwent such a tremendous spiritual change as did Mary when she was transformed from an erring woman to a saint

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LIONEL BARRYMORE.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York

MARY SHAW,
Last seen in Ibsen's "Ghosts."
From a photograph by the Burr-McIntosh Studio, New York.

VIOLA ALLEN,
The star in Hall Caine's "Eternal City."
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

for all time and ages. And this change, which is the very essence of her life-drama, Mrs. Fiske seemed incapable of either comprehending or expressing. It would be interesting to see how such an artist as Duse would render the religious ecstasy of the redeemed woman. Surely she would succeed in making her audiences forget the mechanical thunderstorm, which was, after all, the most talked-of feature of the performance, unless one excepts the sincere and forceful *Judas Iscariot* of Mr. Tyrone Power.

FRANK MOULAN,
"The Sultan of Sulu."
Specially photographed for Everybody's Magazine by Davis & Sanford, New York.

Of other Magdalenes we have had a plenty this season, for the erring woman is a character ever dear to the dramatist and interesting to the public. *Iris* was one of these, but in the hands of Miss Harned she did not dominate the scenes in Pinero's drama. Unquestionably the strongest impression of the performance was that made by Oscar Asche, an actor never before seen here, in the part of the Jewish protector.

Another Magdalene, and this one dominated the play in which she appeared, and was the cause of

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whatever prosperity it enjoyed, was Miss Blanche Walsh's *Maslova* in "Resurrection." The general opinion of this impersonation was that it was by far the "strongest" thing that Miss Walsh had ever done, and a marked advance upon her previous work. In a certain sense it was "strong," but as a consistent, carefully thought-out, and well-sustained portrayal of Tolstoy's sodden heroine it was far from satisfying. The *Maslova* of the earlier and later scenes might have been Russian, but the *Maslova* of the prison literally reeked of the Fourth Ward. It was as if the actress had paused in her performance to introduce what is termed a "correct imitation" of the sort of woman who is dragged drunk, cursing, shrieking, and fighting into the station-house after a Saturday night brawl. It was indeed a correct imitation of this familiar metropolitan type, but it was not quite acting, and it was in every essential New York and not Russian.

Unlike the three Magdalenes mentioned above, the erring woman portrayed by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Joy of Living" did not awaken, in even the least degree, the sympathy of its audience—a fact which is largely responsible for the failure of the play. Nevertheless, it is worth remembering as an awful example to players, managers, and dramatists of what they should avoid. Bearing, as it did, the name of Sudermann, it was hailed with joyous acclamations by the apostles of that school of cheap culture to whom foreign art of every description is merely an excuse for "showing off" their superior knowledge and taste. Seldom has a play of viler morality been seen upon our boards. Indeed, one of the most hopeful signs of the season is to be found in the contempt with which intelligent play-goers rejected it.

There is one supreme test which only a good play can withstand, and we have only to apply this to "The Joy of Living" to realize what a detestable drama it is. Make "Julius Cæsar" a tragedy of modern ward politics and it will lose nothing in impressive tragic interest. Put "Camille" in the Bowery, and women will still sob their hearts out over her. But strip Sudermann's play of the false glamour with which it has been invested, transplant it from Germany to Williamsburg, and make the heroine an unfaithful wife who is in love with a boot and shoe drummer and goes about whining, "I want to be free to live my own life in my own way," and its hideous vulgarity and perversion of morals will be laid bare to us so nakedly that not even in a chromo literary salon will anyone dare to extol it as an "intellectual drama," or to prate about its heroine's "noble sin."

It must be gratifying to the moralist to reflect that the greatest success of the season was achieved by a play whose heroine did not even know what a Magdalene was; though it may pain him to realize that the dramatist was obliged to go as far away from Broadway as old Japan in order to find such an one.

"The Darling of the Gods" owed its success to a number of causes, not the least of which was its novel and daring ending, which showed the hero and heroine, unhappily kept apart in life, reunited in death. Primarily, of course, it owed its popularity to the strong dramatic interest of its story, though it will be remembered, also, by its magnificence as a stage production, its marvellous light effects, and the smoothness and precision obtained by Mr. Belasco's consummate skill in stage management. In the part of the young Japanese girl Miss Blanche Bates surprised a public that had known her only in lighter rôles. But not all the honors were for her. Mr. George Arliss, as the crafty, merciless, and unscrupulous war minister, was at least a sharer with her on equal terms, and perhaps the most notable personal feature of the entertainment was the manner in which this admirable artist indicated his character, and gave expression to his motives and purposes by his hands. Concerning Mr. Arliss, it may be worth while to relate the manner in which he was engaged for the part that he has since made famous, if only for the benefit of those mummers who are scheming and struggling to attract the attention of Mr. Belasco in the hope that he will convert them into successful stars by the mere touch of his wand. Mr. Belasco saw Mr. Arliss one night in a comedy part in the support of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and, after watching him for two minutes and a half, engaged him for a sinister, tragic part of vital importance, knowing with absolute certainty that he was the man for it.

A noteworthy and in some respects a commendable production, which did not prove a financial success, was that of "Ghosts" by George Fawcett's stock company, headed by that most excellent actress, Miss Mary Shaw. The old saying about heaven deliv-

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ering us from our friends was never better illustrated than in the case of Henrik Ibsen, at least so far as this country is concerned. The avowed Ibsenites are a large and noisy band, who go about declaring that "Ghosts" is a greater tragedy than "Hamlet," and "The Doll's House" superior to anything on the modern stage, and are ever ready to applaud any actor who seeks to exploit his meretricious art at the expense of the great Scandinavian's fame. But they will not pay for their seats, and there is scarcely one of them who has any real comprehension of Ibsen's greatness or knows enough about the stage to be able to explain why his plays do not succeed. Miss Shaw is altogether too true and sincere an artist to be allowed to waste her time on such a worthless part as that of the mother in "Ghosts," or to identify herself with a school of drama which can never take permanent root in this country. She probably regards her part as a good one, because it is a long one, and keeps her on the stage a great part of the time, but it does not afford her an opportunity to do anything except suffer, and no actress will ever advance herself in the estimation of American play-goers except in characters that actually accomplish something.

A serious drama, which has succeeded because of the sincerity with which a solemn theme is handled by the author and expressed by an actress who thoroughly understands her art, is Hall Caine's "Eternal City," in which Miss Viola Allen was the star. In "The Little Princess" Miss Millie James was notably successful in a part that gave her greater opportunities for pathetic work than she had had in "Lovers' Lane."

There is now a Chicago school of entertainment, and a noteworthy feature of the season was the remarkable success of three musical comedies, "The Prince of Pilsen," "The Wizard of Oz," and "The Sultan of Sulu," all of which came to us from the Western metropolis. "The Prince of Pilsen," given by players of very small repute, achieved popularity largely because of its beautiful music, and is likely to retain a place on the American stage for many seasons to come. "The Sultan of Sulu" owed its success to two or three causes, the chief of which was its author, Mr. George Ade, one of the best and truest of our humorists. In the preparation of his book Mr. Ade followed the example of the late Charles Hoyt, who never sat down to write without having some definite purpose in mind. Mr. Ade's purpose was to satirize the political and social conditions in the Philippines, and his humorous presentation of this timely theme caught the public fancy from the start. An important factor in the entertainment was Mr. Frank Moulan, a comedian previously unknown in New York, but whose humor has certainly caught the metropolitan fancy. "The Wizard of Oz" has profited greatly by the judicious, tasteful, and conscientious work of Mr. Julian Mitchell, for many years stage-manager at Weber & Fields', whose handiwork is visible to the eyes of the experienced play-goer in the evolutions and groupings of the chorus. Another source of its extraordinary popularity may be found in the work of Mr. Fred Stone, a remarkably funny comedian, also a new-comer to Broadway.

"Nancy Brown" owed its success to Miss Marie Cahill, the "new May Irwin," as she is termed, and also to some of the music of Cole and Johnson, two colored song-writers who have come rapidly to the front this season with compositions thoroughly characteristic of their race. Other musical pieces of the season were "The Mocking Bird," with Miss Mabelle Gilman as the star; "The Country Girl," a legitimate success; "Mr. Bluebeard," an extravaganza; and the entertainment offered by Williams and Walker, colored players.

The crop of legitimate comedy and comedy-drama has been noticeably poor, but a few productions will be remembered by reason of the work of some special member of the company. For example, in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" young Lionel Barrymore scored heavily in the part of an Italian organ-grinder who comes to New York in search of his wife. Certain charitably inclined people have suggested that the part was so strong that it "played itself," but even these admit that Mr. Barrymore was on the stage during the performance. In like manner did Mr. Wilton Lackaye, an actor who is always interesting and forceful, make himself felt in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," and Miss Amy Ricard gives zest to "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" with her remarkably humorous portraiture of "The Girl from Butte." In "The Girl with the Green Eyes" Mrs. Clara Bloodgood divided the honors with Mr. Clyde Fitch, the dramatist, but Miss Ethel Barrymore was the drawing card in "Carrots" and "A Country Mouse," and Mr. W.

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H. Thompson the only factor worth considering in "The Bishop's Move.' The popularity of the dramatized novel of American history was kept alive by two "Crisis" companies headed respectively by Mr. James K. Hackett and Miss Isabel Irving.

The season's failures carry with them more than one lesson which managers may study with profit. One of these is in the brief story of Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse, an outcome of the long-cherished and ridiculous belief that the public is always eager to pay a high price for inferior goods, provided the magic name, "Society," be blown in every bottle. The advantages offered in this theatre were uncomfortable seats at $2.50 apiece, an entertainment of matchless imbecility, and, over all, the magic spell of Society. The one redeeming feature of the experiment was the development of Miss Blanche Ring, who sang her way at once into popularity in "The Belle of Avenue A," and is now a recognized theatric quantity.

Another lesson is to be learned from the attempt—not the first of its kind in the history of our stage—to foist off a nobleman as an actor, simply on the strength of his title. The engagement of the Earl of Roslyn last winter did a great deal toward dispelling the absurd delusion that "it takes a gentleman to play a gentleman," and the companion idiocy that "it takes a lady to play a lady." If this be true, why not engage a blacksmith to play "Le Maître de Forge"? As a matter of fact, it takes an actor to play a blacksmith, or a gentleman, or anything else; which is unfortunate for the great army of impecunious and broken-down "society people" of both sexes, whose custom it is to turn to the stage as the very last resort, even after they have failed in journalism.

So far as farces are concerned, the season opened poorly with "The New Clown" and "Two Schools," and closed brilliantly with "The Earl of Pawtucket," "A Fool and His Money," "There and Back," and "Facing the Music." Of the beginnings of the season, we remember only the exquisite work of Miss Jessie Busley, who was the saving grace in both pieces, and is far more deserving of stellar honors than most of the women who are being pushed into public tolerance so zealously. "The Earl of Pawtucket" affords an excellent entertainment, though Mr. D'Orsay's drawl becomes somewhat tiresome by the end of the evening. "A Fool and His Money" is laughable in the way that Mr. Broadhurst's farces usually are, and "Facing the Music" is a really clever bit of stage work, admirably well played by Henry E. Dixey and his company, but too short for a full evening's entertainment.

The disbanding of the stock companies maintained at the American and Murray Hill theatres must prove a serious loss to a large class of people, of the kind that would rather pay two dollars for four evenings of amusement in Lexington Avenue than the same amount for one evening, not always amusing, on Broadway. The fact that both houses closed because the supply of available plays was not equal to their needs is worth the consideration of those who believe that the play market is overstocked.

And, as we often awaken with the same thought that was in mind when we fell asleep, so may we hope to see the dramatic season of 1903 open with entertainments, both light and serious, which will faithfully reflect the closing weeks of the season that is past. We may reasonably expect clean, wholesome farce—which is always better than the hybrid musical comedy; several Shakespearian revivals, including "Twelfth Night" with Viola Allen and "The Taming of the Shrew" with Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner, and one or more of Stephen Phillips's poetic dramas. All this is presaged in the success of the late crop of farces, in the interest shown in the spring tour of "Romeo and Juliet," with a cast including Eleanor Robson, Kyrle Bellew, Eben Plympton, W. H. Thompson, and W. J. Ferguson; in the increased popularity of "Everyman," and the interest in the open-air performances of "As You Like It," and also in the serious effort on the part of certain thoughtful men to establish a national theatre.

These and other signs point to a coming season of an artistic fibre superior to that which has gone before.

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The Housekeepers' Last Stand

A Newly Formed Union Among Domestic Servants in New England

By MARIAN WEST

TO the housekeeper the news from Holyoke is somewhat like the firing on Sumter. The growing trouble between mistress and maid has come to a climax in the formation of the first Household Employes' Union, and the fight is on now in good earnest. Holyoke, Mass., took the initial step toward organization, and New Haven has followed it up, while the newly enrolled members are proselytizing eagerly in every direction. If all the original stipulations of the union are adhered to, there will indeed be no place like home, and we shall have cause to be thankful for that. The following schedule is to be posted in every kitchen where union labor is employed—other kitchens being deprived of all labor as far as possible under the boycott system:

WAGES AND HOURS SCHEDULE OF THE HOUSEHOLD EMPLOYES' UNION

Sixty hours shall constitute a week's work for cooks, general housework girls, and second girls. The hours of work shall be as follows:

6 A.M. to 1 P.M., 5 to 7 P.M. daily; 8 A.M. to 2 P.M. Sunday.

Overtime shall be paid for all work in excess of these hours at the rate of fifteen cents an hour. For overtime at night, Sundays and holidays, double rate, or thirty cents an hour.

WASHING AND IRONING

All laundry work done at home must be paid for at regular laundry rates, or twenty cents per hour for washing and fifteen cents per hour for ironing, in addition to the regular weekly salary of cook, general housework girl, or second girl.

SPECIAL SERVICES

General housework girls and second girls required to attend babies or otherwise care for children shall be allowed fifteen cents an hour in addition to their regular weekly salary.

Cooks, general housework and second girls required to tend to furnaces shall be paid $1 per week in addition to regular weekly salary.

Cooks shall not be required to perform any services whatever outside of the kitchen.

WAGES AND OVERTIME

The minimum weekly wages for cooks or general housework girls shall be $5 per week.

The minimum weekly wages for second girls shall be $4 per week.

All overtime, as above enumerated, shall be in addition to these weekly salaries. Wages and overtime charges must be paid every Saturday evening.

NURSE GIRLS

The nurse girls' hours shall be as follows:

7 A.M. to 7 P.M. daily; 8 A.M. till 1 P.M. Sunday.

The minimum wages for nurse girls shall be $3.50 per week. When required in case of sickness of children, nurse girls shall be paid overtime at the rate of twenty cents per hour, in addition to regular weekly wages.

VACATIONS

All household workers who have been in any one employer's household for nine months or more shall be given a vacation of two weeks with full salary.

It will be noticed that the work hours of the cook and table-maid seem to suggest a return to the old-time six o'clock supper of dismal memory. And no pleasant lingering over the table will be possible now: the householder must eat with anxious eyes on the clock, knowing that if the meal is not over and cleared away by seven, there will be a bill for "overtime" at the end of the week. At the suggestion that the tired man of business who cannot come home to a noon dinner might not find this a very satisfying régime, one of the leading spirits is quoted as explaining: "If the boss can't get home at noon he ought to go to a hotel, and not expect a poor, tired girl to slave in a hot kitchen at night."

This is a cheerful prospect for a boss earning, say, twenty-five dollars a week with which to maintain a home. Wages fixed at four and five dollars would easily slip up to six and seven dollars on this basis of charges, and board would raise the cost of a servant to some ten dollars a week—more than most householders can pay, and decidedly more

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than the much-quoted factory girl gets. The factory girl's hours are the criterion for the new domestic scale—without regard to the fact that the latter works ceaselessly for hours at a stretch in cramped quarters and bad air, often in one position of body, while cook and housemaid have varied labors, wherein baking gives place to shelling peas and sweeping to cleaning silver, under far better hygienic conditions.

With afternoons and evenings off, a club for domestic workers will be the natural sequence, and there is already talk of a country-house where the two weeks vacation on full pay may be enjoyed. The intelligence-office promises to become the road to what is popularly known as a "snap." Will the result be to turn the stream of young women from the factory to the kitchen? One must doubt. And, even if that did happen, it might not altogether solve the servant problem.

Of course the householders of Holyoke are not facing the new order of things with placid resignation. They threaten charges on their own account for broken china and scorched linen, and between-meal cups of tea, or the "bite of something" offered to the casual cousin who drops in of an evening. "Scab" cooks and waitresses are to be imported, and the baker or butcher who refuses to serve a house for lack of a union card in the kitchen window will be sued under the law relating to the necessaries of life. No woman who sees five-o'clock tea banished because there is no one to make and serve it, and Sunday afternoon marked off as a period of unrelieved baby-tending, is going to give up the old régime without a struggle, and a bitter one, and there is no prophesying the outcome.

Whoever wins, there will be one inevitable and sad result—the last remnants of the pleasant old-time relation between server and served will be swept away. Fancy the sweet old Margaret of one's childhood stipulating that she should have the dining-room for her young men visitors (a clause advocated by the president of the new union), or the kindly Katy charging twenty cents an hour because there was a case of measles! Perhaps the willing workers of the past were sometimes imposed on; but in thousands of cases the kindliness was mutual: the sick servant was tended like one of the family, the maid who married was given a wedding and an outfit and a hearty handful of rice, and those who had outlived their usefulness were still kept on as having a right to the shelter and care of the household. One told Margaret and Katy all the family events, as a matter of course, and heard their joys and troubles, and —if she could only realize it—they held a far higher position in public esteem than can the young woman of to-day who writes:

> What self-respecting girl who knows anything would like to step into somebody's dirty, greasy kitchen and fight the pots and kettles from, say, 6 A.M. to 8 P.M.; then be on hand if wanted till 10 P.M. And, what is worse, to be so degraded by the doing of it that she is not fit to be introduced to even the ignorant factory girl who calls on her mistress probably on church business She is not respectable enough for any one of her employer's family to recognize on the street (no matter how perfect her reputation and references may be), and she is "Mary" or "Bridget" to every Tom, Dick, and Harry, while the factory girl is exclusive and has the right of the prefix "Miss" to her name. God pity the servant girls. They are not recognized socially, and any old thing is good enough for them. No matter who they are or what they know, or what they formerly were, when once they take to this business they are doomed. The coachman's daughter—who, by the way, goes to college—can snub them to a nicety.

The little soul that so degrades her work, and cheapens her own importance by clamoring lest others should not recognize it, is worthy of the snub she bewails. But we would have been hot champions for the dignity of Margaret and Katy, who never dreamed of asserting it, and had no need to.

There is no denying that the servant question to-day is in a bad way for both sides, and a union founded on a broad spirit of justice and intelligence might do a vast amount of good. Working-women are often overworked and under-considered, and perhaps it is inevitable that they should band together against their grievances. If they could work toward reform without this belligerent disregard of the necessities of domestic service, a great proportion of the householders would meet them with sympathy, and the battle would be half won from the start. Yet, no doubt, if they were wise enough for that the kitchen would be such a different place that there would be no grievances, and no need for reform.

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Significant Autobiographies

IV—The Woman Physician

I WAS not among the pioneers in my profession. They, as a rule, were women who took up medicine in middle life, or after marriage, strong characters, often markedly peculiar, as those who brave prejudice and ridicule are apt to be. The ridicule had been lived down by the time I, as a young girl, decided on my career. The prejudice may still be found, but its form becomes yearly more modified, as women doctors continue to prove themselves neither freaks nor charlatans, but respected colleagues in the profession.

My father objected, of course — every girl's father objected to her studying medicine in those days. His objection was strengthened by the fact that there was then apparently no need of a career on my part. But I had my own way, and after I had provided myself with a weapon for self-support, fate saw to it that the weapon was not wasted. It is my experience that if a woman can earn money, she invariably has to.

There was perhaps a touch of romance in my desire, but not very much, considering my youth. The instinct to heal and mend had been strong in me from the days of sick puppies and broken-legged dolls and I felt—as I do still—that this was the very finest work in the world. I was eager for an interesting life, one that took me out of the little rut and put me into close touch with every grade of fellow-creature. To the girls I knew, the world passed like the leaves of a picture-book — carefully expurgated. I wanted to be down in the action. I wanted to do good, and, equally, I wanted to be a success, to count as an individual. I was not dismayed by hard work or personal discomfort, and I had a sense of humor to help me through the bad places, as well as the serene courage of ignorance. I plunged in with cheerful energy rather than grim determination or an inspired forehead, and never for one moment have I regretted it. There have been desperate places: sometimes the amusing side was not visible to the naked eye: I have been overworked and underfed, dropping for need of rest—but never once have I been dull. Every day of my life has been interesting—surely that was recompense enough! And I have counted, in a modest way, and where I could, I have done good.

At that time the four years in the medical college were as hard or as easy as one chose to make them. All the teaching was by lecture—hours and hours of talk, to which you listened or not, according to your habit of mind. At the end of the year, if you had attended twenty per cent. of these lectures and spent so many hours in the chemical laboratory and the dissecting-room, you were entitled to take the examinations; but before then you need never encounter a question. To obviate this, the serious-minded joined a "quiz class" for each main subject, and paid a definite sum for being thoroughly questioned and examined on his knowledge as he acquired it.

After getting our college diplomas we assembled, a little squad of thirty, in a big barn of an armory, where the State Board of Examiners seated us on backless camp-stools and examined us, morning and afternoon, for five days, before pronouncing us fit to be turned loose on the community. Then, with a bag of clean print gowns, I went down to the old Broome Street Dispensary with M.D. after my name.

Broome Street is not a refined neighborhood, and our patients were chiefly Russian and Polish Jews, with an occasional call from Mott Street, where the Chinese congregate. I had a room in the least offensive house I could find, took my meals at Bowery restaurants, and paid ten dollars a month to the Dispensary for the privilege of being on its staff. I had not learned then what a perfect protection a doctor's bag is, in any quarter of the city, at any hour of the night, and, though I was far from timid, there were moments in strange back alleys thronged

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with the lowest elements of the slums when I realized the forgotten beauties of the sheltered feminine life.

MY FIRST CASE

I shall never forget my first case. The doctors were nearly always sent out in couples, and my companion on this call was a great, raw-boned, six-footed, red-haired native of Hayseed, uncouth, learned, and intensely earnest. In those days a truck-horse load of antiseptics was considered necessary, so he carried a huge bag and I the lantern, it being about ten o'clock in the evening. We were led through the filth and smells of little by-streets to a rear tenement —one that must be approached through the hall of another tenement, its frontage being on a small and horrible inner court. It was here the lantern was needed, for we had five littered and broken steps to mount, all in pitch darkness.

The sick-room was a squalid hole, the average room of the tenements, reeking with smoke and the odor of garlic, the windows tightly sealed. On the rickety wooden bed lay the patient, a middle-aged woman of thirty years, her face seamed with lines of care and want and begrimed with dirt. On the pillow beside her lay a child about a year old, while from under the covers at the foot of the bed peeped three pairs of black eyes. The place was filled with friends and relatives, and of the crowd the only one who could speak intelligible English was a little girl of ten, whom we had to keep at hand to serve as interpreter. We cleared the room and did what we could for the poor woman with the resources we had brought. Even water was scarce here, as every drop had to be carried up the five flights. Three hours later two more lives were added to the swarming misery of the place—for my career had opened with twins.

The three months I spent in that district became afterward in my memory a confused blur of heat and overwork and broken sleep, bad food and worse smells, universal misery and squalor. My raw-boned colleague often accompanied me, and when the case meant several hours of waiting in the dead of night, we would take turns napping on such chairs as we could collect. The days were crowded with experience, and I encountered no difficulty from the fact that I was a woman—a woman being as a rule preferred by that class in the sort of work for which we were most needed.

A new kind of experience came out of my next step, which was to the position of house doctor in a woman's hospital. I had come to the place through all the strain and excitement of a competitive examination, taken in hot weather, and for several days had eaten almost nothing. I arrived at the hour when I was accustomed to a substantial dinner, to be set down to a supper consisting—literally—of stewed gooseberries, sour bread, rancid butter, and the tea of the tenements. The seven other doctors of the staff ate without comment, but I was too worn for stoicism, and crept unfed to bed. I had been asleep barely two hours when I was routed out to attend a case, and went down in wrapper and slippers, my knees annoyingly weak. After about ten minutes I knew it was either faint or swallow my pride and give up, so I chose the latter, and went out on the veranda till the world steadied a little—when I returned and finished the case.

IN A WOMAN'S HOSPITAL

The next day the board of trustees met and I was summoned before them. They had heard of the night before; if I was delicate, there was no use in my attempting the work. Now I was an exceptionally sturdy young woman, and proud of it. Moreover, this was my first salaried position, and I did not intend to lose it. So, with all the courage of a new-comer, I came out flatly with the tale of the supper. There was nothing delicate about me, I declared boldly: all I needed was good and sufficient food. The lady managers showed amazement: also an uneasiness which I understood better later. For of course I did not then know that one of them was a close relative of the matron who was responsible for that supper. A mild investigation followed, and though the other seven doctors, more experienced and so more cautious, did not back me up very firmly, the food was improved—a little.

During the time spent in this hospital I learned many things that no text-book teaches, among them the secret of the successful physician. I discovered that, while knowledge was a necessity, it was not the only thing—tact, energy, sympathy, and kindliness counted for more. The most competent physician was not inevitably the most

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prosperous, while the assiduously attentive ignoramus, who made up in care what he lacked in skill, kept the hospital crowded, and in the fulness of time had his own sanitarium. Luck, too, seemed to play into the hands of inexperience, and stood by the operating table when the young surgeon wielded the knife. It was a curious fact, observed by all of us, that the most dexterous surgeon was not the one who signed the fewest death certificates. And so one gained confidence for maiden efforts.

In hospital life I learned also the necessity of following a case through all its phases. The uninteresting period of convalescence is as tedious to the patient as it is tiresome to the physician, but during this time the visits of the doctor are the one bright spot in the day. To be attentive then often means more than the saving of life earlier in the game, and the successful physician is the one who by his comprehension of this fact endears himself to his patient.

ANTAGONISM OF BROTHER PHYSICIANS

After three years in this hospital I was promoted to the position of assistant in the medical and surgical children's service, and when I had spent a year in trotting about after the chief of the department, a big chance came to me; for the chief went to Europe, leaving the service in my charge. Here was my opening; for this I had worked and endured and struggled. I turned eagerly to my reward, full of friendliness to all the world, and never doubting that the world was as friendly to me. What followed sounds petty, unworthy the dignity of our calling; but it had its influence on my career, and must be recorded. The men doctors on the staff had always more or less ignored me, but I had been conscious of no hostility. Being poor, I owned almost no instruments, as hitherto I had not needed them. When my first case was offered me in my new capacity, I went to one of the surgeons of the staff to borrow a few from his service. Remember, the instruments were not his own, but had been provided by the hospital. My confident request was flatly refused.

Somewhat daunted, I went to another, to meet with the same abrupt refusal. No one would lend. Here at my hand was the opportunity for which I had labored, and now from lack of co-operation from men who had climbed as I had climbed, I was unable to use my chance. I had worked for these men long and loyally, I had cheerfully given up many a night's rest looking after their cases when the alternative was to disturb them, I had smoothed difficulties and reconciled irritated patients; and now at their first chance to help me, not one was ready. I confess the experience left me very bitter and cast down, and I am afraid it cost me several very pleasant illusions, though many friendly and helpful acts from other colleagues since have mitigated the effect. I had believed so thoroughly in the fraternal spirit existing in my profession; this was my first lesson in the bitter doctrine, "He travels the fastest who travels alone."

My chief added another lesson along the same lines when she returned from Europe. I had obtained instruments and had made great strides in the field of operative surgery, so I tried to persuade her to turn some of the cases in the surgical department over to me; for, without conceit, I was already well ahead of her in skill, having natural dexterity as well as confidence in myself. She, too, however, was travelling alone, for she refused, so that my only chance for going on was by getting private cases of my own. It was a dreary time, for I was young and eager, and it seemed as though everyone's hand was against me. Many times I was tempted to give up my profession, and I admit that just then my chief motive for staying with it was the consideration that my departure would be to the advantage of my colleagues. Not a noble motive, I admit; but I soon outgrew all that and learned to rate the little grievances at their proper value.

"GETTING ON" WITH PATIENTS

In spite of the object lessons at the hospitals, I had not yet made a personal application of the tact necessary for dealing successfully with the sick. I knew, theoretically, that one must comprehend human nature as well as human ailments, that to "get on" with patients was as important as to cure them; but I did not grasp the full meaning of this knowledge until a physician living in a small town asked me to take his place and keep his practice together for six months, while he was away. This was my first encounter with the patient on an independent footing, and I began brilliantly by sending three indignant women off to other doctors.

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And this through no failure in treatment—just a failure of tact.

TWO PATIENTS LOST

One was a richly dressed young woman who trailed into my office to deplore the terrible condition of her heart: she could neither eat nor sleep for its thumping. It was a simple case of over-eating and under-exercising, and I told her so, frankly. I lectured her on the subject of common-sense and a simple diet, even commending light housework, and succeeded in disposing of her patronage to an older and—in the ways of women, at least—wiser physician. The second was a delicate young woman who came fluffing in on a wet, raw day to know why she had such a cold. I looked down at her thin ties and openwork stockings, and expressed myself with comfortable freedom. How could she expect anything else with such foot-gear? She took my prescriptions in displeased silence and never came back. I heard that she described me afterward as quite too cold and unsympathetic to be a good doctor; and so perhaps I lost others as well as her. I had been right, of course, from the highest standpoint; but that is a luxury no young doctor can afford. I should have petted her, babied her, listened to all her troubles, and introduced the matter of foot-gear so delicately that she was drawn away from openwork by the silken thread of persuasion.

The third case was that of a woman whom I considered distinctly old, though I now realize that fifty-five is not in its own eyes hopelessly venerable. She had always been very active and was annoyed to find herself losing power, becoming easily exhausted. "I have always done these things—why can't I now?" she demanded; and I out of my guileless youth explained, "But you can't expect to, at your age!" Naturally, that settled me. She sent for an old fossil of seventy, who had not half my actual learning, but who could say the right things and so still held a thriving practice.

A practical application of these sharp lessons gained for me one of my best patients. A wealthy young woman had broken several ribs by a fall, and the doctor who attended her, understanding ribs better than he did young women, had applied the necessary plaster strips without regard to the line of a low-cut gown. Moreover, he had used a harsh sort of plaster, so that the skin promised to be marred long after the ribs were healed. In her dismay she came to me, and I, newly tactful, readjusted matters so as to save her low-neck. That established me with her and her friends as no mere skill could have done.

All this may seem to the outsider unworthy of the finest profession in the world. I thought so, in the beginning. Now I know that it is an essential to success. One cannot become a successful doctor without patients, and to get and keep patients, knowledge of medicine is not enough. A sick person has, as a rule, a very imperfect knowledge of how well his trouble is being treated; but he knows to a fraction the treatment his feelings are getting, and the doctor who receives testimonials of gratitude is the one who has considered and allowed for these, as well as cured the ailment.

In my six months of small-town practice I learned many other things, and none more puzzling than a certain aspect of the charity of the rich. A number of the women there devoted much time to the poor, and one of their good offices was to bring these to me (often in their carriages) and get me to treat them for nothing. I was desperately poor myself, having others to help as well as my own living to make, and I confess my spirit rebelled sometimes when these prosperous and well-fed philanthropists patted themselves for presenting my time, strength, and knowledge to their protégés. I remember one case in particular, when I was called up on a bitter winter night by an Italian who could not speak a word of English and followed him two miles through the snow, where I worked without help or convenience of any kind till ten the next morning, to go home utterly spent; and the consciousness of having saved a life was made a trifle bitter by the picture of the lady patroness who had donated my services waking from placid sleep to congratulate herself on her good deed. I was humane, but I was also human. She might at least have paid me!

A PRACTICE IN COSMOPOLITAN NEW YORK

Lessons came upon me thick and fast when I set up for myself in New York. I found three rooms in a queer, dirty, crowded apartment house, an informal old place where they took me without a word of reference, and showed mild surprise at the cleaning and scrubbing I put through before tak-

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ing possession. I had a front window for my sign, and I could get meals (such as they were!) in the building, and the price was small, so I was splendidly content. I held a clinic every afternoon at a women's hospital, seeing between thirty and forty patients, and whenever one looked as though she could pay a dollar, I suggested that she come to me at my office. In that way I began to acquire a practice. The hospital referred occasional inquirers to me, also, and these would afterward send their relatives and friends. Moreover, all the two hundred souls in the ramshackle old building drifted in at one time or another—though, I admit, they very seldom paid.

They were a strange lot, as kindly and generous as they were careless and dirty,—struggling writers, artists who had missed success, lonely little music-teachers, inventors, gamblers—every aspect of humanity but the prosperous and successful. I had frequent cases of hysterics: one—discovered too late—of plain starvation. One call, when I had been there only a few weeks, came near making me a trifle ridiculous. I was summoned to a woman who lay in a heavy stupor, which her room-mate said had followed an attack of hysterics. I supposed it was the utter collapse of exhaustion and was about to be very wise and learned in my directions when a faint but illuminating odor made me pause. Even then I was by no means sure, but I boldly took the leap. "She has been drinking too much," I said, severely, to the other woman, who reluctantly admitted that perhaps she had had something—and respected me evermore. I grew familiar enough with the state afterwards, I grieve to say.

LESSONS OF A PROFESSIONAL LIFE

Some of the lessons of this life were perhaps a little hardening—yet necessary. The first time a man was injured by the cars that passed the door, I had the bleeding figure carried into my office and laid on the couch, where I patched him together as best I could. The consequence was that I had about fifty dollars to pay for renewing a spoilt couch and carpet. Naturally the next time such a thing happened I decided that the ambulance, which could get there in about three minutes with all the proper appliances, was the suitable missionary. My kindly, impulsive fellow-lodgers would have brought in every tramp of the gutter to me, and I was not by nature one to pass by on the other side; but I had a goal to reach, and if I did not reach it I should become an object of charity myself. I did much free work, of course; but I learned when to refuse.

I LEARN TO DEMAND GOOD FEES

Another thing I learned—and this from masculine colleagues—was to demand good fees. Even among the truly poor, the self-respecting prefer to pay their physician, and have little respect for the advice they get free. I found it necessary to let the dispensaries take care of charity patients. Of course, I very often, in individual cases, gave not only my services but also the medicines for months at a time, when the head of a family was laid up or out of work. I have even gone so far as to provide food for my patients in a time of strain and stress, but later on I always sent in a bill for my services—a nominal one, perhaps; but it served to protect their self-respect. I was not a "charity doctor."

As my practice crept up to a better class of people I had new obstacles to face. Here the fact that I was a woman seemed at times to give a confused sense that I was a sort of nurse. Among the uneducated middle classes I had some difficulty in gaining confidence. They would let me look after the children, but if the mother was ill, or the child's illness became alarming, they generally wanted to call in a man. These people, however, paid their bills promptly, something one does not always meet with among the very rich, or among professional people who have a social position to maintain and not a great deal of money.

It is often claimed by outsiders that having a profession dulls a woman's sympathies, but I cannot believe that this is true in the practice of medicine, where one side of the work is so immeasurably sad. I have seen a baby that came after fifteen years of waiting and hoping, and was rejoiced over daily and hourly for a wonderful year, suddenly struck down and gasp its little life out in a day with pneumonia. These are the times when it hurts to be a doctor, to find that all the knowledge that you possess, all the skill at your command, is as so much chaff before the wind. To have a woman cling to you, begging you to save her baby, is an ordeal to which no human being can grow

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callous. You must feel as though the brand of Cain were upon you when, with all your efforts, you cannot save the little life. Not years nor experience can lighten hours such as these.

THE TEST CASE WHICH PROVED MY TURNING-POINT

There was one case, however, which made me feel that all the time, strength, and vigor expended in the long years of my profession had not gone unrewarded. It was my test case, my big turning-point, and the result materially advanced me and all other women doctors in our professional standing; and one of its pleasantest results was that the men who in years gone by had refused a helping hand were the first to come out and congratulate me. In a prosperous and influential family there was one very important small boy, who had always been under my charge. I was called in one morning to find him crying with pain, and evidently very ill. Examination showed that it was a case of intestinal intussusception (a case in which one portion of the bowel is literally telescoped into the other part) and I advised immediate operation.

Of course they demurred, but when several of the best men concurred with my diagnosis and assured them it was the one chance of saving the baby, they consented. I offered to give way to a famous specialist for the operation, but the mother declared no one but me should touch the child, and so I performed—with success—an operation that no other woman had ever before attempted. There was much talk about it in the medical journals, and since then I have had to give all my time to operative work.

In looking back over the struggle and effort of these long years, I cannot say that they were better than a sheltered life in a home of my own; but I know I would not make the change. It has certainly been a broader life, and though I have had to do without the pleasures and sorrows that are woman's own—the bringing-up of a little flock that was mine—I have had the satisfaction of mothering and saving many others, perhaps more fitted to that life than I. I long ago left the old rattle-trap and have passed through offices of varying grades—but all varying upward—to the big, pleasant apartment that is both office and home. I have now a fine practice, good health, an excellent income. I have lost a few illusions and all my sentimentality, but I still love and respect the work. I am satisfied with the issue.

SOME ADVICE TO THE PROSPECTIVE YOUNG WOMAN PHYSICIAN

A young woman entering this profession gets a great deal of advice, of a somewhat discouraging order. "Don't try to specialize," says one; "every branch has its big specialist that all the world goes to, and you can't compete. Go in for general practice." "General practice is hopeless," another will assure her; "they will accept women for certain things, but in general, they want a man. Your only chance is as a specialist." "Men doctors will let you in on a case if you will do all the hard work, but you must not expect any of the profit or the credit," she is assured. She will hear the tale of the patient who dropped away from the woman doctor she had been visiting, to reappear several weeks later with the naïve explanation, "Oh, but I have been terrible sick—I had to have a real doctor!"

If she listens long she will have a picture pessimistic enough to try the stoutest courage. And there is a certain truth in it all; but over and above this stands the bigger truth for her comfort—the way to success and recognition is fair and open to all who are worthy. Hard work is not the only qualification: personality, tact, breeding, force—a dozen other elements are needed, and failure generally means some lack in these. With the right endowment and a sincere ambition, a woman can go as far as a man—and that is to the very top. The way is perhaps harder for her; but I have found that in the long run it is not age or sex that counts, but what you do and are.

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The Reign of Queen Isyl*

By GELETT BURGESS and WILL IRWIN

THE COMBAT

How Sir Tomas the Scallawag with Queen Isyl quested for La Beale Norine and did battle with a knight. How the Grand Commander was unhorsed, and the Queen met a hermit in a wood. THE TALE OF LOVE MILITANT.

DURING the last sentences of the mysterious stranger's narrative, Queen Isyl's eyes, gazing somewhat abstractedly over the crowd of dancers on the floor below, had noticed a slight commotion at the farther end of the Pavilion. This excitement spread rapidly, until one by one the couples left the centre of the hall and stood watching the main entrance. The band stopped, and, in the sudden silence, there came a hullabaloo from outside; a fusillade of pistol-shots was heard, followed by loud cheering. Through this clamor, Isyl caught her own name yelled by staccato voices, as the new arrivals came jubilantly nearer. She turned toward the hiding-place of the stranger and spoke hurriedly behind her fan.

"You must go now, quick! Do you hear all that racket? It must be the Knights of the Golden Gate—my friends—and I must be ready to receive them. It will be all right, now. You have been awfully good to me, but you mustn't be found here."

"Well," said the stranger, "I'll vanish if I must be geshaken, but I'll return to claim my blooming bride anon, at the psychological moment. Is there anything I can do for you, my Queen?"

Isyl's thoughts ran quickly to Norine's flight. "Yes," she said, "you can! Go to Miss Almeric's house, see her, or her father if you can, and find out what is the matter. Something has happened, and I must know what it is. Can you do that for me?"

"He can do little, who can't do this," was the reply.

She tossed her lace handkerchief behind her. "Here, take this, so that I'll know you when you come back," she whispered.

She glanced behind her and saw a hand capture the favor. At that moment the hilarious Commandery of the Knights of the Golden Gate burst into the hall, a whirlwind of thirty impetuous youths uniformed in white canvas vaquero costumes. They

* SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: On the opening night of the Fiesta, a red-headed stranger came to Golcher's road-house and hired it for the night. Bob Almeric's daughter had been elected Queen of Youth and Beauty—naturally, with votes at ten cents each. The supporters of her chief rival, Isyl Shea, not consoled with her appointment as Maid of Honor, had vowed vengeance. As the two girls prepared for the coronation, Miss Almeric was summoned downstairs. From that moment she disappeared. To crown Isyl in her stead was the only alternative, so she went dismally to the throne, and was left there in stately isolation. Through the curtains behind her presently a voice came, offering help. An unseen hand slipped a ring on her finger.

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proceeded noisily toward the throne, crying, "Long live Queen Isyl!"

After this tribute they started to enliven the assembly, but the Grand Commander, mindful of his official position, bowed low before the dais, swinging a huge white sombrero from his head. He was what some women would call a handsome man.

"Well, Miss Isyl—I beg pardon—your Majesty," he said, "you need no sceptre to show your power. You must remember," he added, playfully, "that I prophesied this!" Something in the cocksureness of his congratulation aroused her suspicion.

"I'm sorry it had to come this way!" she said, "and I'm awfully worried over Miss Almeric. Have you heard anything about her?"

"No," said the Grand Commander, "and I don't know that I care to. I believe that you were legally elected, and you should be quite at your ease upon the throne. The pernicious methods of the 'Drag' you know as well as I—but we fooled them this time."

Isyl caught at this last phrase with another doubt of his meaning. "Fooled them? What do you mean?"

"Nothing at all, I assure you, only you are the reigning monarch after all." Here he smiled, showing a line of teeth so white and regular as to make one suspect their genuineness. He put his hand to his waistcoat theatrically. "But you have always reigned in *my* heart! Will your gracious Majesty deign to partake of some refreshment?"

They descended. Now that the tide had turned in her favor there was more fire in her eyes, and she played her part with spirit. Her progress became an ovation. The Knights of the Golden Gate, a bit afraid of her while she was a statue, crowded about her with immoderate congratulations. The chaperons, who had kept basilisk eyes upon her, askance, petted her with nypocritical compliments, and she was besieged with reporters. Her Maids-of-Honor, with the rest of the following of the "Drag," were cool and dryly polite.

The Grand Commander rescued her from all this adulation, and, with experienced manœuvres, secured for her a secluded corner of the supper-room. Here he ensconced her and prepared for a determined love-making.

Then, at a door-way on the other side of the room, a young man suddenly appeared, dangling a lace handkerchief in his hand. He was tall, and wore evening dress. A maid would have to be considerably in love with him to persuade herself that he was handsome, for a tumbled shock of copper-colored hair surmounted a freckled face with a square jaw. Isyl, catching this first glimpse of him, felt her heart sink with disappointment. Was this the romantic, picturesque cavalier she had been awaiting with so much eagerness? And then he smiled.

A man could do anything with a smile like that, and a woman nothing against it. It was the antidote always ready for his impertinence. It was a smile that blew down resentment as a wind blows down a fence, and it took Isyl off her feet at once. The stranger was ugly—there was no doubt of that—but the character in his face made the Grand Commander look like a pretty doll.

"Your Majesty," he began, "I believe you promised me a few moments this evening."

"The Queen is otherwise engaged," said the Grand Commander, infuriated at this interruption.

"You'll really have to excuse me," said Isyl; "I did promise him a few minutes." The discomfited wooer left sullenly. "Now, what have you found out?" the Queen asked.

"Nothing," was the disappointing reply. "Old man Almeric wouldn't talk till I had inserted one of my patent-leather sevens in the crack of the door, and refused to let him shut it. He then gave me one of the most cordial invitations to stay out that I have ever experienced in a short but somewhat zigzag career. When I insisted that I had to have the news, he swore, with one hand on his heart, that his daughter was upstairs with a raging headache, and, with the other, he reached for a large, determined-looking stick. I departed, without leaving my card."

"Then Norine is at home, after all?" said the Queen.

"She is, or she isn't—that's a skinch. But in my book it's a thousand-to-one shot that she isn't. I figure it out this way. Dolly's lost, and the old man thinks may be she's up to larks, and he's afraid of the scandal, if the papers get hold of it. He doesn't know where she is any more'n we do, and we'll have to look in another pocket, if we want to find your late lamented rival. I have spoken."

"But we *must* find her!" Isyl cried. "I can't bear it, this stealing all her fun! She's

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the Queen by rights, and if no one else can find her, I will!"

"With little Tommy, of course?" he inquired. "Meaning me."

"Oh, if you would help me! We can go to-morrow morning, for the parade doesn't start till two."

"I'll call for you at eight," said the red-headed youth. "Now I'll have to resign in favor of our friend, little Cosey Corner Willie the Human Pork Chop, for I must hence. Farewell, O Queen!"

He left, Isyl following him with her eyes and a smile. But her expression faded, as the Grand Commander, seeing her alone, reappeared.

He did indeed look like a pork chop, with his brown, well-done beard, and his pink, rare cheeks, and the metaphor cheered Isyl almost to another smile.

It was a May-day of that entrancing blue which comes to California skies after the last rains, bringing with it the assurance of continued fair weather, when the two adventurers set out on their quest for Norine. The meadow-larks sang in the fields, and Isyl sang too, snatches of song, quite as prettily. Something new and fresh and glad had come into her eyes since last night. She looked slyly at her companion, and tried little wiles to make him laugh. He needed small urging, and every smile sank deeper into her heart.

So they sped, in a furious little automobile runabout, over the level roads of the Santa Clara Valley, through miles of ripening orchards. To the east the coast range culminated in the peak of Mount Hamilton, and, through the clear, vibrant air, a white speck, the dome of the Lick Observatory, glimmered like a day-star.

"It's absurd that I don't even know your name yet," Isyl had begun.

"It happens to be Thomas Bell Parrish. Have you any objections to the sound of it?"

"No, idiot. But who are you, and where did you come from?"

"I am an obscure but handsome adventurer come to this your sovereign court to gain worship and serve beauty. I am doing the Launcelot act, and, as you were the first damsel in distress I happened to meet, I rescued you as per custom of knights-errant!"

"Only because I happened to be the first?"

"And because you'll happen to be the last."

"When did you see me first?"

"In a dream. And that's no De Quincey yarn," the youth asserted.

"Mince-pie, or Welsh rarebit?" she asked, playfully.

"Wedding cake!" he answered.

Isyl grew suddenly silent.

"I've seen you since," he added, "on the hard, matter-of-fact macadam of San José. You were in white piqué, or words to that effect, and from that moment I date my decline and fall. I would have said then that you were the penultimate limit, if anybody had driven up in a hansom cab and asked me. The rest is faery."

"It's all remarkably vague," said Isyl; "there's no use trying to get anything sensible out of you!"

"How about rings?" he suggested, wickedly.

She started to draw off her glove, but he stopped her.

"Remember, it's wished on!"

"It's awfully like one I've seen before, but I can't recall where. How long is it wished on for?"

"Till I get my wish, of course. But you must wear it as long as you are Queen, anyway."

"That won't be long, for we simply must find Norine Almeric. How are you going to do it? Have you a clew yet?"

"You said you heard a hack drive away from the Pavilion about the time she escaped. Then why not try the livery-stables? The best one, I believe, is Harrison's. We're almost there."

"I'll wager they won't tell you anything," said Isyl.

"Taken," he replied. "What'll you bet?"

"My handkerchief!" she said, and smiled.

Tom Parrish smiled, too, for he had not yet returned the Queen's favor. At Harrison's stable a hostler came out, and looked hard at Tom Parrish, for that young man was winking furiously.

"I say, did you rent a cab last night to call at the Pavilion at eight?"

"Nope," said the man.

"Yes, you did. Where did it go to?" nodding behind Isyl's back.

"Seems to me they was a kerrige drove out to Golcher's place."

"Who was in it?" the Queen demanded, finding information so readily obtained. But she did not see a red head shaking violently.

"Dunno," said the hostler. "The driver's off to-day."

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Tom handed him a dollar and turned the lever of his machine. "Do I win?" he asked Isyl.

"I'm afraid you do," she admitted. "But he acted funny, it seems to me."

"Well, then," said Tom Parrish, "in the merry days of the Round Table and such pipe-dreams, when the Queen presented a token, like this handkerchief here in my inside pocket, she usually promised forgiveness for anything when it was refunded. How about that?"

"You find Norine Almeric before the Fiesta is over and I'll give you anything you ask for," she said, recklessly, and could have bitten her tongue out the next minute.

"I'll just write that down, and you'll kindly sign it," he said, and actually produced a small notebook. She made some delicious objections, but wrote the words, signing them, "Isyl Regina."

They sped westward through the warm sunshine, as gay as squirrels, until, just before they reached the road leading to Golcher's, they saw a white horse approaching them.

"I know that mare," Isyl remarked; "it's Ray Ardley's."

"Who he is?" Tom asked.

"He's the Worshipful Grand Commander of the Knight Companions of the Golden Gate, when he has his white trousers on, otherwise teacher of Latin in the Santa Clara High School. And he has a foolish idea that I'm his own and particular property."

"I'll joust with him for that right," quoth the youth. "A man with a tag like that ought to be good killing! He seems to be bound our way."

The Grand Commander turned into Golcher's road just ahead of them, and then slowed down somewhat, with a seeming intent to impede their progress. It was a narrow lane with ditches on either side, running between apricot orchards. With an occasional glance over his shoulder and a bit of jockeying, the schoolmaster for a while prevented the automobile from passing him. The Parrish blood began to rise to Tom's cheeks. He took hold of the lever more firmly, and said to Isyl, "Do you object to my forcing the game a little? He seems to be the prize Berkshire hog."

"Not at all," she answered. Tom urged his machine a bit faster, and turned to the right. The Grand Commander turned also, in time to head him off.

"Are you going to let us pass?" Tom inquired. "Make way for the Queen, please!"

The Grand Commander turned and bowed as if he had not seen them before. "Good-morning, Miss Isyl," he said, and then to Parrish, "I have as much right on this road as you have, and if you want to pass me, go ahead!"

"You look out for a rear-end collision, then!"

"Push ahead!" was the answer. "I don't intend to take any more of your impertinence, sir."

"That'll be about all for preliminaries," Tom Parrish muttered, "and I'll now conceal the hand of iron beneath the glove of dogskin. Look out for your hind wheels!" he announced, and gave the handle a sharp twist.

The machine leaped forward with a jerk, and carried the light piano-box buggy several yards with it, while Isyl held to the seat in fright. The schoolmaster's horse braced doggedly on his haunches, and the shafts snapped. At this, the mare bolted, the Grand Commander swearing volubly at her heels. The pair soon parted company, however, and the last seen of them, the mare was galloping like a frolicsome cow, the Commander in hot pursuit.

"It was a Sunday newspaper kind of a joke," Tom admitted, "and hardly the sort of humor to appeal to the refined tastes of a Fiesta Queen; but the best way to conquer temptation is to yield to it, I've found!" He tried to start the automobile again, now, but, its work having been so well done, it rested.

"I expect there's a reverse side to our little prank," he said to Isyl.

While the Queen remained on the seat, Tom puttered underneath the car with a monkey-wrench, but to no avail. The rear axle was sprung out of all but a machinist's help, and the chain was broken.

"But we must get back by one o'clock," Isyl gasped, "otherwise there'll be no Queen! What are we going to do?"

Tom rubbed his head. "Haven't you an understudy ready?" he said. "If they started with a full deck, there ought to be two queens left to take the next trick. But you'll ride through town on a float, yet! Where's the nearest telephone?"

"There's a cabin over there in the apricots," said Isyl, pointing. "We might try there."

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They walked into the orchard and knocked at the door. It was opened by a young man with a pointed beard, arrayed in brown denim. They explained the shipwreck to him.

"Why, I've got a line to the ranch, and they'll probably telephone a message to the city for you," he said. "Come in!"

They entered the single room of the cabin, and he rang up the ranch for them. The proprietor promised to send for assistance. While Isyl looked about at the photographs on the walls, Tom addressed the man in denim.

"See here," he said, finally. "Haven't I seen you before? Aren't you Jeggins, Stanford, '95?"

"Yes, that's right. And who are you, anyway, if you don't mind?"

"Parrish, '97, OF course. Hadn't my name and fame arisen when you joined the great majority of square heads? Think of that!"

"Seems to me I did hear of the limit of freshness having been reached about that time," the stranger remarked with fraternal jest; "let's see—hundred-yard dash, wasn't it?"

"No, I'm no sprinter; the half-mile is my distance. I shaved 2.03 when I was a Soph."

"Did you ever hear of Parson Jones?" Jeggins asked.

"Sure; what about him?"

"Why, the fact is, he's been stopping here with me for a week or so, and last night he didn't show up, that's all. You see I'm the foreman of this ranch, and I bunk alone except when he shares my humble hearth. I'm reading law on the side. Jones is a cub preacher, and what you might call a professor of muscular Christianity. I'm afraid there's been a fight somewhere. I'm wondering if he could have been at it again."

"A scrap, and me not in it?" said Parrish, hungrily.

"Queer kind of a clergyman," Isyl remarked, "if you really mean that you think he has been fighting."

"Oh, I won't say that," Jeggins explained. "I expect he's all over that by now; but there was a time when he wouldn't have been far away from a good battle. Remember his last fight at Woodside?" he asked of Tom.

"Remember? Why, I invented that yarn," Tom said, grinning.

"It's true!" protested Jeggins.

"Don't mind him," Isyl broke in, "he's crazy. I'm treating him for it. Tell me about it, won't you?"

"Go ahead," Tom added. "It'll be an hour or so before the gasoline sharp shows up with a new steam-engine. I'd like to hear how the story has grown and multiplied!"

And so, while Tom Parrish sat beside his Queen on a fruit-crate in the cabin, Mr. Jeggins narrated

The Story of the Apricot Rancher

A WOODSIDE IDYL, or LOVE MILITANT

About ten miles up the line from the Leland Stanford, Jr., University lies the little town of Woodside, where an overworked student may forget his cares in the joys of rural society. When rain has been plenty and crops good, the farmers of the county gather at Woodside and bring their girls. Undergraduates occasionally condescend to be amongst those present, and they are strictly in it. A fellow may be as homely as Parrish here, but he fries eggs if he comes from the University. Cross-eyed or slow in the head, it makes no difference if he wears a Junior plug.

The Venus of Woodside, in my time, was Nellie Hawkins. She certainly was a winner. She went through every dance in the county that year like a prairie fire, burning men up right and left. Woodside was the main office of her heart-cracking establishment. She used to drive to the dances with her old father, who slept in the dressing-room while she twirled. When she got ready to go she'd ring him up, all rested and ready for another day's work.

Well, they gave a dance at Woodside just before Thanksgiving in my Freshman year, and a lot of us went. Nellie was there, of course, and looking dangerous. In my young innocence I laid for her and prepared for victory or death. I got the second mazurka; then I located the third waltz; finally, I per-

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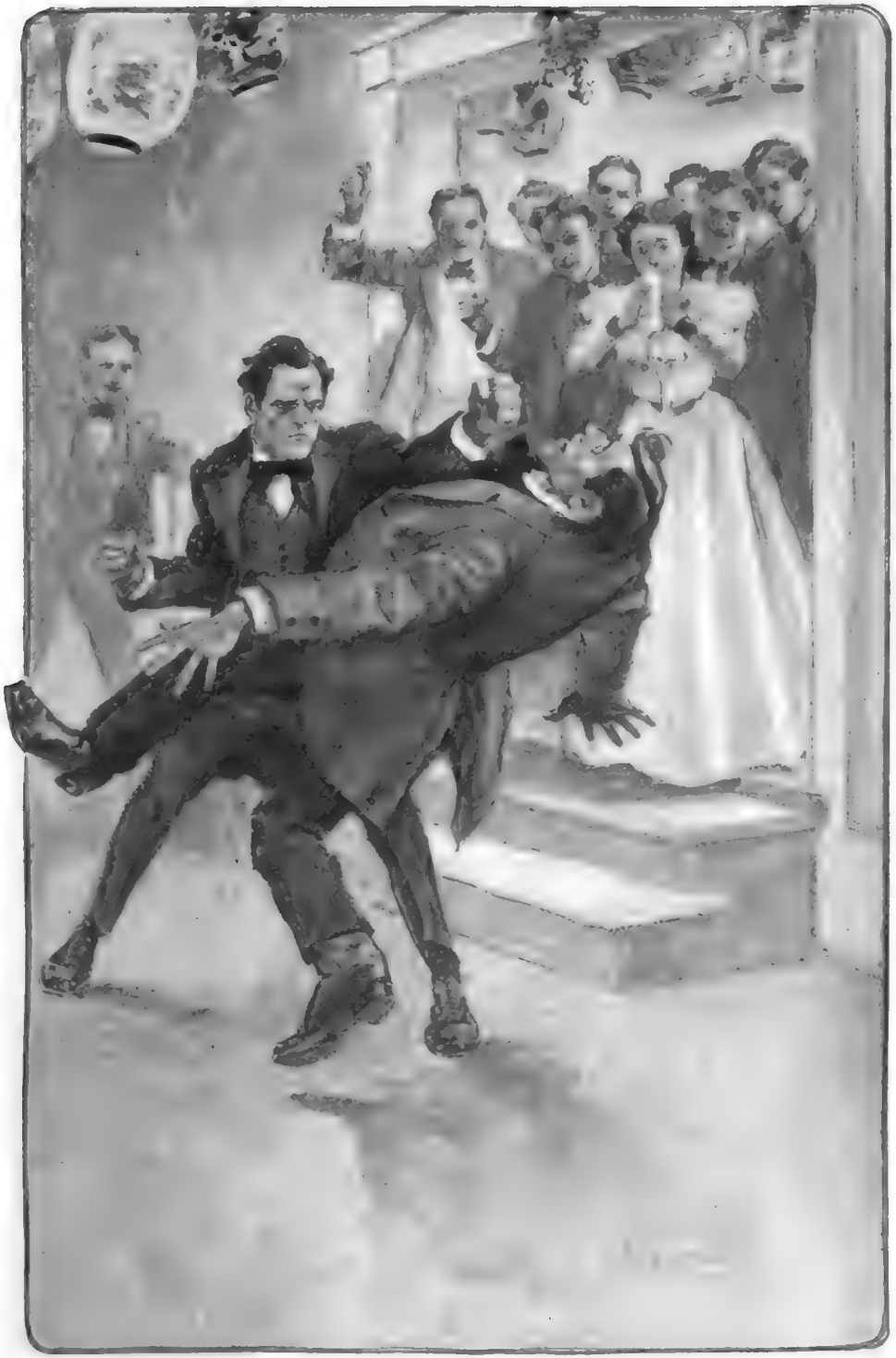

"PARSON PUT THE HEEL OF HIS FIST INTO THE YAP'S CHIN, AND BROKE THAT CINCH WIDE TO FLINDERS."

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suaded her to cut out a red-headed farmer, who had the last lancers, and we sailed down the hall, the social success of the occasion. But I rejoiced too early.

We were whirling around on "grand right and left" when I saw the red-headed yap who owned that dance making for our corner of the hall. I got to Nellie just then; we stopped and swung to our place.

"You see that fellow?" she said to me.

"I do," says I. "Who is he?"

"He thinks he's my steady," she says, "but I ain't so sure. There are others." Then she turned her azure beads on me and I perished with joy.

Just then the farmer got there. He didn't say a word to her, but he felt of my arm.

"Look here, young fellow," he says, "I'd like to see you outside after this dance."

"You ain't afraid, are you?" she says, when he had sloped.

Well, I was. A man with the ague would have seemed like a marble statue alongside of me. But her asking that way settled my nerve. I was ready to die game. I went outside, with the fellows to see fair play, and we mixed.

I have always maintained that I hit him once; but it must be my vanity, for no one else saw me score. The red-headed yap was a cyclone on ball-bearings. He mauled me until his native mercy asserted itself. Excuse me if I drop the veil. The light and gayety went out of the occasion for me. Nell Hawkins saw what was left of me when I was getting my coat. She didn't say anything; she just stood off and gave me the silvery ha–ha. It was a harsh night for little Edward.

I was only a Freshman then, and I realize now with a chastened sense that I deserved to be licked. But it everlastingly got to me at the time. So, for personal vengeance and the glory of the college, I collaborated with the composite freshman intellect and we struck a scheme. It involved Parson Jones.

Besides being the greatest bucking full-back ever, Jones had the pulpit fever, and was studying for the ministry. No one ever saw how he could play foot-ball. He looked meek and serious, and was stoop-shouldered and not very big, and his muscle didn't show much through his clothes.

His chief trouble about foot-ball was that he would naturally sail in and fight if the other fellow played dirty ball, and this used to bother him a lot. One time in a match game he went up to the referee after the first half and said: "See here, you'd better rule me off the gridiron. I struck that quarter-back without provocation." But the referee only said, "I didn't see it. You get back to your position."

There was one year he swore he wouldn't play at all. He said that he couldn't keep his temper, once it got started, and he ought to avoid temptation if he ever expected to preach. It took the whole college to get him into the eleven again. But we had to keep good watch on him, because we knew that if he ever got started to slugging in a practice game, he would pull out for the season. The second team went in that year with instructions to run away if Jones started in to fight.

To resume. We knew that the Parson would do the trick for us if we could ever drag him up to Woodside and turn him loose on the red-headed farmer. But it took considerable scheming to bring it off. The Committee of Investigation found, however, that there was going to be the biggest time of the year at Woodside on Christmas-eve, and that the Parson wasn't going home before the holidays. So we sent a "Bug" Rey to persuade him.

The dancing was the critical point, but the Bug told him that if he was going to preach to the farmers, he ought to meet them in their hours of recreation. The Parson said that he was not opposed to dancing in general, though he didn't think it seemly for the clergy, and, as it appeared to be innocent and respectable, he promised to attend the entertainment.

We got there a little late; things were going full blast. After a preliminary scout, we put the Parson up against Nell Hawkins, and left him spieling to her. Right here was where the steering Committee got in its keen work. We butted in and made ourselves agreeable. We peeled off our haughty air and mixed. Our team work was perfect. Each one of us nailed a man in Nell's string, and edged him off, interfering to give the Parson a chance. I had the red-headed farmer; that hurt some, but I seen my duty, and I done it. We got real friendly, durn him! By and by I ran him off with the Bug to have a drink, while I went back to take a look.

Say, the Parson was all right. He had that girl hypnotized. He was sitting on the bench beside her manufacturing serious rhet-

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oric, and she was lamping him as though he were the only one within two hundred and ten miles. She had sat out two dances with him. If the Parson can preach the way he can con, he'll be a regular Henry Ward Beecher. I judged that the time had come for the event of the evening, and I signalled out of the window for the Bug to trot in the victim.

You couldn't guess what that budding preacher was doing before they got back! Well, there was a bunch of mistletoe in a sort of entry outside the hall. The rustics had been doing their uncouth gambols under it all the evening. Nell sidled outside, pretending that she wanted air and stood there looking inviting. Honest, I didn't think that Parson would kiss her, but she was a sure enough temptation for any man. She was a beaut.

"Now you stop!" she says, and just then the farmer got into the field of vision.

I won't repeat the yap's comment, but it was not pretty. The Parson stood off and looked meek. Nell giggled.

"You little runt," says the farmer, "I won't bother to smash you, but I'm going to just naturally shake the innards out of you."

I could see the Parson's back begin to come up. I knew he was wrestling with temptation, but all he said was, "You'd better not touch me, sir!"

The farmer smiled, ducked his head as though he were making a low tackle and bumped into the Parson, caught him low by the waist around both arms. Then he proceeded to shake him, the way a terrier shakes a rat. He was twice as big and strong as our man, and I began to hae me serious doots. The Parson had no chance to exhibit his nerve and science in that style of fighting. But it did one good thing, though—it got him blazing, foaming mad.

The farmer finished his shake, and then started to let go—and then, Lord love us! you would have cried with joy to see the fireworks. Parson put the heel of his fist into the yap's chin, and broke that cinch hold to flinders. The next thing that happened, our red-headed friend went up in the air and down like a rocket, with me yelling my head loose in a corner. The farmer got up like a rubber ball, though, and rushed after Parson, and that was what we wanted. Our man stood off, and shot 'em in, bing! bing! bing! heavy and hard, one swipe after another. But the farmer was game, and a glutton for punishment. He was in love, and the girl was watching, chewing her handkerchief to bits.

The farmer stood for it till he saw about sixteen Parsons, and then we pried 'em apart. You ought to have viewed the remains!

What d'you think Nell Hawkins did? In the classic annals of the Eternal Feminine, she's always supposed to tag the victor and elope with the Might makes Right proposition, but, instead, Nell jumped for the loser.

"Oh, George! are you hurt?" she says, and she went to crying over him until her sleepy old father woke up, and came out of the dressing-room to investigate. It was intruding upon a family party to stay, so we pulled out from motives of delicacy and a desire to celebrate.

The Parson didn't say anything for a long time. After a while he put his hand to his eye, which was damaged some, and said:

"I've been fighting again!"

"You have!" says the Bug, "and it was the greatest since Marathon!"

"And I have behaved improperly with a woman, and you fellows led me into temptation. And I was to preach to-morrow, too!" So he was; his first Christmas sermon, at a little country church four or five miles from Woodside.

"What was the text?" the Bug asked him. 'Peace on earth,' and so forth?"

"Yes," says the Parson.

"Change it to something like 'Whatsoever thy right hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' " suggested the Bug.

But the Parson only looked kind of reproachful and refused to join our festivity. He got some other embryo preacher to do his Christmas turn for him, and he was never quite the same to us afterward. The only drag on our big celebration, after we got home, was the absence of the star performer.

Nell Hawkins married the red-headed farmer, and may the Lord have mercy on their souls! She sent us all invitations, too; tickets with her card enclosed—name written fancy by a Spencerian expert under a flap with a bouquet and two clasped hands labelled: "Friendship's Offering," printed in purple and green—the kind you get by mail from Augusta, Me., with the latest popular songs, a complete guide to courtship and a rolled gold ring, all for ten cents. And when we showed up at the ceremony, darned if Parson Jones wasn't the referee! He was ordained

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by that time, but they had sent for him, all the way to Sacramento, where he was preaching for $400 a year.

When it was over, the farmer tried to crowd a twenty onto Parson Jones, but he wouldn't have it. "No fee, please," he says. "I have been well paid. I used to like to fight, before I conquered the old Adam in me, and I got my last good one out of you. It was wicked, but I enjoyed it as I have never enjoyed anything before or since. But if you had only held on when you had me going," he added, dropping his voice so the rest wouldn't hear, "I wouldn't be here to tell the tale.

"Never give the other man a chance to get at you at long range unless you're sure of him, and I hope that you two will be happy in wedlock and walk in the ways of righteousness all your days."

No, Parson Jones wouldn't take a fee for that hitching, though I guess he needed the money pretty fierce. But he got back at 'em about a year later. The Parson always charges the regular union rate for christenings—five dollars a dip.

(To be continued.)

The End of the Fairy Tale

By MAUDE EGERTON KING

SHE was entirely fashionable in everything save her motherhood, which still bore faint traces of its kinship with that of human mothers and the beasts of the field. For instance, although she generally forgot, she never regretted her only child's existence, and sometimes in rare lulls between her romps and frivolities she found the child as amusing a pastime as ping-pong on wet afternoons.

During that day on which the smart American widow was to dine her and a handful of congenials at the Savoy, en route for the Empire, came a wire announcing the illness of her hostess. Then the big London house was moved at its two extremes, the kitchen depths sending up their grumble that "she" was dining at home after all, to the nursery heights; with the result that the little Aurelia, reckless with sudden hope, eluded her nurse and the household law, hurried downstairs (right foot, right foot, right foot foremost all the way down, for the stairs were steep and her legs had only had five years to grow in), and entered the drawing-room in her nursery overalls. There, to the childish eyes, the dearest and most beautiful lady in the world was sitting in a low chair near a tiny tea-table, and a long straight man, who bore his eyeglass bravely like a pain, was filling up his glass from a syphon.

"Mother," said Aurelia, wondering if they heard her thumping heart, "you're not going out after all, so please be with me all this evening, and please put me to bed." And having come thus far in her unheard-of and desperate adventure, the mite could not be bribed away, except with the given promise.

At half-past six the Mother came up-stairs, and now, as will often happen, a long neglect was followed by a sudden access of care.

"Are these the warmest night-socks the poor child has? And are those pajamas thoroughly aired?" she inquired of the nurse.

For answer, the woman swept the little silken garments off the fender-rail and gave them to her in contemptuous silence. She had to the best of her personal and class ability mothered the little girl for three years past. She had nursed her through croup and scarlet fever; she had made her clothes, adding the little unnecessary embroideries and fine tuckings that mean no less than love in the busy worker; she had as conscientiously frightened her with religion when naughty as she had dosed her with physic when ill; and in her own estimation there was very little anyone could teach her about children, not even doctors, and least of all a lady who hardly ever saw her child save in her prettiest clothes and best behaviors.

"Does she still have such cold little feet?" said the Mother, pulling off Aurelia's stockings.

"*I* have never known her have cold feet since *I* was here," replied the nurse.

"Well, she's certainly in better condition than she was when last I gave her a bath."

The nurse put up her eyebrows and went on tidying the room: what else than a better-

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ing of condition was to be expected of a child in *her* charge?

"And how much bigger!" said the lady, still intent upon ingratiating herself with this important person.

"Yes, Madam," said the nurse, dryly, knowing herself far too valuable for dismissal; "you see she's had time to grow."

The Mother made no further overtures, but devoted herself to the little girl, and nurse, whose contempt was mingled with jealousy, retired from the room, with the air of one who knows herself invaluable yet not valued, needed yet not desired, to sit nursing her feelings and darning little socks in her fireless bedroom rather than in the well-warmed linen-room next door.

Then began a great frolicking in the bath, which continued till the room was splashed from side to side.

"Oh, what will nursie say?" laughed the Mother.

"I don't care," sang out Aurelia, and wet as she was she plumped herself down on her mother's lap and hugged her.

"My gown!" cried the lady, but the mischief was done and one might as well enjoy the joke.

"MOTHER, PLEASE BE WITH ME ALL THIS EVENING."

"I don't care for anything to-night," cried Aurelia. "Because I'm so dreffly happy—Oh, Mother, can I sleep in your bed to-night?"

This was a rare pleasure only granted to the little girl on birthdays and other such blue moons. And even pleasure is a poor name for the feeling that filled Aurelia's heart when she entered the silken chamber and lay in the wonderful bed where the little golden angels (for that was how Aurelia thought of the winged Loves) held up the gauzy curtains, while all the lights of the room seemed filtering through rose-leaves. A poor name, too, for her feeling when she woke in the night, and remembering the company she was in, stretched out a little hand to make sure; or for the feeling which kept her (a fidgety, chattering creature from six A.M. onward as a rule) lying quite still in the morning in that rose-and-fairy-land—as still as ever she sat in church and much, much happier, until such time as Nurse came and fetched her away from her sleeping mother's side. And so, "Let me sleep in your bed to-night," said little Aurelia, coaxing all she knew.

"Well, just this one time you shall," said the Mother, intent on fulfilling her duties to the uttermost since she was in the mood and they so pleasant. Aurelia whooped and danced about with almost as great a din as when she succeeded in dislodging the Boers (Ada, the sewing-maid) from their fortified Kopje (the nursery sideboard); and then quite out of breath tumbled into her mother's lap again.

The child's joy was so flattering and so refreshing that the Mother found herself wondering why women were not better mothers than most of them were. This sort of thing was really great fun, and unlike most fun there wasn't any harm in it. She felt quite grateful to Mrs. Van Troden for going down with the influenza.

"And what's more," she went on with further quickening of innocent desires and good resolutions, "what is more—but come, button up your dressing-gown and let's draw close to the fire!—what's more, you shall sleep there to-morrow night as well."

"Oh!" sighed Aurelia, and leaned against her mother. She could not shout or jump for joy any more; her happy heart was like an over-laden honey-bee.

"And besides that, I've a wonderful plan in my head," continued her mother. The child sat up. "A plan for a lovely treat; indeed, I think I've got plans for a hundred treats," she said, lavishly, smiling and looking deep into Aurelia's round eyes: it was worth being lavish to arouse such shining love and worship as she saw there, and it is

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only fair to add that as her promises slipped out she believed in them as faithfully as the child. "What would you say if some day when the spring comes, you and I, just you and I together, run right out into the country on the motor-car? and go into the woods and see primroses growing? When I was a little girl like you, my home was set among woods, Aury. And we'd just be gipsies together, you and I, and take our food with us, and sit on the ground and pick flowers and go home quite late in the evening. Shall we, dear?"

"Let's! Let's! O Let's!" cried Aurelia, emphasizing with hugs. "And then? Then there's the summer; what shall we do when *that* comes? And then there's the *autumn*, and then there's next *winter*. Why, we shall have time for heaps and heaps of treats, sha'n't we?"

"But if I try to tell you all the treats I have in mind," said the Mother, "we shall never get to bed!"

"YOU FUNNY LITTLE SOUL," SHE SAID.

"*We* shall never get to bed?" exclaimed the child. "Will you come too then when I go? or will you come *quite* soon after? Do! do! then we can go to sleep together. I have never done this in all my life, in—all—my—life! O do!"

The Mother had not intended this, but filled with an ignominious sense of well-being

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in this kingdom of love and innocency into which she had strayed, she willingly yielded yet further to the will of its queen.

"You funny little soul!" she said. "It isn't eight o'clock! Still, if you're so keen about it I'll come to bed ever so early—I won't even go down to dinner," she added, every movement driven to further extravagances by the long arrears of mothering in her heart. "I'll get Pinkney to bring me a cup of soup up here and then come straight to bed."

"Really and truly? Promise? O you dearest!" A vigorous hug followed.

"I hope you always say your prayers, Aurelia," the Mother said, gravely, smoothing her hair.

"Yes, I do; I say them just after my night-socks, so that's now," said the child. Straightway she knelt down, asking God to bless her mother and her daddy in South Africa and bring him home safe, and to bless nursie and to make herself a good girl, Amen; and then standing up and putting her hands behind her she carefully repeated a hymn all about lambs and little children and Jesus Christ, which somehow brought the tears to her mother's eyes.

"Little Aurelia," she said, drawing her cheek against her own, "why don't you sometimes say, 'God make daddy and mother good' as well as 'make me a good girl,' eh?"

"Because you're grown up!" was the prompt reply; nothing more, because it was such a well-known fact that it was only children who were naughty.

Aurelia's cup of joy was not yet full, for a fairy tale was promised, to be told before the nursery fire while the fire in the rosy room was burning up. It was long since the Mother had told a fairy tale, longer still since she had read one. In her desire to pay a long-owed debt of "good influence," she wove a very threadbare story round about a whole bundle of obvious and naked morals. It was a poor bit of art, but Aurelia listened greedily and loved it all, although therein were allegorized many of her pitiful little sins and weaknesses. The *dramatis personæ* were a Princess, a Bad Fairy, and a Good Fairy. As the Bad Fairy arrived in time for the christening and the good one did not, the poor child was morally handicapped through early childhood, and the description of her unregenerate condition was full of home-thrusts and unmistakable meanings; but with the gradual mastery of the Good Fairy, the Princess became a person of immaculate morals and behavior who never came down-stairs without politely asking permission, and certainly never in a dirty frock, never was selfish, asking her mother to play with her when she was busy or had a headache; never was cheeky to her nurse; would have died rather than slap a sewing-maid; never left her porridge, nor refused to eat crusts.

"But *I do* finish up my porridge now, and *I don't* leave my crusts," said the child, in disappointed astonishment. "Don't you 'member, how I tried and tried, and then I didn't leave it any more, and so then you gave me Doll Dinah? Don't you '*member?*" (It had been such an epoch in the little life.)

"Now how naughty of me to forget!" said her mother. "Of course you did." For a moment the thought of preaching to this generous, loving, and innocent creature became an absurdity and indecency. But, "Go on, please," coaxed Aurelia, and so the story went forward, relating how happy the Princess's mother became in seeing her little girl so good, until the listener again interrupted with—

"I *will* try to be like the Princess. I *will* try to give my strawberries and cream to poor beggar children. I *will* try and not be selfish any more—and even if I have the loveliest doll in the world—like Doll Dinah even," she said, shutting her eyes tight and nodding her head in great jerks to emphasize her determination, "I *will* try to give it to somebody else if you like. I believe I'm not going to do anything naughty or unkind any more all my life for ever and ever, and be just like you, Mother dear!" She opened her eyes and drew breath. "Well, and what did the Bad Fairy be able to do?" she went on, "I don't think the bad fairy could do much, because the Good Fairy was so awfully strong, wasn't she, don't you believe?"

"Well, I'm just coming to that," said the Mother. "The Bad Fairy——"

Someone knocked at the door, and a maid entered.

"Major Morrison is here," she said.

"Major Morrison?" repeated the Mother, with a sense of shock and disappointment.

Aurelia's hold became a clutch. "You won't go, will you?" she said, a little sternly. "You promised me."

"My dear Heart, I didn't know when I promised that——"

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The child flashed round on the maid with blazing cheeks. "Please tell Major Morrison to go away," she said, imperiously.

"Hush, Aurelia, how dreadfully rudely you speak! I don't want to leave you, but I mustn't be rude or unkind just for your pleasure's sake, must I?"

"Why must you see him?" the child pleaded, tremulously. "Why must you? Why?"

The superior maid waited in chill and immovable silence.

"I'll come," said the Mother, flushing a little, and looking at her above the child's head. The superior maid turned to go.

Perhaps her criticism was juster than she knew. Certainly, it was unwelcome to her mother's ears.

"Hush, hush, Aury! If you loved me, you would try to love my friends."

She took her on her lap again and soothed her into some sort of resignation; then she suddenly laid her head on the little shoulder.

"You make me very unhappy, Aury," she said, and it was perfectly true, but this was not by reason of Aurelia's shortcomings. Why had this visit happened this peaceful, beautiful evening? It filled her with a sense of unseemly intrusion; it jarred and put her out of tune with itself and herself, and her

NURSE FOUND THE FORSAKEN CHILD STILL WAITING.

"Stop," said Aurelia, with heaving chest; "just ask Major Morrison to wait till we've finished the fairy tale. And then after that," she continued, imploringly, "how soon will you come up-stairs to go to sleep with me?"

The maid closed the door.

"Now, my sweetheart," said the Mother, "I want you to be the most sensible little princess in the world. I can't finish the story now, and I can't come up as early as I had hoped to do—but very soon after you are asleep, I——"

Aurelia jumped off her lap. "That man is a big, cruel beast, and I hate him, I hate him, I hate him!" she cried, stamping her foot. "I hate anyone who takes you away from me." Then she burst into passionate sobbing.

new-found peace as well. And yet, a very little later, after promising to come back and show herself before going down to the drawing-room, she left her child and went away to dress.

Something had certainly gone wrong with the world to-night. Aurelia was conscious of having misbehaved herself just when she meant to be, and thought herself, as good as any princess! She sat alone by the nursery fire, wondering ruefully and holding on to the one fragment left of her wrecked but glorious evening; her mother would come and show herself when dressed, and Aurelia loved to see how white she looked against the soft, black, misty stuff, with bright things glittering like frost in her dark hair. But apparently the Mother forgot all about it, and went

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down-stairs without coming near the nursery; and at nine o'clock, nurse found the forsaken child still waiting.

"So that's the way she does it, does she?" sniffed the woman. But she wrapped her

"I'M QUITE CERTAIN THE GOOD FAIRY WON THE DAY," SAID THE MOTHER.

charge up warmly and carried her tenderly enough over to the far-off rose-colored chamber.

"Do you mean my mother?" said Aurelia, with the threatening of tears. "Please don't say 'she'; it's rude."

There was a soft rustling outside the door, and then Aurelia's mother came in, very pale, brilliant-eyed, and still wearing the dress which she had worn in the nursery. Aurelia stared, and then, "Mother! Mother!" she cried, quite suddenly wide awake, suddenly comforted, suddenly overjoyed; and she jumped up and down until the glass and silver knick-knacks jingled.

"That will do, Nurse," said the lady, speaking a little breathlessly as though she had sped up the stairs. Patting the clinging child's head, she waited for the astonished woman's departure, which was as deliberate as curiosity and jealousy could make it. When the door at last closed upon her unwilling exit, the mother lifted the child into her lap.

"I was so dreadfully afraid you'd be asleep, Aury," she said, as if this had been a matter of life and death. "I want you, I want you, I want you!" Hugged to her bosom as she

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was, the child could feel her mother's heart beating. In the midst of her blessedness, she felt shy and awed. She submitted to the embrace without returning it, only looking up at her out of the depths of blissful, wondering eyes.

"And can you *really* stay with me?" she asked, very gravely. "Has the visitor gone?"

"Oh, yes," answered the Mother, and she bent her head to untie the ribbon of her little one's bedroom slipper. There followed a silence while the lady folded back the silken cover of the bed and made all ready—a silence of reverie on the one hand, of ignorant, wondering sympathy on the other. It began to weigh upon the little heart.

"Well, Mother darling?" she ventured at last, with tentative tone and smile, "I s'pose —well, I s'pose you don't feel inclined to tickle me or anything like that, do you?"

The quaint overture surprised the lady out of her reverie and made her smile.

"I think I feel inclined to do anything you ask of me," she said, lifting her little girl on to the bed.

Aurelia was immediately at ease with her mother again. "Hurrah!" she cried, bouncing up and down on the bed. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! D'you really mean it, Dearest?" She put her head on one side, and wheedled. "I s'pose you couldn't let me have Bluebell to sleep with as well as you? I don't s'pose you *could* do that, *could* you, now?"

"Bluebell, my night-toy," as she described the huge toy rabbit with shoe-button eyes which had lain in her arms so many nights that all his protuberances were worn bald and shiny, had always been forbidden her mother's chamber and, as Aurelia firmly believed, had taken the slight to heart. Now for the first time he was to have an invitation.

"Hurrah! you *ex*quisite Mother!" cried Aurelia, bouncing harder than ever. "And will you go on telling me the story, too, and will you go to bed now, when I do, and anything else I like? Now, whatever else *do* I like, I wonder?" she added, anxiously.

"Well," said her mother, beginning to undo Aurelia's dressing-gown, "if we were in the middle of a story we had better finish it, I think. I'm very stupid to-night—what was it all about, and where did we get to in it?"

"Don't you 'member?" said Aurelia, and in her eagerness she hardly knew that the fluffy garment was taken off, and she herself laid down and covered up in the luxurious bed. "It was about the Good Fairy who helped the Princess to be good and the bad one who made her bad, and you didn't know which was going to win. Don't you 'member? Which *did* win, I wonder?"

"Yes, I remember now," the Mother said. She bent down and laid her head on the pillow beside the child and looked and looked into those clear eyes—then she closed her own to hide her tears.

"Well, which *did* win then?" asked the child.

"I think perhaps the Good Fairy—and I'm quite *certain* the Good Fairy—won the day," answered the Mother.

Success

By JEANNETTE BLISS GILLESPY

"O CLEAR-EYED daughter of the gods, thy name?"—
Gravely she answered: "I am called Success."
"The house, the lineage whence thy beauty came?"—
"Failure, my sire; my mother, Weariness."

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The Lady's Maid

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

MR. MAITLAND'S ill-humor began early in the evening, but was of the sort best described as cumulative. The night was cold and wet. He had dined at Martin's with Jimmy Ross, and there was something very wrong with the sauce beärnaise of the filet mignon—which is enough to upset anybody's temper. Then, after dinner, they went into the café for their coffee and cigarettes, and a noisy crowd of inebriates settled about the next table. After that Maitland quarrelled with Jimmy Ross about what theatre they should go to. He wished to hear a certain musical piece at Daly's, but Jimmy Ross had already heard it twice and refused to go again. He said it was rotten, anyhow, and wished to compromise on the French Maids' Ball up in Harlem.

So when they came to a deadlock, and at length strolled morosely in the rain up the Avenue to The Portland, where Maitland had chambers, that young man was quite unfit for human intercourse.

They found Marcus Aurelius asleep before the fire on a little pile of carefully selected blue silk pajamas which he had meant to worry after his nap.

He rose politely at their entrance and would have made himself agreeable, but Maitland spoke to him with marked rudeness and threw a crushed opera hat at him, which, when Marcus Aurelius would have made merry with it, burst into bloom, as it were, with the pop of a champagne-cork and drove the astonished dog into a far corner in yelps of rage and resentment.

"You go to bed in my pajamas again," said Mr. Maitland, pleasantly, "and I'll give you curvature of the spine with your own leading-strap."

"That's what pajamas are for," argued Jimmy Ross, "goin' to bed in. The poor dog hasn't any of his own, and he's forced to borrow. I think you're very unreasonable, if you should ask me."

He wandered in an undecided fashion about the room for a while, thoughtfully filling his cigarette-case from a box on the tobacco-stand, and, at last, since there seemed to be no moderation of the gloom, shook his head and made for the door.

"I'm off," he said. "If you're determined to be peevish I'll have none of you. I'm going to call on some very nice people, and I shall tell them that I left you throwing the bric-a-brac about in a fit of rage."

"Well, I'm glad you're going," said Mr. Maitland from the divan. "I commenced reading a very dull novel yesterday, and I think I'd rather finish it than listen to your prattle. But I don't believe you're going to call on any nice people," he added, as Jimmy Ross opened the door. "You are going to that French Ball."

Then, when Jimmy Ross had gone, he lighted a pipe and got himself into a loose smoking-jacket—a certain quilted-silk atrocity of Japanese misconstruction and, since, upon inspection, the very dull novel induced only a sensation of fatigue, he pulled a great arm-chair before the fire and settled down in it, feet outstretched to the twisted andirons.

It seemed to him very warm and cosey and comfortable. The grate had been filled with coal not more than half an hour before, and the fire was just making its way to the top. It was good for a long time. Mr. Maitland could not remember when he had been so filled with a lazy, contented sense of well-being, for he was seldom alone, and little given to sitting before fires.

"A long, quiet snooze here by the fire, Marcus," he said, smiling gently. "Just a long, quiet snooze here by the fire. It's better sport than I'd known. I wouldn't go out to anybody's theatre now, not I. And I wouldn't go out to anybody's French Ball, either. I don't mean to stir for a long while."

Marcus Aurelius, judging by the smile that he had been forgiven in the matter of the blue silk pajamas, came over and lay down between his master's outstretched feet, and Maitland nudged him good-humoredly in the ribs with the toe of his boot. He was thinking, with a sort of mild pity, of the misguided Jimmy Ross, whom he believed to be on his way to the haunts of frivolity, and of the

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thousands of other restless people down below in the wet streets who were dashing about so feverishly to theatres and opera and such, in the belief that it was fun. He was

"HEAVENS!" HE SAID, "IT'S A WOMAN."

quite certain that he would not change places with any of them, and felt a little resentful because he had never before discovered this extraordinarily pleasant fashion of spending an evening.

The fire glowed white and pink and deep crimson. Sometimes there were tiny explosions with a shower of sparks, at which Marcus Aurelius growled threateningly, or the whole mass settled lower in its basket with a soft rattle as if it stirred in its sleep. And Mr. Maitland, drawing lazily at his pipe, saw faces there among the coals—sweet, half-forgotten faces of which he had, somehow, seemed not to have the time to think, for a long while.

Some of them made him smile, and some of them made him sigh, and some—if he had dared—bade fair to make him weep. He had quite forgotten Jimmy Ross and his own ill-humor.

It was three pipes later—an hour perhaps—when something roused him from his half doze. It seemed to him that there was a noise at one of the windows of the farther room.

"It's only the rain I expect," he said, drowsily, and turned his eyes back to the glowing fire. Then Marcus Aurelius raised an alert head and growled.

"D'you hear it too?" said Mr. Maitland. "Oh, well, come along then. We'll have a look. It's only the rain, I tell you."

He made his way into the other room, blinking and stumbling over the chairs, and went to the window. Now Maitland's chambers were in the sixth story of the Portland, and the windows of all save the front room looked out over the roofs of a long row of the old-fashioned five-story brown-stone houses common to New York. Beyond this row of seven or eight houses towered another high structure, like the Portland, but given over to very luxurious studio suites for fortunate painters whose prestige was based on teas and dances rather than on canvases. Mr. Maitland's windows, like those of the sixth story of the studio building beyond, not only looked out over these flat roofs, but were so near them that one might step into or out of a window without great difficulty.

"There's somebody out there, Marcus," said Mr. Maitland. "Maybe he's a burglar, but anyhow, let's have him in." The dog set his paws on the window-ledge and growled, but Maitland loosed the catch of the window and threw it up. Then, after a moment, he bent forward with a sudden little cry.

"Heavens!" he said, "it's a woman."

The woman was half sitting, half kneeling on the wet tin roof outside, and she had laid her arms against the window-ledge and hidden her face upon them. She did not speak or raise her head when the window was thrown open, but Maitland, as he bent over,

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could hear her sobbing very quietly to herself. At the sound of his voice she looked up.

"May I—come in?" she asked, simply. "May I—come in? I'm very—cold and wet." She tried to stand up, but her foot caught in her twisted skirt, and she would have fallen but for Maitland's arm.

"Turn around just a bit, please," said he. "So!" He braced one knee on the window-ledge and leaned farther out into the rain. He put both arms about the woman as she knelt there—about her shoulders and about her knees—and lifted her into the room, with Marcus Aurelius barking encouragingly from the rear. Then he carried her through to the other room and set her down in the big chair before the fire.

"Why, it's only a girl!" he cried, when he saw her face in the firelight, "just a little girl!"—which was hardly true, for she might have been anywhere between sixteen and twenty.

She would seem to have told the truth about being very cold and wet. The water stood in drops and streaks on her skirt and on the long thin cloak which she wore, and locks of her hair hung down across her cheeks. Maitland's own cheek was wet where the hair had brushed it. She sat huddled in a corner of the great chair, shivering a little, with closed eyes—Maitland unconsciously noting the length of the eyelashes—and her breath caught, now and then, in a half sob.

"Oh, I say!" begged Mr. Maitland. "Please don't—don't faint away or anything like that, you know. Wait a moment!" He poured some cordial from a decanter into a little glass. "Just you drink a bit of this," said he. "You're shivering." The girl shook her head, but Maitland slipped an arm about her shoulders and held the glass to her lips with the other hand.

"You've got to drink it!" he insisted. "My word! D'you suppose I want you to die of pneumonia or something, here on my hands? Drink it all! That's good." He stood on the hearth-rug, smiling cheerfully down at her, and the girl ventured upon a timid little attempt at a smile in return—a poor, forlorn little attempt.

"Oh, we shall have you all ship-shape in no time!" declared Maitland. "Sha'n't we, Marcus? Eh, what? We must do something about those wet things of yours, first, though. I'll just see what——" He left her alone for a moment, and the girl heard him stirring about in the farther rooms. Then directly he returned.

"I've made lights in the sleeping-room and bath beyond, there," he said. "And I've put out a sort of fool dressing-gown and bed-slippers and all that sort of thing, you know. D'you suppose you can manage with them while we're drying your shoes and—and anything else that's wet? I'll wait here for you to change. If you don't find everything you want, call out."

The girl rose to her feet and stood looking up into Mr. Maitland's face. Maitland drew a quick little breath when he met her eyes; she was a remarkably pretty girl, even with her wet hair down over her cheeks, and her wet garments hanging ungracefully about her.

"How do you—dare trust me in there?" she said. "How do you know I'm not a thief? How do you know this isn't just what I came here for, to steal?"

Mr. Maitland turned his eyes away with an embarrassed little laugh.

"Oh, that's all right," said he. "I'll risk that, right enough. If you want to steal you'll find a number of silver things on the dressing-table, and, I dare say, some money. I usually leave it about. There's a door opening from the sleeping-room into the outside corridor. You could get away by that." He laughed at her, cheerfully, standing before the fire with his hands in the pockets of the Japanese smoking-jacket, but the girl stood looking at him very soberly for a little space. Then she turned without speaking and went across the room and through the one beyond, and Maitland heard the door of the sleeping-room close behind her.

After she had gone he faced the perturbed Marcus Aurelius for some time in a frowning silence.

"I can't make it out," he said at last. "Hang me if I can make it out! What would a pretty young girl like that be doing out on the roofs at night—and raining too? She had no hat, and that poor little thin cape-thing of hers was soaked through. I tell you I can't make it out. She's no thief," he went on presently, still scowling across the hearth-rug at the attentive Marcus, "not with that face. She couldn't be. Well then, what the devil is she?" He went into the next room and stood by the window, staring across the wet housetops toward the big studio building beyond. Suddenly, it oc-

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curred to him that the girl might have come from there—but why?

He went slowly back to the hearth-rug and dropped down in the big chair.

"And what are we going to do with her?" he demanded. "She can't stop here, you know; unless I go somewhere else, that is. It's very rum! Lord, how Jimmy Ross'll curse when he finds out what he has missed!"

Marcus Aurelius rolled a scandalized eye toward the closed door of the sleeping-room and, after a moment's hesitation, started off on a tour of investigation.

"Come back here!" said Maitland, sharply. Marcus came to a reluctant halt on the threshold.

"Come back here!" said his master again. "Why, she's—she's changing her things, you ass! I'm surprised at you. Come here and sit down. Haven't you any delicacy at all?" And just then the sleeping-room door opened.

"Will this—be all—right?" said the girl timidly. Maitland broke into a laugh in spite of himself. She had put on the dressing-gown which he had laid out. It was a very gorgeous affair of Japanese silk, crimson, with golden dragons twisting about in a most intimidating fashion. It was so much too large that it dragged about her feet on the floor and made a train behind her. She had managed somehow to put up her hair very neatly. Maitland wondered where the hair-pins came from.

"Indeed you'll do!" said he. "You look exactly like a Japanese empress—or like a Japanese empress ought to look. You're very ornamental, I assure you. Now come back here by the fire. If you were out on those roofs long you'd be chilled through."

"Do you mind my—my bringing these here?" ventured the girl, "to dry them, you know. There wasn't much heat in the radiators there in the sleep—in the other room." She held out her two little water-soaked shoes in one hand and the thin black cape in the other.

"Mind?" said he. "Mind? Bless you, no! Give them to me."

He spread the things out over the hearth-tiles, and pulled the big arm-chair nearer for the girl to sit in, but she dragged a pillow from the divan, close by, and curled up on that—as Turks and women can—thrusting out toward the fire one absurdly small and slender foot from which the commodious bed-slipper had dropped.

Maitland, in the arm-chair, watched her, smiling excitedly. It seemed to him such an extraordinarily good lark, such a grind on Jimmy Ross. He found himself looking forward to the girl's explanation with the deliberate pleased expectancy of one who awaits the second act of a good play, but he had no wish to hasten the explanation, for it was quite entertaining enough to watch the unconsciously beautiful picture she made sitting there in that crimson kimono with the gold dragons twisting and grinning where the firelight fell upon them. He wanted to tell her how much he was enjoying it all and how very pretty she was, but of course that would never do while they were alone in his rooms.

"Well?" he said, after a bit. "Well?" for the girl remained a long time silent, staring into the fire and twisting her two hands nervously in her lap. She looked up for an instant to meet his eyes, and he saw that there were tears in her own and that she was much more disturbed than she had seemed.

"You want to—to know about—me, of course," she said, and halted to steady her voice, for it was shaking, "and about what I was—doing at your window on the roof."

"Don't tell if you'd rather not," said young Maitland.

"Oh! I—must!" cried the girl, in a low tone. "I—must, of course. I—came from the Florentine—the studio building. I got out of one of the windows there. They let upon the roofs just as yours do."

"Ah!" said Mr. Maitland, nodding. "That's what I thought you'd done."

"I—had to come," the girl went on, bending her head so that Maitland could not see her face. "I had to—get away quickly, very quickly, and—and I couldn't go by the doors. The doors of the room I was in were—locked."

"Ah!" said Mr. Maitland again.

"I didn't mean to come—here," she went on swiftly. "I thought I could—make my way down a fire-escape or something at the back of those low houses. There were fire-escapes there, but I—I didn't dare. They were so dark and slippery and all! So I—came here."

She looked up with a little nervous laugh, but Mr. Maitland was staring straight ahead of him into the fire, and his face had turned grave.

"You say"—he questioned slowly, "that the doors of the room you were in were locked?"

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REVERLEY SAW HOW SERIOUS HIS JOKE HAD BECOME AND THE WOMEN MOVED TOWARD THE DOOR

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"Why—yes," said she; "yes, they were—that is—yes, they were locked."

"Do you live in the Florentine?" he demanded.

"Yes," said the girl, very low. "Yes, I live there."

"Why, then," said Maitland, frowning anxiously at her, "then why in—I don't see what——" He broke off in the midst of his words. "Ah!" he said after a little. "Maybe I—see. Look here, has someone been abusing you? Did someone lock you up in that room, and did you climb out on the housetops in a cold rain because you were afraid to stop at home?" His jaw squared itself rather unpleasantly and his eyebrows drew together.

"Yes," said the girl, turning her face away once more; "yes, that was it. I—was afraid to stop."

Mr. Maitland rose briskly from his chair, and there was a steady but not mirthful smile at his lips.

"That makes it all very simple," said he. "Now, I'm going to leave you in possession here for a bit. I have a call to make. Someone in the Florentine studios is going to have a bad half-hour. After I've seen—him, we'll talk over what is to be done about you. I'll take you to some of your friends, or something of that sort. Now if you'll just give me the name and the number of the apartment, I'll be off."

"PLEASE LISTEN—AND DON'T INTERRUPT. IT'S ALL A SILLY JOKE."

He had caught up his great-coat from the chair where he had thrown it upon entering, and was pulling it on, quite unmindful of the Japanese smoking-jacket, but the girl rose to her feet and came to him swiftly, catching him by the arm. Her eyes were very wide and full of terror.

"Oh, no, no you must not!" she cried, sharply. "You must not go there! You—Ah, you don't understand! It wouldn't do at all—Oh, no, you must not go!" Her hands shook against his arm—but Maitland only

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smiled down into her frightened eyes and shook his head.

"You must let me go," said he, gently. "Someone has been treating you very badly and I want to put it right. You must let me go."

"I tell you!" she cried again, "you don't understand. You must not go. Ah, let me explain! Let me explain all about it, and then—if you like, you can—turn me out into the—rain again. Nobody's been abusing me or—treating me badly. They locked me in that room while they sent for the—for the police. Ah, can't you see?"

Maitland dropped the great-coat to the floor at his feet and he looked at the girl for a long time in silence.

"The—police?" he said at last.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, dully, and turned away from him a little, "the police. I'd—stolen some things. I'm maid to one of the women—one of the ladies there in the Florentine, and I stole some rings. I was going away to-morrow, but they missed the rings earlier than I expected."

She moved slowly over to the hearth-rug and dropped down upon the cushion where she had sat before. Her head and shoulders had taken on a forlorn and hopeless droop, but she did not weep or sob. And, after a moment, Maitland also came back to his former place in the big arm-chair, Marcus Aurelius hovering anxiously on the flank.

"Have you the—rings with you?" he asked, presently, in a dulled, expressionless tone.

"Yes," said the girl. "Oh, yes, here they are." She pulled open the neck of the crimson kimono and the collar of her gown underneath, and she untied a bit of narrow ribbon which encircled her neck, and put into Maitland's hand the two rings which had been upon it, together with a little flat gold locket. Her face was still turned away, drooping a bit, and she did not look up when she gave him the things, not even at Maitland's half-smothered exclamation.

It was not the rings which had made him cry out, but, in taking the little locket from the girl's hand, his fingers had chanced to press the spring at its edge so that it flew open and a tiny but very recognizable likeness of his own features looked up at him with a photographic smile. He closed the locket and waited a moment till his voice was once more quite under control and colorless.

"You said, a few moments ago," he began, "that you were a lady's maid. Did you—take these things from your mistress?"

"Yes," said the girl, looking away still.

"Who is she?" he demanded.

"Carol—Miss Ross," said the girl, "Miss Carolin Ross. She's stopping for a month with some cousins of hers, the Reverleys, who live at the Florentine. Mr. Reverley is a painter—that is, he gives teas."

But Maitland had sprung to his feet with another exclamation and was walking up and down the room, frowning and smiting his hands together softly.

"What did you tell me that for?" he cried. "What the—Carol Ross of all people in the world! Ah, what did you tell me that for?"

The girl stumbled to her feet and stood on the hearth-rug staring across the room at him. She held by one hand to the top of the big arm-chair, and her eyes were wide and excited.

"You—asked me," she said, in a half-whisper. "Why? Do you mean that you know Car—Miss Ross? Do you mean that she is a friend of yours?"

Maitland came to a halt in the middle of the room.

"Know her?" he cried. "Of course I—why, that is, no, I—no, I don't know her, quite, I suppose. It's—rather odd. She's Jimmy Ross's cousin, and I've—I've been writing to her for months—It was a sort of lark—I've been writing to her from Paris, and, to-morrow, I'm to meet her. I've never seen her yet. Reverley's giving a tea and I'm to meet her—Carol Ross of all people!" He took up his walk once more, back and forth across the room, smiting his clenched hands together.

"What did you tell me for?" he cried again. "Why didn't you lie about it? Don't you see what a position you put me in? You steal things from—from *her* and then come to me for protection. Don't you see how hard you're making it for me?"

The girl turned about toward the fire and put up her hands against the high mantelshelf, laying her face against them, and, after a time, Maitland came back to his big arm-chair and dropped into it heavily.

"Of course you didn't know," said he. "Naturally you didn't know. It was just a freakish turn of luck. Odd things happen sometimes. I've seen 'em." He turned the two rings and the little gold locket over and over in his hand, frowning down upon them

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and, all at once, a thought seemed to strike him.

"Tell me," said he, "does this—did this locket, as well as the rings, belong to Miss Ross?"

"Yes," said the girl, not moving, "yes."

Then suddenly she turned about and dropped to her knees on the hearth-rug, and caught at Mr. Maitland's arm with her two hands.

"Oh, are you going to give me in charge?" she cried, swiftly, and her voice broke a little. "Are you going to turn me out into the rain? I know I deserve it, I know that, but couldn't you have a little pity for me? I—didn't mean to—steal, honestly I didn't. You don't know what such temptation is, sometimes. You don't know why I may have wanted money—*had* to have it! Are you going to have me arrested?"

"No," said Maitland, smiling down into her drawn face, "no, I'm not going to do that. You know I couldn't do that. We'll fix the thing up somehow. These—things must be returned, of course. I'll see to that. I'll talk to Reverley in the morning. And if you must have money—if that's why you—borrowed these things, I'll fix that too. No, I couldn't give you in charge."

"Oh," cried the girl, looking up into his face with wide, bright eyes. "Oh, you're—you're good! As I live, you're a gentleman, Mr. Maitland! There aren't too many of them."

"How did you know my name was Maitland?" he asked quickly, and it seemed to him that the girl's color deepened a bit.

"I—knew who you must be when you—spoke of writing to Miss Carol," she said, and turned a little away from him, still crouching on the hearth-rug near his feet. And she sat there for a long time, quite silent, smiling into the fire as if something pleased her.

But Maitland, from the depths of the big arm-chair, watched her with puzzled, frowning eyes. He had quite forgotten that the whole affair was a tremendously fine lark, with which he was to overwhelm the luckless Ross, later on.

He was thinking, with a sense of great pity, almost of resentment, of the position in which this girl had placed herself. It seemed to him so impossible that it could be true. She didn't seem at all that sort. She was such a pretty girl, and bore herself with just the indescribable air and poise of the girls he knew and drank tea with and sat out dances with in peoples' winter gardens. He could not fancy her stealing rings. It had never occurred to him particularly to take notice of ladies' maids, but he had not supposed they were so like their mistresses as this. This girl did not look as if she were in the habit of brushing other peoples' hair. Maitland glanced at the sharp, clean lines of her profile and at the sweep of her eyelashes, and at the poise of her head, and at the round, smooth whiteness of her throat where the kimono had been pulled away from it, and he turned a bit red as he realized that if he had met her at somebody's dance, he would have picked her out from the entire roomful of women, at once and without hesitation, as the most daintily beautiful of them all, and the one most likely to be interesting. He was so certain of this that the thought whimsically amused him as a rather good bit of satire upon one's social judgment.

"If only you hadn't stol—taken the things from *her*!" he said, and he did not know that he had spoken aloud. "If only you hadn't taken them from Carol!" The girl turned her face toward him again, but she did not seem particularly cast down by the realization of her crime, for she was still smiling—almost tenderly. But before she could answer there came from the outside a sound of voices which brought them both to their feet.

Now, when Jimmy Ross had left the apartment, earlier in the evening, he had closed behind him the door of the study where Mr. Maitland sat, but had left open the door at the outer end of the little corridor which gave upon the hall near the elevator shaft. The voices were approaching along this little corridor, and there were several of them. Maitland recognized Jimmy Ross's and the painter Reverley's and, he thought, Reverley's wife's. There were evidently several women in the party. He heard Jimmy Ross say:

"Oh, yes, he'll be here, I'm quite certain. He was in much too nasty a humor to have gone out anywhere. Wager you anything you like that he's asleep before the fire with that dog of his between his feet. I say, strike a match, Reverley! I can't find the key." Then there was a rattling of keys on a key-chain. Jimmy Ross kept a key to the rooms.

Meanwhile, Maitland was talking rapidly into the girl's ear.

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"Go into one of the other rooms as quickly as you can," he said. "It's that idiot Jimmy Ross, and he is bringing your own people along. You mustn't be seen. I'll get rid of them as soon as possible. Look sharp!"

But the girl seemed to have been stricken, all at once, helpless with terror, for she only stood shaking on the hearth-rug, holding with one hand to the big arm-chair, and staring with wide, frightened eyes into Maitland's face.

"Look sharp!" he cried again. "Do you want to be found here?" He took her by one arm to drag her by main force from the room, but the girl, half crazed, it would seem, by fear, gave a little smothered cry, and, breaking away from his hold, darted behind a great Japanese screen which stood in one corner. Just then Jimmy Ross found the proper key and slid it into the lock. Maitland had barely time to drop into his big arm-chair.

He struggled out of it again as the people came laughing and exclaiming into the room, and stood on the hearth-rug, blinking at them with sleepy eyes.

"Oh! awf'ly glad to see you!" he said, with a half-yawning laugh of embarrassment, which was rather well executed. "I must have been—have been sleeping—beastly night, what?"

"You see?" cried Jimmy Ross. "What did I tell you he'd be doing? Didn't I tell you he'd be asleep? Lazy beggar!"

They were all people Maitland knew well, the Reverleys and Mrs. Reverley's sister who was a young widow, and another young married woman who said her husband was at the French Ball. And they chaffed Maitland a great deal on being caught asleep at that hour and on his wonderful smoking-jacket, but, as he was shaking hands with Reverley, he saw that gentleman's gaze go over his shoulder to the hearth, and his eyebrows lift a little.

"'Fraid we've—er, interrupted a tête-à-tête," said Reverley. Maitland swung about and looked. He had quite forgotten the two little water-soaked shoes, but they stood flagrantly and alone on the empty hearth-tiles. Maitland experienced, for an instant, that slight internal sinking sensation generally caused by the rapid descent of an elevator.

"Oh, yes—yes, *those!*" said he. "I—expect Marcus Aurelius must have dragged those out from somewhere while I was—asleep. Silly little beast!" But even as he spoke he noted that two of the women had drawn a bit apart and were talking in low tones and looking oddly from the shoes to himself, and stealing glances about the room.

Jimmy Ross laughed shortly, but his eyes never left his chum's face, and they were full of a half-comic amazement. "Well, I'll be hanged!" he said.

"Not a doubt of it!" snapped Maitland, and he felt the flush that began to rise up over his cheeks.

Mrs. Reverley slightly accentuated the elevation which God had given her nose.

"Someone's got scent on!" said she. "Upon my word, it makes me think of my own Rose Velours!" She turned upon Maitland. "Do you use scent?" she demanded.

"Heavens, no!" cried the outraged Maitland.

"Odd!" said Mrs. Reverley, and stared at the two little shoes on the hearth.

Then Reverley, among whose good points tact did not seem to figure, conceived it would be an excellent lark to search the apartment for the supposititious proprietor of the little shoes, and his idea met with universal approval—almost universal, that is.

"Oh, go right on!" said Maitland, desperately. "Don't mind me. You may look in all the closets and in the drawers of my chiffonier. Jimmy will make lights for you. It seems a very jolly way of spending an evening, doesn't it?"

But one of the women—it was Mr. Reverley's sister—moved a little forward, watching Maitland's face.

"Then shall we commence with this room?" she asked, and it seemed to Maitland that there was a sort of suppressed excitement in her voice. "Shall we look behind that screen yonder?" she said, and went toward it.

Mr. Maitland reached the screen first, and turned his back to it, facing the little knot of people.

"No," said he, smiling gently. "You mustn't look there." One of the women gave a sudden amazed cry, and, from behind him, Maitland heard the girl in the shelter of the screen catch her breath sharply.

Then Jimmy Ross came forward and put out a hand upon his chum's shoulder. His lips were still drawn into a smile, but his eyes were very grave and troubled.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Do you mean that you've really got—that there

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really is someone behind that screen whom you're asham—whom we mustn't see? Do you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Maitland, smiling steadily back at him, "yes, something of that sort. You mustn't look there."

Reverley, as if he saw too late how serious his silly joke had become, tried to laugh, but the women drew together, looking at each other significantly and moved over toward the door.

"Oh, of course, in that case," murmured Mrs. Reverley, "we'd—best be going on, at once. We—came in as a—sort of lark. Of course, we'd no idea—we're very sorry and —are you coming, Bob?" Her husband looked from her to Mr. Maitland and back again, and, for a moment, he seemed to hesitate, then he took up his hat and followed the others out of the door.

Jimmy Ross, from the middle of the room, glanced up at his chum's face, and it was very white and a bit drawn.

"My—fault, I expect," he said, in a low voice, "partly, anyhow. I shouldn't have brought them here but I—I didn't expect—I never thought——"

Maitland moved a pace toward him, but Jimmy Ross, avoiding his eye, turned and went out of the room.

"Jimmy too!" said Mr. Maitland, under his breath.

He heard their voices out in the hall-way beside the elevator shaft, for, it seemed, Jimmy Ross had forgotten to close the doors behind him. He heard them talking together, and, if his faculties had not been dulled past comprehension, he might have wondered why they were laughing and why, after a moment, Jimmy Ross said:

"Oh, that's enough. Let's go back now. Didn't it work, though! Didn't it?"

Then, when from the voices, it seemed as if the people were returning, the girl dashed suddenly out from behind the big Japanese screen, and was across the room and in the little corridor before Maitland could stop her. He heard her close the outer door with a bang and draw the bolt to fasten it. Then, in another instant, she was inside the room again, and had closed the inner door and stood leaning against it, breathing very fast. Her eyes were wide and excited and she seemed on the verge of hysteria. She stretched out one arm toward Maitland where he stood in the middle of the room.

"Listen!" she cried, swiftly. "Please listen at once and—and don't interrupt. I've got to tell you a lot and there's—almost no time to tell it in." She broke off for a moment with a little fit of hysterical laughter.

"It's—it's all a—silly joke!" she cried, and, as she spoke, the people outside could be heard pounding on the other door and shouting to be let in.

"It's all a silly joke. I haven't stolen anyone's rings or anything. I'm not a lady's maid—I'm—Carolin Ross—No! please don't interrupt. We must let those people in, in a moment. Let me explain. Jimmy wanted to—play a joke on you, and they all—they all thought it would be a great lark. So we —fixed it up this way. They—didn't believe you'd do what you've done. They thought you'd weaken when they broke in here upon us, and save yourself at—my expense. I—thought you wouldn't. I *knew* you wouldn't! I said you'd do just what you've done, let them go away thinking what you thought they were thinking of you a few moments ago. I told them you'd do that rather than give up a woman who'd appealed to you for protection. They wouldn't believe it. Oh, do you know how glad I am? Do you? You're just what I thought you were. I want you to know how fine I think you are. There aren't many men who'd do what you've done. No! wait, wait! You may be as angry as you like. I don't care whether you forgive me or not for playing tricks on you. I've found out that there's one gentleman in the world who knows what chivalry is. *Can't* you see how glad I am?"

The people in the hall-way pounded with their fists on the outer door and beat on it with walking-sticks, and Jimmy Ross shouted abuse through the key-hole, but the lady's maid stood against the wall inside, laughing and sobbing, with wide glad eyes and very pink cheeks, and Gerald Maitland stared at her from the hearth-rug. Then at last, when the truth had beaten its way through his dulled consciousness, he came slowly across the room and a wondering smile began at his lips and his eyes widened—grew to a certain glad excitement like the girl's. He put out his hands against the wall, one on either side of her head, and looked into her face till her eyes dropped.

"Oh, girl, girl!" said Maitland, in a half whisper, "what do I care about anybody's silly jokes? I looked into that little gold locket. Do you hear me? *I looked into that locket!*"

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

WIND, WATER AND FIRE

KING ERIC WIND-CAP, an early Scandinavian Weather-Bureau man, had an accomplishment much prized by mariners. He made the wind blow from whatever quarter he listed by cocking his hat in that direction. In this country of surprises the knack would have availed him little. The wind of disaster swoops down from anywhere; and at any moment there is likely to be "such a getting down-stairs" into the cyclone-cellar and tornado-vault. Wind, water, and fire, cloud-bursts in Arizona and Oregon; tornadoes in Georgia and beyond the Mississippi; deluge in the valley of the Kaan; the Mississippi, the Big Muddy, and divers other river-gods on the rampage; rain to drown and drouth to burn; forest fires, prayers for the rain to stop—June has shown herself an artist in calamity. The optimistic, fatalistic temperament of the American, the man who is always ready to take his chances, shines serenely through all these vapors and black humors of Nature. "I'm used to being drowned," writes a Kansas City merchant, "but it is crowding the mourners to have the price of beef rise because the Missouri River does." That humorous stream, which now takes away your farm in the night and transfers it to your neighbor, now annexes his holdings to your own, now overflows you altogether, is a good symbol of American fortune. Bury the dead, get a new suit of clothes on credit, and to work again!

THE EPIDEMIC OF STRIKES

STRIKES, strikes, strikes! Strikes east, west and north! Strikes of men, women, girls, boys, even of school-children! Strike if you have a grievance! Strike on account of somebody else's grievance! Strike for want of a grievance! Strike to oblige the walking delegate! Hear the head-lines rattle off the same old story: "Strikes to close ship-yards"; "bricklayers insist on only union foremen"; "strikers violent"; "regulars ordered out"; "strike to revenge labor!" Whoever strikes and however the strike comes out, the public pays most of the bill. The public is the cow; the employers and the labor unions are the milkers. "Do you sympathize with the company or the strikers?" a selfish philosopher was asked. "I sympathize with myself," was the reply.

If here and there a walking delegate becomes a "striker" in another sense and pockets blackmail, as certain of those autocrats are now charged with doing, the wonder is not that there is some corruption, but that all walking delegates do not use their opportunities. Honest wrong-headedness often does more harm than dishonesty. The ease and levity with which great organizations of men quit work are disheartening. But the men mean well; individually most of them are good fellows. Only sometimes, as in the last month, they seem to strike from "suggestion," to be poisoned by the strike bacillus. No doubt, things will mend and common-sense win. Still, the world gets lazier every year and holidays increase. Can't somebody invent workless work?

THE PRESIDENT'S WESTERN TOUR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S Western travels must have disappointed certain Republican politicians who had booms of their own on the incubator. Could an impulsive and loquacious man, seething with ideas and enthusiasms and high moral missions and messages on all sorts of subjects from athletics to zymotic diseases, rush through the country and two months of speeches and keep his foot out of his mouth? According to a legend, disdained, perhaps, by history, testy old John Adams waddled up to a portrait of George Washington, a wooden and unhuman face, a "wax figger" to the painters, looked at it earnestly for a minute or two, then shook his pudgy fist at it and muttered: "You old mutton-head, if you hadn't kept your mouth shut, people would have found you out."

A good apologue, however spurious as an anecdote. Keep your mouth shut long enough and you will win a reputation for

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judgment, wisdom, and often there are votes in silence. Consider the victory of Polk over Clay, for instance. "Roosevelt talks too much." Many of the so-called professional politicians whose noses have been put out of joint by this brilliant young amateur will tell you that. He does love to talk, but people like to hear him. The professors of rhetoric may say that he is too emphatic, didactic, hortatory. At least he does not speak through a mask. You feel that a man—at times, perhaps, a boy—is saying what he means. Frequently, as in his speech at the St. Louis exposition, he says it well, with dignity, and with authority. In none of his speeches did he utter a word that can be used to his political injury. It pays to be straightforward; and Mr. Roosevelt's method is really more sensible and effective than the ordinary politician's continual gingerly balancing on wires and tiptoeing on egg-shells.

ROOSEVELT HAS WON RENOMINATION

It is admitted that Mr. Roosevelt has made his calling sure. He will be renominated, not a little to the chagrin of some members of his own party. He is entirely different from a conventional candidate. He is a horror and a nightmare to the worshippers of availability, the admirers of hamstrung policies and politics. Utterly careless of making enemies, he is singularly apt in making friends. Like a good novel, he has plenty of character and incident, is "replete with interest from beginning to end," as the literary critics say.

Mr. Lowell saw old Josiah Quincy going up Park Street, "with his spine sticking out of his overcoat." Our brisk friend or opponent in Washington and Oyster Bay has not only the salient spine, but he has, in an unusual degree, that spirit of equality, fraternity, democratic good-fellowship, which is the most essential American characteristic. It is easy to understand his Western popularity. It comes in part from his ranching and hunting, his appreciation of Western conditions and ideals, and his wide personal acquaintance with Westerners. It comes still more from the fact that in his pugnacity, want of affectation, free-and-easiness, directness, lack of provinciality, and width of sympathy, he is more of a Westerner than an Easterner. They don't think much of New Yorkers out there; and there may be some color of truth in their opinion. The true New Yorker, country-bred usually, is the most hopeless of Cockneys. He patronizes and pities the rest of the country. But much may be done with a New Yorker if he is caught young. Conservative by ancestry, breeding and education, Mr. Roosevelt has much of the air and freedom of the West.

"The orf'cer bhoy had bowils," said Terence Mulvaney. Mr. Roosevelt has "bowils." In his strength and in his weakness he is thoroughly American, thoroughly young American, if you prefer; and this is a young man's country. The potent seniors who carry the finances of the world in the hollow of their hands or heads are said to quake on their thrones when they think of that capering cowboy. Imagine a bank-president in fringed leggings! Imagine the sub-Treasury turned into a riding-school for Rough Riders! Poetry and prose! Possibly, too, Mr. Roosevelt's friends are not especially eager to have reports of such an antipathy denied. Every party likes to milk contributions from the wicked corporations and capitalists and at the same time to give the impression that it loathes those Money Devils and means to cast them out. Humbug is the soul of politics.

THE TRIUMPHS OF MISS BARRYMORE

"Young, handsome, and a Prince—" that was one way of describing good fortune. But princes are in a net of red tape. They cannot shirk pomp as easily as Prince Florizel of Bohemia did. "Young, handsome, intelligent, level-headed, and an actress." There is another and better description that comes to the mind in watching the social triumphs of Miss Ethel Barrymore in England. To meet the most distinguished people of many sorts; to visit the most delightful country-houses; to feast with royal dukes and duchesses, and to be taken in to dinner by that chief of *Nil admirari* statesmen and philosophers, Mr. Arthur Balfour; in short, to be generally admired and made much of—surely, this must be good fun and no bad supplementary education. Miss Barrymore is far from being a great actress, but evidently she is a very charming and fortunate girl. Is there any better fortune than that?

AN AWFUL THING TO BE RICH

It is an awful thing to be rich, isn't it? Pray you, avoid it. Let us be poor but virtuous, pity the victims of opulence and purr

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softly at our privileged state of mediocrity. Sour grapes? Not a bit of it. Perhaps you will believe a rich man who warns you against this rascal of a Mammon. Mr. David R. Forgan, Vice-President of the First National Bank of Chicago, told a fashionable audience in the First Presbyterian Church at Evanston the other night, that "the rich man is not to be envied. The poor man is happier than the rich." Comfortable doctrine. Mr. Forgan has been poor and is rich. He must know what he is talking about. He described to the fashionable audience the cares and worries and insomnia of the rich. "The poor man can leave his work in the evening and give it little further thought until the next day," whereas Dives must toss on his couch and fret about his investments. Mr. Forgan might have cited the case of the many-millioned New Yorker who wailed: "I don't know what the country is coming to. We shall all have to go to the poorhouse if this sort of thing keeps on. I've had more than $200,000 locked up in the Chemical Bank for the last month without earning a cent of interest." Pity the sorrows of a rich old man.

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT

It's an awful thing to be rich. Think of Mr. John D. Rockefeller's new safe-deposit vault, "as big as a good-sized room," and said to rent for $8,000 a year. A philosopher doesn't want a vault like that. A vault no bigger than a Saratoga trunk will serve his modest needs. Repulsive as work is to many delicate spirits, there are few of us who wouldn't be willing to work at coupon-cutting for a few hours every three months, or even every month. The labor we delight in physics pain. And if die we must, shall we not die like a rose in aromatic pain, let Fate's shear find us using happily our own on the coupons? A Boston capitalist had such an euthanasia.

Still, it is an awful thing to be rich. Even Mr. Forgan will not be poor and happy. "I would like to get $1,000,000 before I die," he admits, forgetting how much worry he seeks to accumulate. A million is too much. Choose your own figure. Would $500,000 make you worry too much? A Nantucket fisherman gave this remedy for the inequalities of fortune: "Everybody ought to have $50,000 and nobody a cent more." There are places where $50,000 will not go so far as it goes in Nantucket.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE TOOTHPICKS?

The Toothpick Trust is the newest and not least mysterious of trusts. Six toothpick-plants have just been consolidated. Their combined daily product is 100,000,000 toothpicks—say a toothpick and three-sevenths a day for every man, woman, child, babe in arms and Indian, taxed or not taxed, in the country. Millions of people scorn toothpicks. All properly regulated souls shudder at the sight of a toothpick in use and action in a public place. Who needs the toothpicks? What becomes of this crop of 100,000,000 a day? Are they collected by eccentric capitalists? Are they exported? Are they burned?

THE ROYAL TRAGEDY IN SERVIA

George Warrington liked Arthur Pendennis because that artless youth had made an ass of himself about that mutton-headed charmer, the Fotheringay. George liked a man who could make a fool of himself about a woman. This seems no difficult art, yet there are plenty of congealed and selfish persons who never try it. Perhaps the best thing about Alexander of Servia was his infatuation for Madame Maschin, whom he made his Queen. He was no "great match," from the "Almanach de Gotha" point of view. He was not beautiful. The mark of the pig was on his lineage. He had tried to marry "blood," but had been snubbed. A peasant King on a shaky throne in the Breathitt County of monarchies is not a suitor for a prudent royal papa and mamma to encourage. So Madame Maschin, older, shrewder, fonder of power, got this Alexander the Little, son of one of the most amusing scamps that ever sat on a throne, or in a game, and of a mother who, doubtless, has been much calumniated. It is the fashion to abuse King Milan that was, yet whose memoirs would be the more interesting, his or those of that irreproachable prig, Prince Albert?

UNFORTUNATE QUEEN DRAGA

Draga was handsome. Draga was accomplished. Draga was loyal to her family. The Servians did not like her. There seems to have been an able corps of liars to increase

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her unpopularity. The Servians are said to have felt that it was an insult for their King to marry beneath him. They are said to have resented bitterly the King's abrogation of the Constitution. They are an interesting people in their folk-songs and folk-lore, but they were far from chivalrous to their Queen. In fact, the Servian people did not count. The army was restless and ill-paid. There was the usual conspiracy. There was slaughter as savage and startling as can be found in the annals of Russia or Turkey. The last Obrenovitch has lost in the great game of assassination that has been playing in Servia for almost ninety years. He died game, refusing to abdicate, defending his Queen. All for love or the world well lost. Perhaps he would have left her, if he had lived. Give him the benefit of the doubt, and grant that he died royally. A very pretty tragedy, if the butchers had not overdone it and multiplied horrors.

There is something primitive and oriental about this business. This descendant of a hog-driver, of a family whose very name was borrowed from that of the swineherd's employer, just as some Southern negro bears the name of Washington or Randolph, is put out of the way barbarously, remorselessly. And nobody seems to care much. It is possible or even probable that his successor will be extinguished in the same way. A sensible man had rather be a king in exile on the boulevards, a royal tramp like Milan, than take the highly undesirable job of trying to rule the Servians. Still, there will always be candidates willing to have their heads lie uneasy, and to take their chances of being stuck like a pig as the great-grandson of pigward Milosch was. Everybody to his taste; but Breathitt County is not a promising field for life insurance agents.

THE ANNUAL FLOOD OF GRADUATES

THE colleges have just poured out the annual June flood of sheepskin-bearing graduates, and the annual June invoice of baccalaureate sermons and patronizing editorial advice was larger than ever. It makes a man old to think of how many commencement processions he has seen; how many "Class Orators" and "Class Poets" have strutted their little hour and gone their way. Healthy, pleasant fellows, most of these new recruits in the unnumbered and undistinguished army of A.B.'s; but, after all, one envies them most their youth. The period of "classic shades" and "halcyon scenes" is one of the most enjoyable, if not always the most useful, parts of life. It is really rather work than play. At West Point, you have to work. At the technical schools, you have to work. But at West Point and the technical schools you are working for something. Your profession, your bread and butter, are in sight. Take the laziest undergraduate, put him into business or even into a law school or medical school, and he ceases to loaf and begins to plod, to "grind." College is four years of vacation, a golden interlude, a prelude and a flourish.

THE NEW ECLECTIC EDUCATION

THE "elective system" has made or is making its way into even the most conservative colleges. Forty years ago all A.B. degrees meant substantially the same thing. Not very much, but something. Now they mean anything or nothing. The fact is here recorded neither in sorrow nor in anger. Small Latin and less Greek was drubbed into the boys' heads even in the old days, and, perhaps, there is nothing sacred or necessary in those languages, which kept so long their sovereignty in the schools. Taught as living tongues—which they are emphatically—they might have interested boys. Our schoolmasters have usually insisted upon grammar and pedantry. The new eclectic education, or attempt at education, may seem a little haphazard, a thing of shreds and patches, but it cannot be more absurd than the old program. Many of the Jeremiahs who have wept or scolded over the decline of old-fashioned classical education have never read as much Greek and Latin in their lives as a bright, industrious boy of eighteen, with a couple of dictionaries and a few texts, could read in a year. Great is humbug, and all of us spend a good deal of effort in humbugging ourselves.

THE ACTUAL COLLEGE GRADUATE

IN his baccalaureate sermon to the graduating classes of Columbia University, the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, of Boston, talked of "the educated youth, with his gifts, his intellectual habits, his culture, his superiority over thousands." How many such youths do the colleges produce? Mighty few. Take a composite photograph of the American

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undergraduate, and the result is no budding Emerson, no ascetic burner of the midnight oil, but a jolly, noisy, rather queerly dressed, highly clannish young man or boy, whose greatest enthusiasm is for athletic sports. He has wide "culture" in such various and difficult subjects as briarwood pipes, bull-terriers, amateur photography, scarf-pins, sign-collecting, and variety shows. His art-gallery is a collection of pictures of actresses, goddesses whom he worships ignorantly and from afar—unless he marries a chorus girl, and scandalizes his doting parents. His literature is the "sporting page" and the harmless, unnecessary contemporary novel. His science is boxing or golf or tennis or lacrosse. His heroes are not Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, but those greatest men in the world, the Captain of the Eleven, the Captain of the Crew, the Captain of the Nine. He is a perfectly good fellow. He is a simple, manly fellow, with a very apparent down on his face of sophistication. But he is not an "educated youth," except in so far as he knows that he isn't.

OLD DAYS AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM

THE name "Boston Museum" takes you back to primitive times, when "theatre" had a wicked sound, and statues, casts, and curiosities were relied upon to mitigate and sanctify it. The old house closed its doors for ever last May. It had an honorable career, and is especially associated in the memories of many old theatre-goers with the names of two sterling artists, parochial in their fame, but not in their performances—William Warren and Mrs. Vincent. Salaries were low in its best days, but so was the price of admission. The scenery would have been scorned by the luxurious moderns. Yet the company was always competent. There were no long "runs," those fatal obstacles to the progress of the actor in his art. The "bill" was changed frequently. In a way, the conditions were the same as those at some of the admirable inexpensive theatres in the smaller German cities. There was the most liberal variety. Tragedy, comedy, burlesque, melodrama, succeeded one another. The *Bill Sikes* or *Romeo* of the matinée might be the *Othello* of the evening. Actors and actresses worked hard. They had a sense of their office. Most of them had grown up upon the stage and were steeped in its traditions.

The unwavering, enthusiastic support of the public was dear to the players at the Museum as it was to the companies at Burton's, at Wallack's, at the Union Square, and Daly's. Every performance was a meeting of old friends. Every old favorite in a new part was encouraged. There was no chariness of applause. Simple and pleasant days and nights, where are you gone? In those days people went to the play to see the play and the acting, not to exhibit themselves in the glory of their evening clothes, to watch an actor play himself and his wardrobe, to bridge over the time between dinner and the lobster-hour. Other times, other actors, other spectators! Perhaps it is incorrect to speak of those times as "simple." The comic page had not been dramatized then. The newspaper "paragrapher" had not become a high priest of the stage. Nobody had expanded a soap advertisement into a drama. Ours is the simple age.

MAGIC MEMORIES OF GREAT ACTORS

IN the last day of the Boston Museum the devotees struggled for relics, fought for a piece of the chandelier, that, dying, they might bequeath it as a rich legacy unto their issue. Anybody who loved the theatre in his youth, when he felt all the poetry and enchantment and nothing of the rouge and tinsel, appreciates that loyalty of Boston. The old theatres disappear, but they stand, bright with illusion, in the memory. The sob leaps from your heart as Forrest, after the thunder and terror of his curse, softens into "Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little." The matchless eyes of Booth flash at you, through you, sitting up there in the top gallery, oblivious even of the orange in your hand; the matchless music of his voice does not cease to thrill. You see Charlotte Cushman's uplifted arms as she prophesies of Bertram's right and Bertram's might. Many persons think that two dollars is a pretty high price for a seat in a theatre. The oldsters don't need to pay it. They have a theatre of their own.

TERRORS OF THE TOBACCO HABIT

A WEALTHY Indiana grocer, whose name is here shrouded in silence since a good man might, could, would, or should wish to do good by stealth, has burned a collection of idols. In California, he got a message from the land of spirits. Whether by a medium or by telepathy, the story declines to say. He is sure that he received the message, and

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that it warned him that the use of tobacco was not consistent with salvation. Like a prudent man, he resolved to save his soul and lose his tobacco. When he got back to Indiana and his grocery, he found that his manager had just "put in" a large and expensive stock of "smokers' goods." The grocer ordered them destroyed. The manager protested. The grocer was firm. "Burn them up," was his order, and burned they were; and great was the smell thereof. Here was an iron resolution and a fine disregard for profit. But is tobacco so deadly in its moral effects as the message from California asserts? May it not be in some sort a means of discipline, a trial and a punishment? Think with what agony, what mutiny of the system, the habit is acquired; with what far different and keener agony it is given up, if it has to be given up, at the doctor's orders; with what doubt and worry it fills the man who knows that he is smoking too much. Think, most of all, how bad many cigars are, and how rebellious against suction. If smoking be an evil, has not the smoker his punishment here? If it be a good, why are so many cigars totally depraved?

WILLIAM S. DEVERY OF THE PUMP

"Ye call me Big Chief and ye do well to call me Big Chief." So the new version of the late Elijah Kellogg's "Spartacus to the Gladiators" will begin. Mr. William S. Devery of New York and the Pump is become almost a national figure, in one sense. There may be too much of him, and his edge may wear off, but he is interesting as a fountain of fresh and untutored speech. His plunge into municipal politics amuses his opponents. Not his seriousness, but his humor, is his charm. He is supposed to be spending, or to be willing to spend, money freely for the benefit of his ambition, or his animosity, or his "general advertising purposes." He can get it back if he will write a book before the bloom of his notoriety is gone; and that book should combine history with autobiography. His wealth of historical lore and the originality of his historical judgments are surprising. Does anything in Tacitus or Livy, not to speak of McMaster and Woodrow Wilson, equal this swift summary of the career of Spartacus?

"Spartacus of old annihilated kings, emperors, dukes, marquises, and marchionesses, courts, lords, and nobles, and we are going to annihilate these grafters."

A short history of the world, or even of the United States, ought to be written by this accomplished scholar and statesman, the Macaulay of the Pump.

THE REBUILDING OF WEST POINT

Just about a year ago, Congress appropriated $5,000,000 for the improvement of the buildings and grounds of the United States Military Academy at West Point. To prevent piecemeal and incongruous work, the act, with a good sense and good taste too seldom visible in Congressional plunges into art, provided that none of the money should be expended until complete plans for all the improvements had been approved by the Secretary of War. Ten of the best American architects prepared plans. A jury of three distinguished architects and two military men decided in favor of the plan submitted by a Boston firm of architects, Messrs. Crom, Goodhue & Ferguson; and to them Secretary Root has given the contract. With plenty of money to spend and a well-considered design, the grounds and buildings of the Academy should be worthy of its great name and work and of the rich natural beauty of the site; worthy also of the thousands of lovely girls and women who go there to study the arts of war, dancing, and buttons.

THE RIVAL TO DOLLY

O, builder of brilliant romances,
Fulfilled of fantastical fancies,
Swift-flashing with love, and with lances,
Compacted of fire and of air;
Paint your heroines now from Miss Sheldon,
While the Yankees all yell at you "*Well* done,"
Twining bouquets among your bays
Because you've arranged a pair!

The engagement of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, obligingly described by the despatch-clother of the *Herald* as "a well-known novelist," to Miss Elizabeth Sheldon of New York, ought to stir a pleasing flutter in many feminine bosoms. Or are they fickle and will airy fairy Anthony be crowded out in the mob of novelists who write with ease? Will he follow the once mighty Haggard into penumbra and eclipse? At any rate, he shows good taste in his choice of a wife, and clever as he is, romance at first-hand will teach him much of that subtlest of the sciences, feminine psychology.

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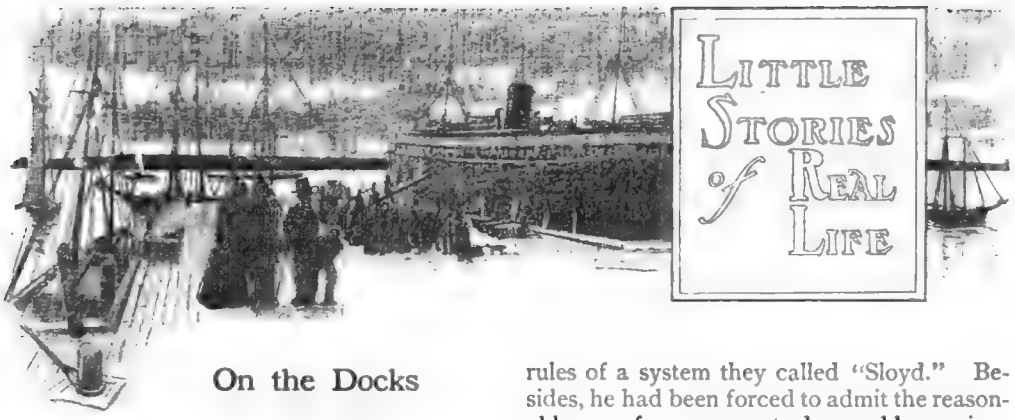

On the Docks

By Anne O'Hagan

WHEN Andy reached the docks, he looked with furtive keenness to the right and the left. His situation was desperate, and he could not afford to jeopardize any chance of success by a fatuous blindness to the presence of detectives and other enemies of his calling. So far as he could see, he was safe. No one gave him more than a passing glance. His appearance, poor and rough, did not differ in a noticeable degree from that of half the second-cabin and steerage passengers who were assembled to go home.

He made his way through the bawling crowd of express drivers, longshoremen and sailors that swarmed along the pier. At its river end he looked out into a square of blue, across which masts and sails and funnels passed in endless procession. His hard, suspicious blue eyes had a sudden light in them at the sight. Not since his boyhood—that wretched, starved, dishonest boyhood among the Liverpool docks—had he been able to look upon the panorama of the busy waterside without an acute pang of homesickness. He drew in a deep breath, filling lungs and nostrils with the mixed airs of salt and bilge water and pitch. He had a confused notion that he would like his last breath to be heavy with the odors of sea and shipping.

Andy had been trying to lead an honest life for two months, and he had found it difficult. This morning he had decided that it was impossible for him. The attempt had not been dictated wholly by a distaste for crime. His last term had been irksome to him; there had been too much effort to educate. He had not objected to the training of his fingers in woodwork, but the authorities had also insisted upon his studying the rules of a system they called "Sloyd." Besides, he had been forced to admit the reasonableness of an argument advanced by a prison missionary, who had come preaching not religion, but common-sense.

"Suppose," this one had said, "that you had worked diligently at any other business on earth for as many years as you have worked at this one of pocket-picking—would you be penniless and incompetent and in prison at the end of the time? O you fool, you fool!"

Andy had been called "poor brother" by missionaries before. But it was the iteration in his mind of "you fool, you fool," that had made him give the vaunted opportunities of honest toil a trial. There had been no wide demand in the respectable callings for the services of a young man who had twice served time. And the result was that, penniless, desperate, hungry, he was again on the docks seeking to rob.

Near the second-cabin gang-plank Andy saw his man—stout, elderly, rather prosperous. His hair gleamed frostily when he took off his hat to mop his rubicund face. His eyes twinkled, his laugh resounded. He had a slap on the shoulder for the men who had come to see him off, a kiss or a toss for the children who stumbled about his legs, handshakings and chin-chuckings for the girls and the women. He was jubilant, excited, nervous.

"Forty year it is now," he remarked, again and again, "since I come over. 'Twas a broth of a bye I was thin. Forty year. Changed the ould place'll be."

"Not so much as here," they assured him. "Changes is few over there."

"But the ould faces'll be changed."

"Thrue for you."

He saddened a little at this, but promptly cheered himself and them.

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"There'll be no one of the old names from Bally-bay to Monaghan," he boasted, "but'll have cause to be glad I've come home on a visit, eh, byes?"

"Sure that's the livin' truth."

He slapped his chest resoundingly. He pushed his hat back on his forehead and winked at one of the women.

"You seen the prisents I'm afther takin' over, Mollie?"

Mollie, admiring and ejaculatory, had seen the presents. Andy Flynn, brushing by the group, hated them all.

The home-returning traveller, in the simple pomposity of his prosperity, produced his wallet and slapped it.

"They'll think I'm an Asthor come over for a visit whin they see that, eh?"

"It's not much'll be left whin ye come back, Jawn," said one of his friends. The ruddy face grew sober.

"No, man, ye're right. But since me first day out, forty year ago, I med up me mind to this—to go back an'— Ah well! I thought thin I'd be goin' first cabin—the ryal shweet or somethin' like that. But I'm not complainin'. I come over steerage. I'm goin' back second cabin. It's not ivery man comes that near to what he's planned."

He slipped the wallet thoughtfully into his hip pocket. Three minutes later Andy Flynn was in the street again, dodging drays.

His room was not far from West Street, but he discreetly doubled on his tracks several times before he entered it, and when he had locked the door, and had hung his coat over the knob—he suspected his landlady of the keyhole habit—he opened the wallet. There was the ticket to Queenstown—he was sorry for that. It was too bad! There was a hundred pound note. "Changed his money here," growled Andy. There were a few American dollar-bills. And there were some letters, addressed to John Quinlan. Andy frowned when he saw them.

"Pshaw, it can't be," he said, when he had scowled at them awhile. Then he opened them and spelled them out. And he found that the poor, painfully written lines were from John's loving sister, Nora Riley, of Bally-bay.

Now the name of that stepfather who had driven the boy Andy, fifteen years before, a stowaway across the Irish seas to the Liverpool docks, had been Riley. And Nora was the name of Andy's mother. And how she had been wont to boast of her rich brother, John Quinlan, in the golden Amerikies! And she was again a widow, rejoicing in the thought of her brother's home-coming.

"If Andy wus comin' wid ye, Dear John, or 'deed if his mother nu where he wus."

Andy read no more of that letter. He saw the hill-sides in a soft, enfolding, gray mist; he saw the poor cabins, the patched thatch of their roofs; he smelled the pungent peat smoke wreathing from their chimneys. To his mind came words he had been used to rattle meaninglessly in the hill-side church: "Through my fault, through my most grievous fault——"

He rubbed his eyes with his knuckles. He kept on saying the words, forcing them out past a lump in his throat. Then suddenly he burst from the room, almost knocking down the lurking landlady near the door, stamping out the sound of her threats and complaints. Hatless, breathless, he tore through the streets, the more slow-moving populace swearing at his impetuosity, dray drivers bawling warnings and curses at him.

He reached the dock as the bells and whistles were sending the visitors ashore. He had a flurried word with a gateman, he crushed descending men and women on the gang-plank.

The old man leaned upon the deck-rail of the little shut-off section reserved for the second cabin passengers. He alternately waved his handkerchief and mopped his eyes with it. Upon him Andy burst, white, wet, tumultuous.

"Here," he gasped, holding out the wallet. "Here. I—I found—it—I'll tell you where some other time. I'm—I'm Andy."

Old John Quinlan put on his glasses and gazed over their rims from the wallet to the boy. He hastily counted the contents of the pocket-book. Then he looked again at the boy. His sister's eyes pleaded with him from out the old-young face. He thrust an arm through his nephew's. Above the din of departure his voice rang out to his friends on the pier:

"Andy's comin' home wid me! Nora's bye, Andy! Oh, it'll be the great day when we strike the road from Bally-bay to Monaghan!"

A Lame Old Woman

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

MISS WICKERSHAM never slept after five in the morning, often not after four, but with a grim sense of what was due

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her household she stayed resolutely in bed until half-past eight.

"There is no sense in routing everybody out because one lame old woman can't sleep," she used to say to herself; and so Mary her maid, who was young and healthy, and Mary the cook, who was old and ponderous, and Mary the housemaid, who was spinsterly and set in her ways, all profited and waxed fat in her service. If those morning hours were long in passing, no one ever heard her say so—perhaps because there was no one provided by nature to listen to just such confidences. In the gay cynicism of youth Miss Wickersham had often rejoiced in her lack of relatives. Of late years, and especially since her lameness, she had said less and less on the subject.

It was on a morning in November that the soft clink of the first snow against the windows tempted her to an early glimpse of the Square. She resisted until half-past seven struck, then pulled a wrapper about her and felt for her cane. As she raised the shade, the first thing she saw was That Boy, as she always called him afterward, though he must have been twenty-three at the least. He and the dog were racing, the dog with leaps and yelps of joy, he with a due regard for the proprieties of a city square. Presently he had the dog down, rolling him over in the soft snow, then stood laughing at the latter's circles of ecstacy. Miss Wickersham had a feeling that he would have gone off into circles himself had he obeyed his instincts. He was very good to look at, if one were elderly and lame. Miss Wickersham noticed that his coat was well worn, and that the bull-terrier was of a far better class than his hat. At eight o'clock they disappeared into the shabbiest of the old stone houses on the west side of the Square.

For three mornings she resolutely awaited Mary the maid and eight-thirty. On the fourth a joyous yelp tempted her into one glance. The dog was tumbling headlong after a ball his master had just thrown, and both were laughing. Someway, all that was young and gay and kind in the world seemed to Miss Wickersham expressed in the buoyant figure of That Boy. It was eight o'clock before she stirred from the window. For a week longer she resisted, on and off, then, calling herself an old fool, she ordered a warmer wrapper; and the morning hours were no longer a period of dull patience.

Spring came, and it was time for the aristocratic north side of the Square to go into brown holland and moth-ball, but Miss Wickersham showed a new reluctance to leaving town this year. Mary the housemaid, who disliked irregularities, passed from hints to open and severe comments, and Mary the cook sighed audibly over the coming heat, while Mary her maid recounted daily the pleasures of the country home; but still the usually considerate lady of the house lingered, with vague allusions to her irksome business cares. The bull-terrier was beginning to take his morning exercise more soberly, and it had seemed to her lately that the boy also was sobering. Some of the spring was certainly going from his step, and his games with the dog began to seem perfunctory. Sometimes now he walked with bent head and hands thrust deep in his pockets, and his feet dragged dejectedly. Miss Wickersham began to look careworn, and the subject of the deferred exodus was reopened by her household.

Finally, one morning, after a feeble attempt at briskness, the boy gave up the pretence and threw himself on a bench, staring fixedly at the ground in spite of the early summer beauty above and about him. The dog tried to entice him into a game, biting at his boot and even yelping a little, as a hint that he was ready to chase any ball that might be thrown; then gave up and sat down resignedly with a head against his leg. They stayed thus till the clocks struck eight, then the boy dragged himself away. Miss Wickersham could stand it no longer.

The next morning, when the boy came through the Square, listlessly shaking a stick for the dog to worry, an old lady opened the door of a house on the aristocratic north side and—closing it rather cautiously after her—hobbled down the steps. He had dropped on a bench, after a glance, but she paused squarely in front of him, leaning on her cane.

"Now, then, what's the matter?" she demanded. He merely stared at her out of candid, boyish eyes. "Oh, I've known you all winter, you and your dog," she went on, impatiently. "A lame old woman sees everything that passes. Until a month ago you were a pleasure to me—and I haven't so many that I can give one up. Now you are simply spoiling my peace of mind; I am an old fool, if you like. What is it—girl or money?"

The boy's look had gradually changed from amazement to amused, if startled, comprehension, but his laugh ended in a sigh.

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"It's both," he said; "but I'm sorry it had to bother you, too." She sat down beside him on the bench, while the dog made snuffing acquaintance with her skirt.

"Nice girl?" she demanded, finally. He laughed again, but the look in his eyes deepened.

"Rather!" was all he said.

"And you're a poorly paid clerk with a mother to support, and you don't see how it can ever come about," she went on.

"But who told you?" he demanded. She smiled rather grimly.

"Sixty years of experience," she answered. "Now, I—" She stopped, for his eyes were on the path beyond, and he was not listening. An incredulous look had come into his face, to be drowned an instant later in a swift radiance as he sprang to his feet, clutching off his hat. A girl had stopped in the path with a little gasp and the color flooding to her forehead.

"I was up early—and it was so lovely, I took a walk—I never dreamed—" her tone implored him to believe.

"But of course— And what luck!" Her confusion died away as he stood holding her hands, and she gave him a clear look before she stooped to acknowledge the dog's welcome. Plainly, a nice girl. Miss Wickersham scowled with sudden resentment. Always a girl!

The boy sent her a smile, half embarrassed and wholly delightful.

"That's her," he said. Miss Wickersham nodded shortly and rose to her feet.

"As I was telling you," she said, severely ignoring the wondering girl, "I employ a great many men, and they get good salaries—when they deserve them. Come and dine with me at seven o'clock to-night—Miss Wickersham." She started to hobble off, leaving him stammering. "You can bring your dog if you like," she added, without looking back. He followed her, still trying to get into words the rush of amazed gratitude that had stricken him helpless. Miss Wickersham paused, sighed impatiently, then, with visible effort, turned back and for the first time looked directly at the girl.

"I shall hope to have you to dinner, too, the next time, my dear," she said, with stately courtesy, and her smile from her door-way covered them both. But she looked very old and tired to the reproachful housemaid who let her in.

The Lesson

By Kathryn Jarboe

"RIVINGTON wants a story, a love-story, pure and simple, and I think I'll try for it." John Blair looked critically at the end of his cigar.

"The love or the story to be pure and simple?" queried the girl lying back among the cushions of a rattan lounging-chair.

"Why, the one would follow the other, would it not?" Blair's mind was immersed in his story, and his wits were not sharpened for a tilt with Miss Armitage.

This, in itself, was an unusual condition. For six years Claire Armitage had been the centre of John Blair's universe, and, during that time, he had schooled himself to meet her at any and all times on her own terms.

"You mean that a story of pure and simple love would of necessity be pure and simple?" Her laughing glance was more of a challenge than her words.

"Why, yes, I should say so."

A faint atom of scorn infused itself into the laughter of her eyes and lips.

"Why, no, no, a hundred times no," she exclaimed. "That is to say, if we are discussing a modern story of modern love. For that you must interpolate difficult analyses, suggest subtle inherited characteristics, wind yourself and your hearers through an intricate maze of moral and physical diagnosis."

"But why consider only what would interest women of your own class and kind?" Blair asked, slowly.

"Now, don't descend to personalities, John!" she begged.

"Oh, I'm not meaning you, individually, but you, collectively, the women of—well, let us say your class and kind. Personally, I know what you, individually, think of love only too well for my own happiness. But you, *you* collectively, are willing to accept a man's honest love for years; but, because you cannot pay for it in the coin of its own realm, where love's worth is only paid with love, you call it by some other name—interest, or appreciation, and feel under no other obligation than to graciously permit the interest—or appreciation. But, outside of this class—and, thank God, it's a small one—love, love as pure and as simple and as sweet, love as great and as strong as ever it was in the undefiled idyllic past does exist."

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"You take things so seriously, John," she answered. As a matter of fact, now, isn't love as a steady diet cloying?"

She stopped abruptly, and he exclaimed:

"But there would be other things, Claire. I've never asked you to shut yourself up alone with my love, away from the things you care for."

"And I do care for so many—*things*, don't I? But, to return to the vital question of the moment: Can *you* write a modern love-story, pure and simple?"

"Listen for a few moments," he said, "and see. I'll not give you an elaborate setting, merely the *scenario*. They lived in Connecticut."

"They?" she questioned. "Aren't you going to tell me their names?"

"No, we'll call them He and She. Imagine them capitalized, if you like. How old they were when they realized they were lovers, I don't know. They went to the village school together, and when the time came for him to divide the world into men and women, he knew that there was only one woman in his world, and she had already realized that she had been created solely—that she might love him, that he might love her. Whatever she did, whatever she was, whatever she learned, whatever she thought—it was all for him, and he strove for every attribute that might please and attract her. He never doubted her love, she never questioned his. There was no shadow but all sunshine. There were no outside interests, no complexities, and in course of time they were married.

"They went out to Western New York, where he purchased a farm. Life was not easy. It was bitterly hard, and their neighbors, who endured the same privations and encountered the same obstacles, grew cold and callous and stern. But each trial seemed only to strengthen the love that he had for her, that she had for him. Together they laughed at fate, for they were safe in the citadel that is unconquerable by fate.

"They had three children, all boys, and, just as these boys were reaching maturity, the war broke out. Well, he and the boys went to the war, and she stayed at home and waited. She had not so very long to wait, either. In almost their first battle, the three boys were killed. When she heard this news, I daresay that life did seem rather blank, but soon she knew that he was coming home to her. All the way, on the long, slow journey north, he was thinking of her terrible loss, of her grief for her beautiful, brave sons; and all this time she was thinking of his sad journey alone. But when they met, when his arms were around her, they had but one thought, there was but one sentence spoken: 'Oh, thank God, I have you.' Each said it. For each the harmony of the universe was undisturbed, because they had each other.

"After that, the years went by, unmarked by any special crises. There were hard years, financially. There were grievous illnesses, but, just as the hardships of their younger years had only served to draw them closer together, so these new trials only increased their love for each other. They were not people of limited intellect, of limited interests either, and, although, in a way, the world seemed to pass them by, in reality they sat at the edge of it taking all from it that they wanted.

"A few months ago, they were celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding. At the end of the day, when quite alone on their farm, they sat on the veranda, very close to each other, her hand held fast in his.

"'I've been thinking, dear,' he said, 'of all our life together, and that if I had it to live over again I would want to have you to live it with me.' He spoke solemnly, tenderly, with deep, deep feeling.

"'And I was just thinking,' she answered, 'that I would be glad to live through all our hardships again just to have you by my side.'"

Blair's voice dropped. Miss Armitage moved from her chair and stood by the open window.

"It's a simple enough story, you see," he said; "but don't you think it is interesting, vitally interesting, that two people could live together for all those years and, at almost the end of their lives, should feel and speak in just that way. Doesn't a love like that make life worth while? To me it seems to hold a lesson for all lovers, for lovers of all classes."

He added in a more matter-of-fact tone than he had used before:

"He died two weeks ago and she followed him yesterday."

Miss Armitage did not move from the window for a few moments. Then she stood behind his chair, laying her strong, white hands on his shoulders, bending her head until her lips almost touched his ear.

"It has taught me my lesson, dear. When we've been married sixty years I hope that you will feel—in just that way toward me."

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Preparing for Company

By Albert Bigelow Payne

DURING the progress of building an addition to our suburban home, we had not mingled with the social whirl. For one thing, we had no time; and then our house was in poor condition to receive guests. We did not encourage visitors from town, and those who did come were glad enough to plead important duties or engagements, and take the first train that would carry them far from our environment of falling bricks and flying shingles.

But with the departure of our workmen, and with the gradual restoration of order, we began to remember our friends. We wished to knot up the loosened ties of friendship, and to show them what we had been doing. We didn't feel exactly proud, I think, but we did want them to see that, through a summer's toil and tribulation, we had at last reached something besides a disordered door-yard and dismantled rooms. We were not entirely settled, but would be soon. We held a consultation, and invited guests for the following Sunday.

During the next two or three days, we set things to rights here and there, leaving a good deal for Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning, that the house might look fresh and orderly at the moment of arrival. I suppose we left more than we intended to; for that Sunday remains a memorable day, and, when we had finished a scanty and hastily prepared Sabbath breakfast, and began considering the things still to be done before train time, we realized that we would better be getting the machinery in motion.

I said I would put the finishing touches on the rooms while the Little Woman dressed the ducks and our Precious Ones with the general assistance of our maid, Adelia, who was of a willing and pleasant disposition, but deliberate of movement and not over resourceful. We agreed that we would not overdo matters. We wouldn't make too much of a spread on the dinner, or the appearance of the house. We said we didn't like to look fixed up for people, but to have things seem just as they were all the time. Then I took a walk through the rooms with a view to locating a place of beginning.

It was not altogether easy to do. There seemed to be a good deal required to make our surroundings appear "just as they were all the time." Most everything seemed to need dusting, and a good many things were not in the best places. I decided that I would begin up-stairs, and work down. I would take one end of the house or the other, and work along through the rooms and back through the hall, and so to the lower floor. Then I remembered that my garret, where I had made my study, was still higher up, and of special importance. I went up there.

It wasn't very bad, but there were several things to do, nevertheless. The fish-net which I was going to drape about the ceiling was still in a heap on the floor, and there remained some prints and posters to be tacked up, then a general straightening and final wiping such as was needed below stairs. I went down for the carpet-sweeper, a broom, a dust-cloth and pan, some screw-eyes, a hammer, nails, tacks, and some advice from the Little Woman.

I found her already in action when I reached the kitchen. She was handling a pair of six-pound ducks as if she were in a gymnasium, directing Adelia in the matter of pots and pans, and heaping blood-curdling promises upon the Precious Ones who were continuously in front of her with persistent inquiries as to when the train would arrive, what we were going to have for dessert, and when they were to be arrayed in their best clothing.

She paused long enough to ask me if I was through, as she needed me to whip some cream for the charlotte russe. I answered very gently that I hadn't begun yet, and had come down to get her to help me find some things that I wanted. She stepped on Pussum's tail just then and the two of us escaped frantically in different directions. When I got back to the garret I was willing to begin with such things as I had.

It is not easy to drape a large fish-net over a garret ceiling, and it takes time. When I stopped to look at my watch I grew cold. Then, struggling with mesh and tangle, I would grow hot again, and the stuff would drop down in my face, and catch in the claws of the hammer.

I got into a kind of fever at last, and, when the thing was up, and I was down to the real business of straightening and pulling and wiping, I found myself working with a rapidity that verged upon delirium as the moments flew. I suppose there were things that I overlooked, and other things that I dusted twice over. It was not material. When I had

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finished, you probably could not have told which was which. When I thought I was done, I suddenly remembered two curtain-poles to be put in place, with the curtains properly draped. Before I was entirely done with these, I recalled that a small bric-a-brac shelf was to be tacked over one of the upper hall doors. It took two trips to the cellar to get ready to do this. On the way I overtook the Little Woman, who had finally got things well along in the kitchen, and was steering the Precious Ones toward the bath-room. She seemed rather sombre in her manner, and I paused to cheer her.

"Don't overdo matters," I said, pleasantly. "We don't want to look fixed up for people. We want things to seem just as they are all the time."

I suppose she thought I meant this for irony, for she announced rather grimly that the matter was getting to be pretty nearly no joke so far as she was concerned, which remark, somehow, touched the safety-valve, and we both laughed hysterically, as was our wont. I was presently tacking away at the shelf to the accompaniment of lamentation and protest, these being the natural manifestations of childhood when the functions of toilet are going on.

The shelf did not fit very well. I became a bit annoyed before I finally got it fastened and a mug and a plate in place on it. I rested the lower edge of the plate on the end of a tape-measure, letting the other end hang down. I had been obliged to look for the tape several times, and I wanted it to be in plain view when next it was needed. It hung directly in the doorway, now, where I couldn't help seeing it. Then I became occupied with matters in the library, and forgot the tape, and the fact that the plate rested on the upper end of it. I was in a hurry when I came out. My time for dressing was very brief, indeed, and the tape swinging across my face added to my annoyance. I jerked it rather viciously. It came down. Also, the plate that held it. The latter landed quite fairly on top of my head and separated in a shower about me. My comment was heard by Adelia in the kitchen, and put a sudden stop to the diversion in the bath-room. The Little Woman put out her head to take account of the disaster.

"Don't overdo matters," she said, pleasantly. "We don't want to look fixed up for people. We want to seem just as we are all the time."

I suppose she thought that was humorous, but I found it impossible to seem amused. The plate had been a mended one, but it would never be mended again. I gathered up the fragments, and hurled them with all my strength into the vacant lot adjoining. Then I came back and dressed with such dignity as the limit of time would permit.

I was knotting my tie when I heard the wild whoop of announcement that "they" were coming! I gave a pull and a twist, and my collar came unbuttoned. I repeated some of the comments on the plate disaster, and tugged and perspired and leaped into my coat, gave my hair a lick or two, and looked in to see what the Little Woman was doing.

I had expected to find her in a state of unfinished preparation and mental distress. Nothing of the sort. She was already dressed and down-stairs, pulling things into shape in the lower hall, which, in my perturbation, I had overlooked. I hurried to her assistance.

We emptied an ash receiver, put some filled vases in position, carried a chair from the hall into the parlor, and a chair from the parlor into the hall, wiped the furniture and the books and picture frames, turned the reversible table-cover dust side down, grabbed dolls from the corners, trundled a doll carriage into the play-room, flung broom, duster, carpet-sweeper, dust-pan, hammer, and tacks into the kitchen, and, as the bell went off, swung wide the door to our guests, smiling a joyous welcome, with the assurance that we were so glad they had come at last, as the Precious Ones had grown impatient waiting.

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The Country of Idealization

By Amelia Hamilton McAllister

"IF you are thinking," said Lee Newberry, impressively, "of accepting Tommy Raymond, take the advice plus the experience of an old friend, and don't commit such a *faux pas!*"

Riette Townsend lay back among the rose cushions and smiled vaguely.

"Oh, my dear, *don't!*" Lee went on. "When one crosses the matrimonial border the Country of Idealization pales away. I know all about it; you see I married Tony, and Tony is good, but where, where are my illusions? Dissolved in a mist of commonplaces. I made a mistake. I should have invited Tony down off his pedestal a bit after the honeymoon, but I let him stay on it until it gradually crumbled under his feet."

Riette smiled jestingly. "How do you know that *your* pedestal is still intact? Perhaps Tony——!"

"Perhaps. Life is so full of the commonplace when lived side by side, that there is no room for pedestals!"

Riette Townsend had accepted an invitation to stop with the Newberrys for as many weeks as she could spare from her social calendar, and as it was her first visit since Lee Newberry's marriage, two years ago, it was an event to them both.

They went upstairs together, Riette admiring all the way. The guest-room was a bower of rose and green, with the permeating sweetness of summer wrested from the hot-house to create an indoor June. Riette buried her face in the cluster of daffodils on the dressing-table.

"My favorite flowers! How dear of you to think of them!"

Lee blushed an uncomfortable red. "It was Tony," she said, frankly; "he remembered!"

The moment was awkward for both: Tony's former infatuation for Riette was a subject upon which neither had ever spoken to the other. Riette had often secretly wondered whether Tony Newberry had married her best friend from pique—or the "other thing"; and as she fingered the yellow petals of the daffodils the question again arose.

Two hours later she entered the fire-lit library, and Tony, from the depths of an alluring chair, rose to greet her. "This *is* good, Riette," he said, cordially, leaning down to her; "but you don't deserve a welcome, you've treated us so shabbily since our marriage. I had an idea a maid of honor was bound to stand by one all the days of her life—sort of a sponsor in baptism, you know!"

Riette laughed softly. "I plead guilty," she admitted. "I *am* a deserter."

Lee was putting last touches to the dinner-table, and the murmur of laughter from the library floated in to her. She stopped pulling the saffronitis into a yellow shower. "Suppose," she said, thoughtfully, "it was Riette, instead of me!" Then she gave the flower-bowl a little push and straightened a silver candle. "Come in, you two," she called, gayly; "dinner was announced ages ago!"

From her end of the table Lee studied Riette with critical admiration. She had always acknowledged the latter's beauty, but to-night there was a more compelling attraction. Tony's interest was manifest. Lee felt piqued; a shy reserve enveloped her, throwing Riette's vivacity into more brilliant contrast.

Dinner over, they adjourned to the den, where a low fire glowed on the hearth, steeping the room in a rose-colored dusk. Riette went to the piano and her fingers slipped softly over the keys. There was an alluring sweetness about her that brought a little stab

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to Lee's heart, and she felt a wild sense of irritation as Riette's pretty, trivial voice trilled through the room. She was relieved when Riette rose from the piano, pleading fatigue.

"Do come up with me, dear; Tony doesn't want us; we'll give him a chance to go out."

"Oh, Tony's a confirmed hearth-cat!"

"He is the soul of domesticity," agreed Tony, mildly.

During the fortnight which followed, Lee Newberry did not derive that satisfaction from her friend's visit which she had anticipated. Riette irritated her continually; her vivacity, her unconscious coquetry, her very prettiness were all separate aggravations.

One evening as they sat over the remnants of dessert, Tony enjoying his after-dinner cigar, Lee suddenly announced her intention of going out.

Riette's vivacious raillery of Tony ceased for a moment. "Again to-night? My dear, you're becoming afflicted with a social St. Vitus's dance!"

"Nonsense! the Landreths are giving a box-party and they want me to chaperon."

Tony protested hotly, but to no avail. Riette smiled, and pushed the ash-receiver in his direction. "You must pay the penalty of marrying a popular wife, Tony!"

Lee was annoyed; she had begun to hate Riette's easy familiarity with Tony. "I've no doubt you can amuse each other in my absence!" she said, abruptly, and pushing her finger-bowl from her, she rose and left the room.

Riette looked at Tony across the pink candle-shades, with a slight elevation of her eyebrows.

Tony, man-like, was perplexed; he stopped drawing patterns on the table-cloth with his nut-pick, and glanced interrogatively at Riette. "What on earth——!" he exclaimed.

Half an hour later he put his wife in the Landreth carriage and returned to the den, where Riette was embroidering marvellous rosebuds on a piece of white linen. Tony wondered how women made such beautiful trash with their ten fingers.

"Has it occurred to you what an awful fool I am, Riette?"

"Not exactly; why?"

"Why? Isn't a man rather an ass who can't keep a woman's affection a bit over the honeymoon?"

"Ordinarily, yes—but this is different." Riette dropped her embroidery-frame. "Once upon a time," she said, irrelevantly, "there was a girl who was a Dreamer of Dreams. She dwelt in a land which she called the Country of Idealization. One day someone crossed the border of this country and came into her life. She didn't call this someone a *man*, she called him a Prince, and she put him on a golden chair and set him in the throne-room of her heart. Now this someone didn't belong on a throne, he belonged in the busy workaday world, and when, like a man, he got off his golden chair and came down to do the little commonplace things, the Dreamer awoke with a shock to find that after all he was 'only a man.' The Country of Idealization is such a glittering place that it dazzles the eyes; one gets a false valuation of objects, and the poor Dreamer could not see that to 'be only a man' was a much finer thing than to be 'only a Prince.' His sudden desertion of the golden chair hurt her; she did not realize that he could still live in the throne-room, without sitting inertly on the lazy, golden chair she had set up for him. As it was she felt that her ideals were shattered; she tore down the golden chair and locked the throne-room, and all because she did not understand that Love needs no idealizing, but that Love idealizes the commonest object. Perhaps some day she will come out of the illusive country, and then——"

"Perhaps she will," said Tony, vaguely, "but how?"

Riette looked thoughtful, but a smile curved her lips. "There is the little green god?" she suggested, softly. "He might beckon her out. I tell you, Tony, couldn't you pretend a bit of interest in me?"

Tony sat up in his chair with a jerk. "Do you think that would——?"

"I think so, Tony."

Nothing further was said on the subject until the click of a latch-key in the hall-door announced Lee's return. As she entered the room, the scene in the soft fire-lit circle met her eyes. Tony and Riette had evidently been enjoying their evening!

Whether Lee had taken an overdose of black coffee at the supper which followed the theatre, it is impossible to surmise; sufficient to state that she lay with wide, sleepless eyes far into the morning, and that her tired brain circled round one absorbing subject: Tony and Riette—Riette and Tony. "They say there is nothing like a man's first love!" she

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told herself, miserably. Could it be that the old flame was reviving? But she had been so sure of Tony. She recalled Riette's carelessly suggestive "How do you know that *your* pedestal is still intact? Perhaps Tony—!" A sense of hatred of Riette took possession of her; pretty, trivial Riette—perhaps Tony—! She told herself her jealousy was an ignoble thing, and she tried to strangle it, but it clung to her tenaciously.

It was in this state of affairs that the two women, having dined *en tête à tête*, were sitting over the library fire, Riette staring gloomily into the bright embers, and Lee making a pretence of reading. There was a sudden ring of the bell, and a moment later a maid entered with a white envelope and an accompanying package. Lee installed her name in the black leather delivery-book, and glanced hastily at the envelope. It was her husband's writing and somehow his erratic e's and y's had never seemed so strangely dear to her before.

"Dear Lee," she read. "Am sorry to be detained downtown on business. Good luck to you at the Harveys'! I send some violets to go with the black gown. Affec.

"A. V. N.

"P. S. Will call for you if I get home in time to put on dress-clothes."

Lee put the letter in its envelope and opening the tinted box she drew out a mammoth bunch of violets. "Tony will not be home till late," she said, laconically, thrusting her nose into the purple glory. "You won't change your mind and go to the Harveys'?"

"I don't think so, dear; I'm so tired."

"Oh!" Lee was ashamed of the faint suspicion which flashed across her at Riette's refusal. She rose and went upstairs to put the finishing touches to her toilet. She felt an unaccustomed throb at her heart as she fastened Tony's violets in the bodice of her gown, then she went into her husband's dressing-room and got out his dress-clothes, and for a moment her cheek pressed the lapel of his coat with as much sentiment as a girl whose illusions had not been "dissolved in a mist of commonplaces." She blushed at her foolishness, and catching up her wraps ran downstairs.

When the carriage had taken Lee away, Riette, left to her own devices, turned the light low and made herself comfortable on the bear-rug before the fire. Everything was conducive to sleep, the moving shadows on the wall, the fire spitting scarlet sparks, and the drowsy monotone of the clock. She was not conscious of having succumbed, however, until a familiar voice awakened her.

"Oh, Tony, are you in?" she said, sleepily.

"Yes, but I am seriously considering being 'out' again. I wrote Lee I'd go to the Harveys' for her. It's so late, though, I'm afraid she's already on the way home."

Riette glanced at the clock. "Of course she is. Sit down instead and I'll sing you into a nice cat-nap." She went to the piano and ran softly through a drowsy lullaby. "Here's a warranted anodyne!"

Tony got up and leaned over the piano, and Riette's fingers strayed from the slumber song into weird, fanciful harmonies. A plaintive, Eastern love-cry floated into the dusky room, finding harbor in the shadows.

The hall-door opened, but neither heard it. Tony was absorbed in the music; Riette's voice had never touched him before; now it had the echoing melody of a harp-string, thrilling the words with throbbing sweetness. Suddenly her fingers left the keys with a quick staccato movement; and something behind him made Tony turn his head. Lee stood in the doorway, her face white and tired. The scene seemed to her significant; Riette singing as she had never sung before, and Tony leaning over the piano with a look in his eyes that cut Lee like a knife.

With a quick glance of concern, Tony went to her. "What is it, dear? What makes you look so fagged?"

She moved away from him. "Nothing," she said, shortly.

"I'm sorry I got home too late to go for you, as I promised. I——"

"Did you?" There was an expression of quiet scorn on her face as she turned and went upstairs.

When her door had insured her against intrusion, she dropped wearily into the nearest chair. It had come to this, then—he loved Riette. She pulled unconsciously at the faded petals of the violets. As she recalled his note the dull, aching sensation left her, and a swift resentment took its place. So his promise was merely a blind! He had not intended keeping it—and Riette? They had both deceived her. She laughed harshly, and rose from her chair, the little purple flowers falling at her feet; in a moment she had crushed them under the heel of her slip-

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per. It was a melodramatic gesture played to the gallery of her wounded pride; then she did a very ordinary and human thing; plucking up the trampled flowers, she leaned her cheek against the forlorn nosegay and cried.

In an instant of illumination it flashed over her what she had lost; she had been reaching out after impossible stars, missing, in her upturned gaze, the tender flowers growing in clusters at her feet. The Country of Idealization stood revealed to her awakened eyes; cold, unsatisfying, unreal, like the scenic glitter on a painted stage. It was just the things she had scorned, the dear commonplaces of life, which make the world a sweet and wholesome place. She no longer accused her husband, or Riette; with a little sob she acknowledged that the fault lay with herself.

Below-stairs Riette and Tony were facing each other. The moment his wife had left the room, Tony had started up; then he turned to Riette. "She thinks I've lied to her!" he said, slowly.

Riette's fair head drooped, and her hands hung limply at her sides.

"I must go to her, poor little girl," he continued, tenderly. "How could she think I could care—" He stopped short.

Riette laughed; there was a broken ring in it.

Tony flushed. "I beg your pardon. I didn't intend that. I was only wondering how it was possible for Lee to doubt me."

"Yes—I know!"

He extended his hand. "You've been awfully good to me, Riette. You've shown me what I had begun to fear was non-existent, the love of my wife!"

"Yes—the love of your wife!" Suddenly she smiled up at him with her old vivacity. "Tell me how diplomatic I am, why don't you? to—to unearth such—such mysteries!" Her face was white, and her hand fluttered in his.

She stood still after he had left her, looking beyond her with unseeing eyes. "Was it foolish to call her out of the Country of Idealization?" she questioned, vaguely.

Proverbs Up to Date

BETTER swallow your good jest than lose your good friend.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, bitter are the uses of prosperity.

The rising generation owes much to the inventor of the alarm-clock.

If vanity were a deadly disease, every undertaker would buy fast horses.

When the last trump sounds, some woman will ask Gabriel to wait a minute.

A good field of corn is one thing a farmer doesn't care to have crowed over.

The dead march is not necessarily the one that the musicians have murdered.

The oil of insincerity is more to be dreaded than the vinegar of vituperation.

A walk may improve your appetite, but a tramp will eat you out of house and home.

The man who cannot be beaten is he who holds his head up when he has been beaten.

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

WHAT'S our business is EVERYBODY'S business. So far from giving offence when you take a hand in helping to run this shop, you are doing exactly as we would wish to have you. The hundreds of letters we are receiving from our readers are a distinct aid. Some of them are not very complimentary, but when criticism is inspired by an honest interest in the magazine, we welcome it in whatever shape it comes. We are not thin-skinned.

It is our purpose to answer every letter; we had hoped to answer each one promptly, but the unexpected number has made it quite impossible. If your letter is not yet answered, please accept this public acknowledgment until your answer comes. Have you ever dictated a hundred thoughtful letters in ten hours? The effort consumes gray matter surprisingly, especially on a hot day.

THE SUCCESSFUL MAGAZINE

Circulation schemes cannot make a magazine. A lot of money spent in advertising a magazine cannot make it successful. All the good will of all the news-dealers in the world cannot do more than secure an audience; if the magazine itself does not please you; if it has not within it that personality which you will be glad to know and happy to meet again, the most impressive advertising, the cleverest circulation schemes, the most tempting news-stand displays, will not induce you to buy it a second time.

Circulation schemes, and advertising, and news-stand displays are all helpful in building up a circulation after the magazine itself is right. But they are only helpful—the magazine that has in it what the people want is bound to grow. The dealer cannot force a poor magazine on his customers. A good selling magazine brings customers into his store. He will display it advantageously and keep a good supply on hand if he is a business man.

BEWARE OF RED APPLES

After you get your magazine right, the dealer can be a splendid co-worker in building up a circulation if he only will. It is the prettiest kind of a circulation too, and the fairest. The publisher cannot get your year's subscription on a good sample copy and then send you a poor magazine. In a news-stand circulation, the goods must come up to the sample every month. Have you ever noticed what a splurge some magazines make in the fall? We have known a 96-page magazine to run up to 144 pages in the fall, when most of the subscriptions are placed, and drop back again to 96 pages when the campaign is over. You would call it dishonest in merchandising. Putting the red apples on top of the basket.

A THORN IN THE FLESH

The indifferent and careless dealer is a thorn in the flesh. He sells out on the first or second day possibly, and then hasn't gumption enough to re-order, in spite of the fact that we have made it perfectly easy and simple for him to do so. He says, "Sold out," like an automaton when it would be good business for him and mighty helpful to us if he could and would honestly say, "Sorry I haven't a copy left. I have ordered another lot—they should be here to-morrow. Kindly leave your address and I'll send it up just the minute it comes." That kind of dealer makes a regular customer for himself and a regular customer for us. It will be a pleasure for the customer to patronize a dealer who runs his business in this business-like fashion.

TEMPTATION NOTWITHSTANDING

The dealer who is too lazy to re-order is no worse than the dealer who orders too many. The latter loses the cost of transportation both ways on the returned books, and we lose the cost of the books. Returns have ruined more publishers than news-dealers ever made. We will not ask you to have a talk with your local dealer concerning re-ordering our magazine when he sells out early and keeping his returns down to rock bottom, but it takes a heroic effort to put the temptation behind us.

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OUR FIRST MISTAKE

We are not to be greatly troubled by the return of unsold copies from the news-dealers, if the sale of our July number means anything. Five days after the day of issue, the thirty-six branches of the American News Company were completely cleaned out. Orders for a second supply were pouring in from all parts of the country, and we had not a single copy left. We printed 157,500 copies, and could easily have used 15,000 more.

It is very unusual for a magazine to grow during the summer months; in fact, the usual thing is a very considerable falling off in sales. This is where "know-how" was a positive drawback. Our experience warned us to look out for a shrinkage; we looked out. We used field-glasses when we should have used reading-glasses.

WHAT DID IT?

Now, why did the July magazine sell out so rapidly and completely? One dealer writes, "My supply went off like a bunch of fire-crackers." That suggests a thought, Was it the cover that sold the magazine? Another dealer, in the residential portion of the city, reported a sale of twenty copies within a week, where formerly two or three copies had been the limit. "It's what's in the magazine," was the explanation. A man who spends hundreds of thousands in advertising writes, "Congratulations on your July magazine. Your cover is certainly a fire-cracker-jack. You will have my business beginning with September." One of the largest Philadelphia advertisers sent his congratulations. We asked for a page advertisement for the August number. He answered that he could not get a page ready for August, but contemplated using three pages in September. Many of the leading advertisers have never used EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, and, as a rule, it takes some little time to get them started. In this issue, however, some of the most desirable of these advertisers are represented. During the past few days we have received advance orders for more pages of advertising than are contained in this entire number.

These are happy days around our shop.

A PERMANENT COVER

A number of our friends have advised us to get a permanent cover and stick to it. They say that old friends like a familiar face. We think that the old friends of the magazine would buy it if it hadn't any cover. But we are after a big circulation —a half million a month, at least—and we believe one of the ways to get the new friends is by changing covers. So we are making a special effort on covers. The one hundred and fifty days in June or thereabouts that the sun refused to shine in New York City nearly spoiled this month's cover, but look out for September.

JUNE HELPED TO SELL JULY

When all is said and done, we come back to the original argument—What's inside a magazine makes it grow. Pretty covers are like pretty clothes—the woman who wears them is attractive to look at, but if she has nothing in her head she makes a mighty unsatisfactory companion.

We suspect that our June number had something to do with selling July. We know that our July number has helped the sale on August. This number is designed for summer reading. In the September number we promise the best we have yet accomplished in magazine making, but it will be a long way from the standard for which we are striving. It will contain, among a lot of other good things, a distinguished feature: "The United States of Europe," by Mrs. Emily Crawford. This lady is the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* and of Labouchere's *Truth*. Next to the late M. de Blowitz, she is said to have the most intimate knowledge of the inner workings of European politics. Her explanation of the trend of thought among European statesmen towards federation is of great interest and significance.

The usual attention will be given to exclusive illustrations throughout the magazine. The fiction of the September number will be of exceptionally high merit. William Bulfin, Holman Day, O. Henry, Maximilian Foster, Broughton Brandenburg, Mary Manners, Albert Bigelow Paine, and others are contributors.

THE BIGGEST SURPRISE

The biggest surprise we have had is the discovery that the policy we have adopted in rejecting objectionable advertising is proving to be a circulation maker. Advertisers have no idea how sensitive the reading and buying public is over this class of business.

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Publishers are waking up to the fact. We understand that another of the big ten-cent magazines is planning to adopt our policy, beginning with their September number. In a letter written by the editor of a very successful weekly, the following statement is made: "I am afraid that the 'patent medicine man' has somewhat biassed the opinion of the advertising department. When this was brought to my attention some time since, I called a council of our advertising men, and it was unanimously decided that at the expiration of existing contracts further advertising from medical houses would be dropped from the paper." The advertising manager of a well-known list of religious publications is about to make the same announcement. The advertising pages are almost universally read nowadays. In some cases they are better reading than the text.

We are getting hundreds of letters from parents who applaud our course on their own account, but especially on account of their children. A bright boy or a bright girl, browsing among the advertising pages of the usual magazine, will run across a great many poisonous suggestions. It does not seem right. If the publisher is too selfish to stop it, the authorities ought to take a hand.

SO-CALLED FINANCIAL ADVERTISING

A goodly majority of the readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE have money to invest; some have more than others. Possibly many of them would like to know of a good investment, one that would pay them well. But is it the province of the publishers to put before them the announcements of companies, corporations, and firms, offering attractive opportunities for investment, when they know nothing of the investments, or their possible profits; nothing of the concerns, the men behind them, or their tangible assets?

Take as an illustration some of the announcements that appear in leading magazines and newspapers, reading somewhat as follows:

"Would you be Interested in Government Bonds, paying over fifteen per cent.?"

"A Permanent Income Secured by Small Monthly Payments."

"A New and Immensely Profitable Industry."

"The Most Profitable Opportunity on the Face of the Earth."

Then it is carefully explained that, based on the best expert opinion, the stocks will double in value many times and the dividends will continue for a lifetime; that the investment is as safe as Government bonds and a hundred times more profitable. No risk is assumed in buying the stock, and millions of investors have waited impatiently for the opportunity to participate in the immense profits that are being paid. That a door is opened, not to wealth, but to what is much more to be desired, a competency for future years. Full protection is promised in each case and, while in some instances dividends ranging only from twelve to twenty per cent. are paid, the loss of the principal is impossible.

We have been tendered advertisements of this nature for our magazine, but have declined them, in common with other objectionable announcements. Declined them at a time too when we could make very good use of the money. We believe that advertising should be so carefully censored that there will be no possible chance that anyone will suffer loss in a financial way, or in any other way. We have adopted this policy, first, because we could not bring ourselves to follow any other policy; and, second, because we want the readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE to know that they can answer any announcement in its pages without fear of being deceived.

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